# THE SATURDAY EVENI OST

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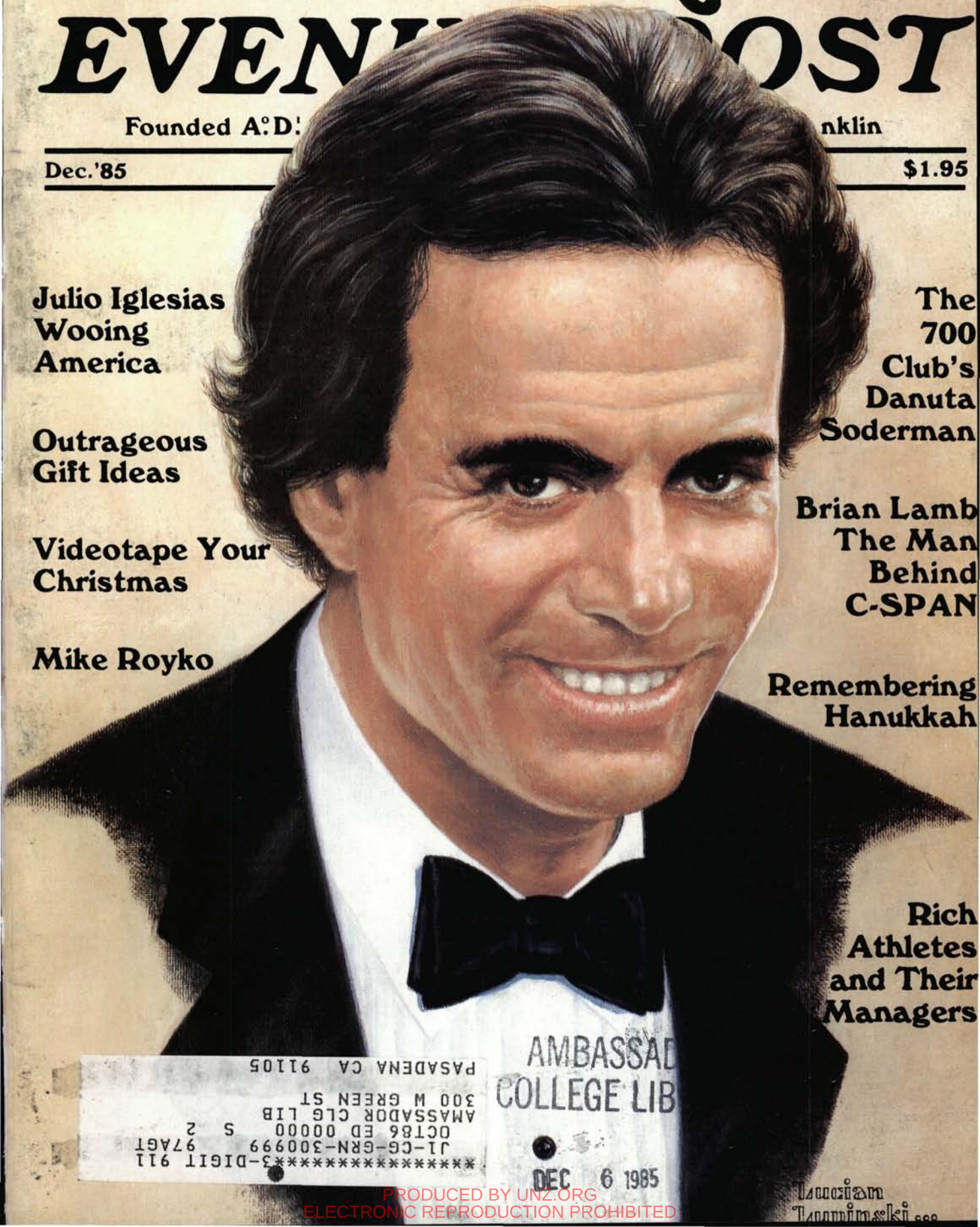

Julio Iglesias Wooing America

Outrageous Gift Ideas

Videotape Your Christmas

Mike Royko

The 700 Club's Danuta Soderman

Brian Lamb The Man Behind C-SPAN

Remembering Hanukkah

Rich Athletes and Their Managers

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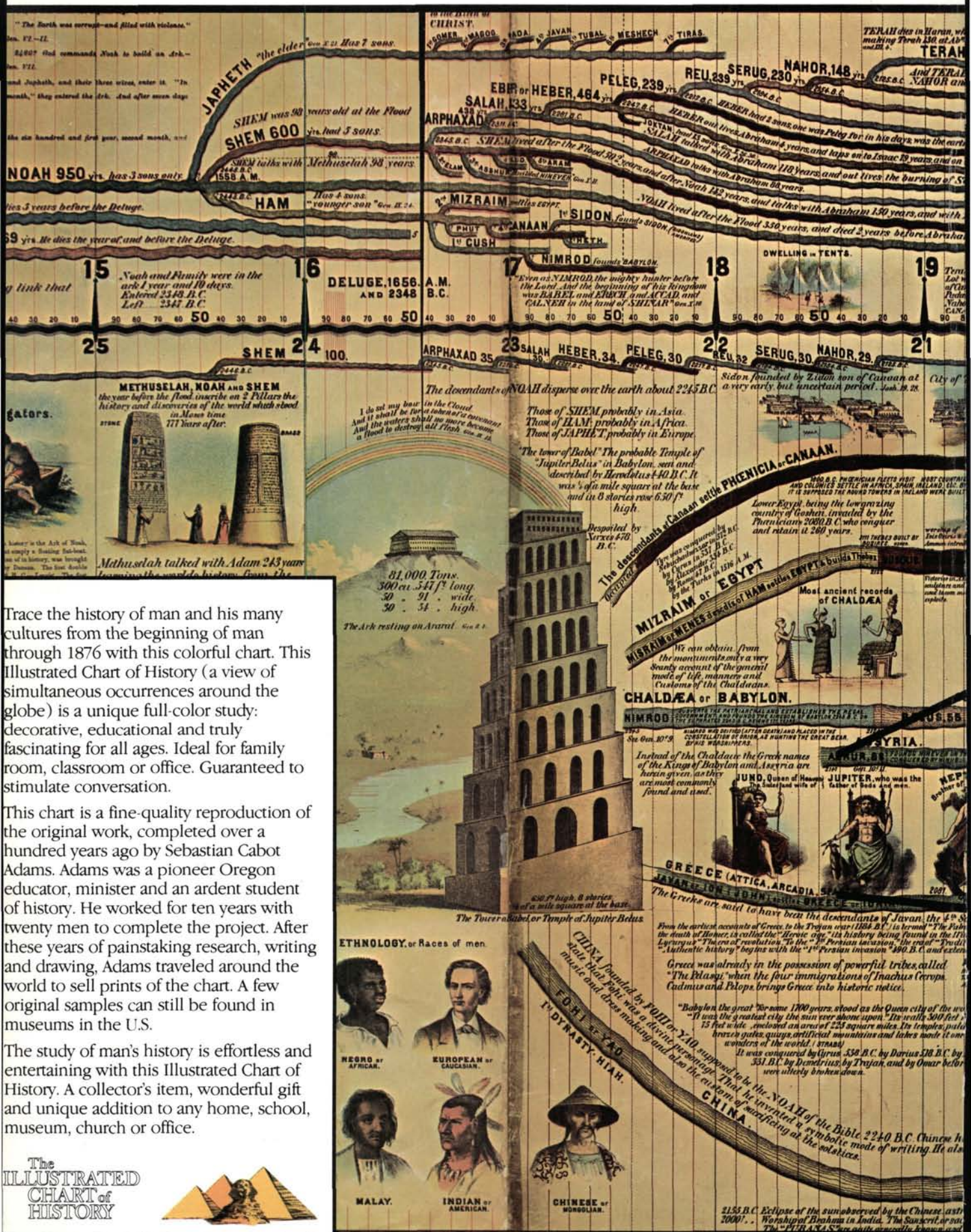
Lucian Lamminski


JAPHETH "the elder" Gen X 21 Has 7 sons.
SHEM was 98 years old at the Flood
SHEM 600 yrs. had 5 sons.
SHEM talks with Methuselah 98 years.
1558 A.M.
NOAH 950 yrs. has 3 sons only.
HAM Has 4 sons. "younger son" Gen IX 24.
lies 5 years before the Deluge.
59 yrs. He dies the year of, and before the Deluge.
Noah and Family were in the ark 1 year and 10 days. Entered 2348 B.C. Left 2347 B.C.
DELUGE, 1656. A.M. AND 2348 B.C.
SHEM 100.
METHUSELAH, NOAH AND SHEM the year before the flood inscribe on 2 Pillars the history and discoveries of the world which stood in Mesopotamia 777 Years after.
Methuselah talked with Adam 243 years
81,000 Tons. 300 cu. 547 f. long. 50 . 91 . wide. 50 . 54 . high.
The Ark resting on Ararat Gen VIII 4
The descendants of NOAH disperse over the earth about 2245 B.C.
Those of SHEM probably in Asia.
Those of HAM probably in Africa.
Those of JAPHET probably in Europe.
"The tower of Babel" The probable Temple of "Jupiter Belus" in Babylon, seen and described by Herodotus 440 B.C. It was ½ of a mile square at the base and in 8 stories rose 650 f. high.
Despoiled by Xerxes 470 B.C.
650 f. high, 8 stories, ½ of a mile square at the base.
The Tower of Babel, or Temple of Jupiter Belus.
The descendants of Canaan settle PHOENICIA or CANAAN.
Lower Egypt, being the low grazing country of Goshen, invaded by the Phenicians 2000 B.C. who conquer and retain it 260 years.
MIZRAIM or EGYPT
MISRAIM or MENES a son of HAM settles EGYPT & builds Thebes
Most ancient records of CHALDÆA
We can obtain from the monuments only a very scanty account of the general mode of life, manners and Customs of the Chaldæans.
CHALDÆA or BABYLON.
NIMROD
Instead of the Chaldaic the Greek names of the Kings of Babylon and Assyria are herein given, as they are most commonly found and used.
JUNO, Queen of Heaven
JUPITER, who was the father of Gods and men.
ASSYRIA.
GREECE (ATTICA, ARCADIA, SPARTA)
The Greeks are said to have been the descendants of Javan, the 4th son of Japheth.
Greece was already in the possession of powerful tribes, called "The Pelasgi," when the four immigrations of Inachus, Cecrops, Cadmus and Pelops, brings Greece into historic notice.
"Babylon the great" for some 1700 years, stood as the Queen city of the world. "It was the greatest city the sun ever shone upon." Its walls 300 feet high, 75 feet wide, enclosed an area of 225 square miles. Its temples, palaces, brazen gates, quays, artificial mountains and lakes made it one of the wonders of the world. (STRABO)
It was conquered by Cyrus 538 B.C. by Darius 518 B.C. by Alexander 331 B.C. by Demetrius, by Trajan, and by Omar before which they were utterly broken down.
ETHNOLOGY, or Races of men.
NEGRO or AFRICAN.
EUROPEAN or CAUCASIAN.
MALAY.
INDIAN or AMERICAN.
CHINESE or MONGOLIAN.
CHINA founded by FOHI or ZAO, about that Fohi was a divine personage. That he invented a symbolic mode of writing. He also invented music and dress making and also the custom of sacrificing at the solstice.
FOHI or ZAO
1st DYNASTY. HIAH.
CHINA.
2155 B.C. Eclipse of the sun observed by the Chinese astronomers.
2000? . . Worship of Brahma in India. The Sanscrit, or sacred language.
TERAH dies in Haran, making Terah 130 at Abram's birth and 205 at his death.
TERAH
NAHOR, 148 yrs.
SERUG, 230 yrs.
REU, 239 yrs.
PELEG, 239 yrs.
EBER or HEBER, 464 yrs.
SALAH, 433 yrs.
ARPHAXAD 438 yrs.
HEBER had 2 sons, one was Peleg for in his days was the earth divided.
JOKTAN had 13 sons, Gen X 25 to 30
SALAH talked with Abraham 4 years, and taps on to Isaac 19 years, and on
ARPHAXAD talks with Abraham 118 years, and out lives the burning of S.
NOAH lived after the Flood 350 years, and died 2 years before Abraham.
DWELLING in TENTS.
Sidon founded by Zidon son of Canaan at a very early but uncertain period. Josh. 19. 28.
ARPHAXAD 35
SALAH 30
HEBER, 34
PELEG, 30
REU, 32
SERUG, 30
NAHOR, 29
SHEM 100.

Trace the history of man and his many cultures from the beginning of man through 1876 with this colorful chart. This Illustrated Chart of History (a view of simultaneous occurrences around the globe) is a unique full-color study: decorative, educational and truly fascinating for all ages. Ideal for family room, classroom or office. Guaranteed to stimulate conversation.

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The ILLUSTRATED CHART of HISTORY



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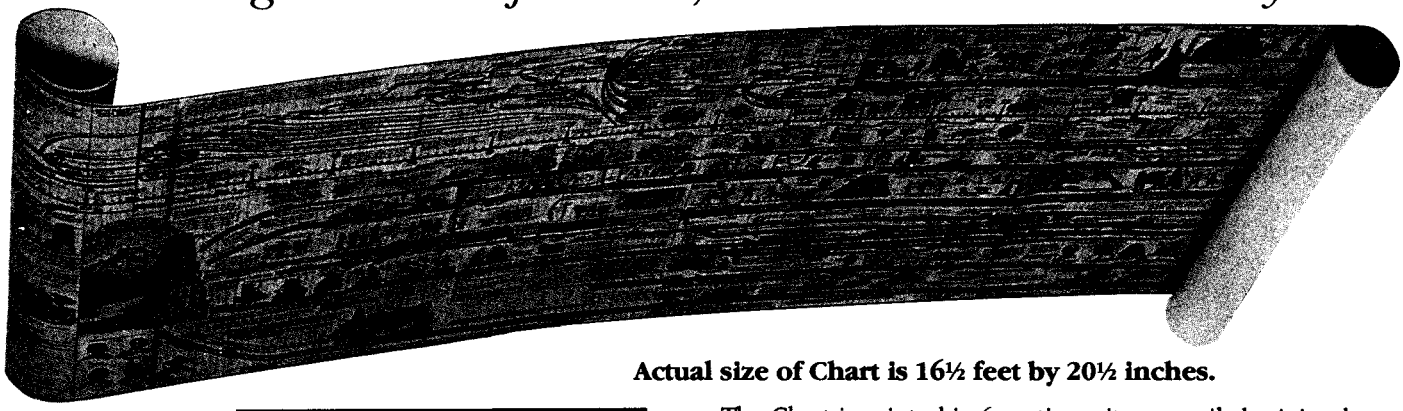

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Chart on opposite page s half size. Figure below s actual size.

Actual size.

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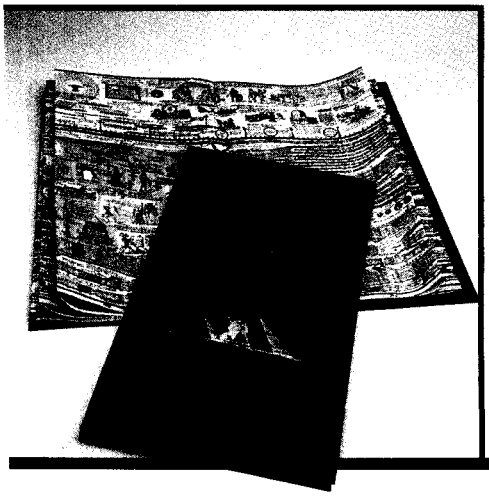

**Book version.** Bound in handsome burgundy leatherette with gold foil stamping on both covers. Chart is laminated and folds out to a full 16½ feet by 20½ inches.

The Chart is printed in 6 sections, it can easily be joined to achieve a scroll or mural effect. It is also available in a one-piece, plastic laminated version and in a beautiful hardcover book which contains an accordian-folded, plastic laminated Chart that can be unfolded to its full length. An excellent educational tool, offering thousands of drawings, dates, quotes and historical facts. The accuracy and attention to detail is phenomenal.

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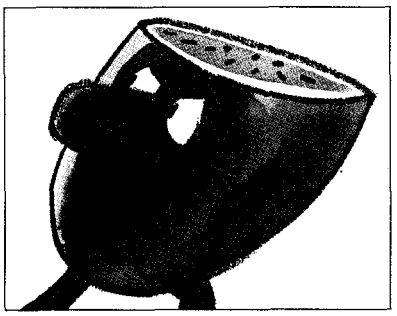
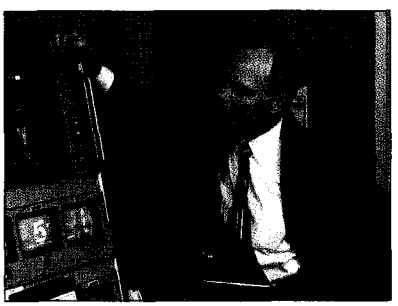
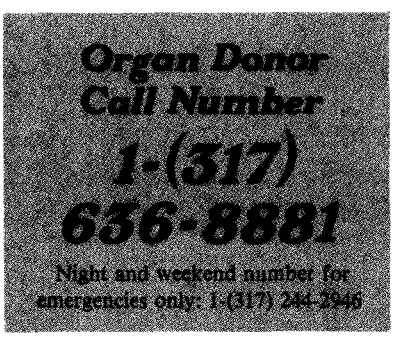
**Julio Iglesias**—plots his musical conquest of America from an island off the Florida coast. **44**



**The Watermelon Mystery (Part I)**—reveals a little-suspected source as the agent for food poisoning. **48**



**C-SPAN's Brian Lamb**—has created the first true innovation in television since cable. **70**


**When you have**—a transplant organ need, or organs to give—call.



# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(Cover painting by Lucian Lupinski)


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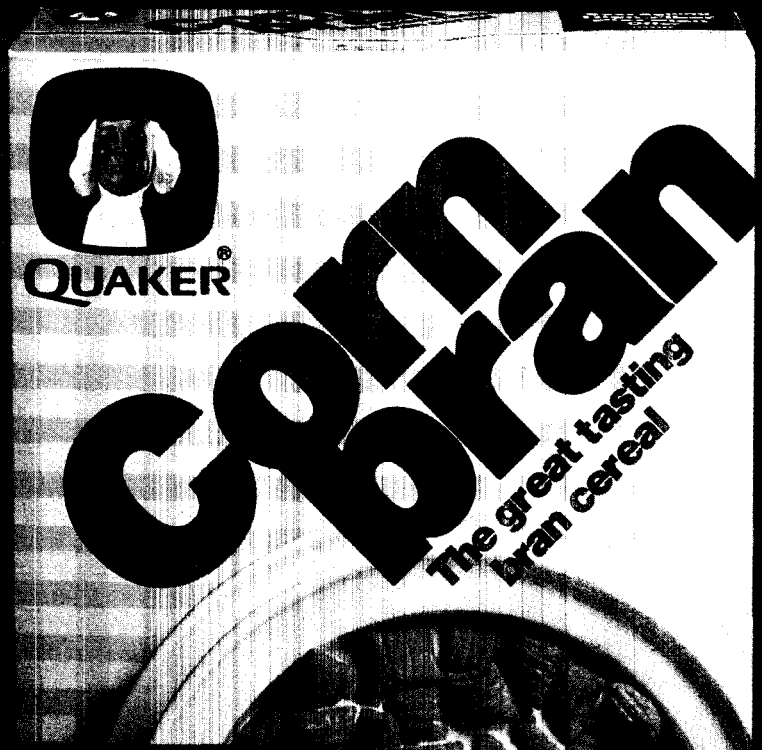
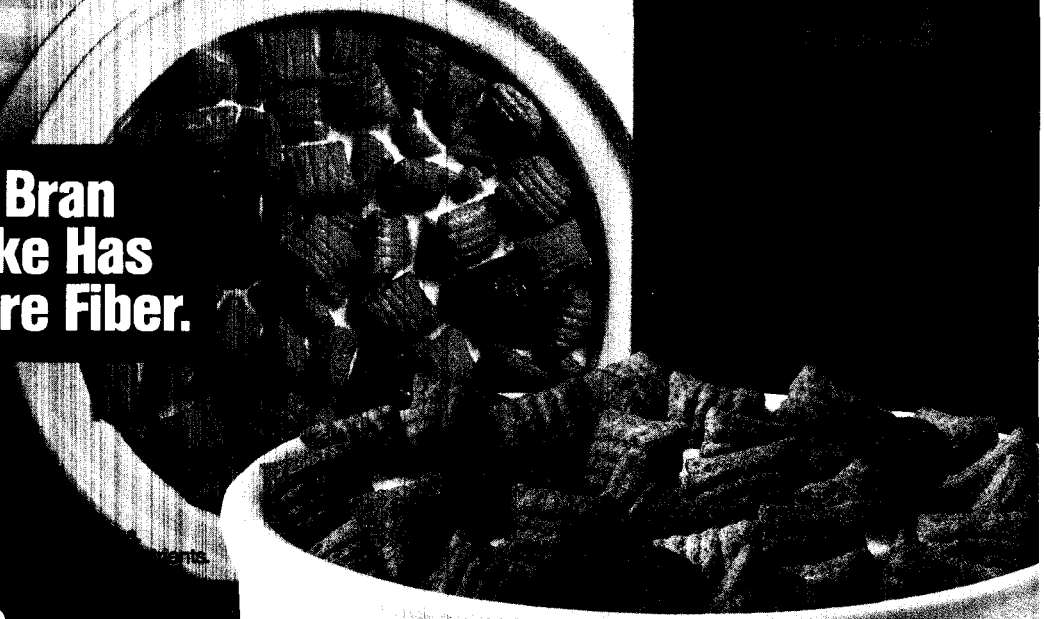
# NO BRAN FLAKE HAS MORE.




**No Bran Flake Has More Fiber.**



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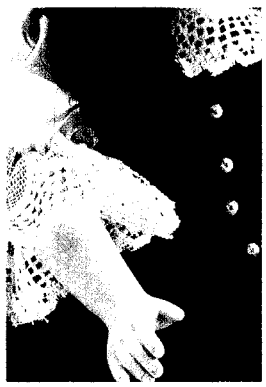
# Elizabeth

## The First Danbury Mint Christmas Doll

*Her lips, brows and lashes will be meticulously hand-painted.*



*Her velvet dress is detailed with delicate lace and pearl-like beads.*

Shown smaller than actual size of 14½".

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## A musical doll individually crafted of imported bisque porcelain, lovingly hand-painted and lavishly tailored in exquisite fabrics

She's a stunning vision of Victorian loveliness...she seems to have stepped directly from the pages of a Dickens novel – ready for tonight's joyful Christmas gala, ready to turn the heads and steal the hearts of many an amorous Victorian gentleman.

She's *Elizabeth,* the Danbury Mint's first Christmas doll.

She's also the Danbury Mint's first *musical* doll – ready to play "We Wish You a Merry Christmas" any time you want her to, simply by turning her hidden key.

### Crafted of imported bisque porcelain... expertly painted by hand

*Elizabeth's* head, hands, and feet will be painstakingly sculptured of fine imported bisque porcelain. This is the very same bisque porcelain used by Victorian doll makers more than a century ago.

And her exquisitely sculptured face will be artfully painted by hand – from her delicately arched eyebrows and fine eyelashes to her rosebud lips. The result is a work of exceptional naturalness and beauty.

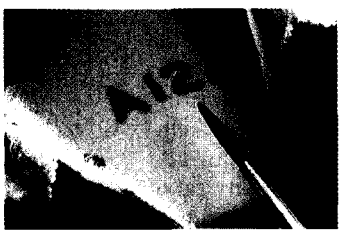
### A lavishly appointed Victorian Christmas costume hand-tailored in the finest fabrics

*Elizabeth's* hand-tailored attire will be true to the Victorian era she represents, and equally true to the joyful spirit of Christmas, then and now: the luxurious Christmas-red velvet dress with puffed satin sleeves; high collar and cuffs finished with elaborate lace; and her matching red velvet cape lined in rich satin and lavishly trimmed in soft, fluffy marabou.

The pearl-like beads on her dress and cape will be sewn on by hand. Even her beautiful dark hair will be styled by hand, to achieve her elegant Victorian coiffure.

To complete her ensemble, *Elizabeth* will wear a delightful accessory that adds just the right touch of Christmas – a precious 22kt gold-clad Christmas tree pin on her red velvet cape!

*She will play "We Wish You a Merry Christmas" at the turn of a skillfully hidden key.*



*Each doll will be serially-numbered in precious 22kt gold.*

### "We Wish You a Merry Christmas!"

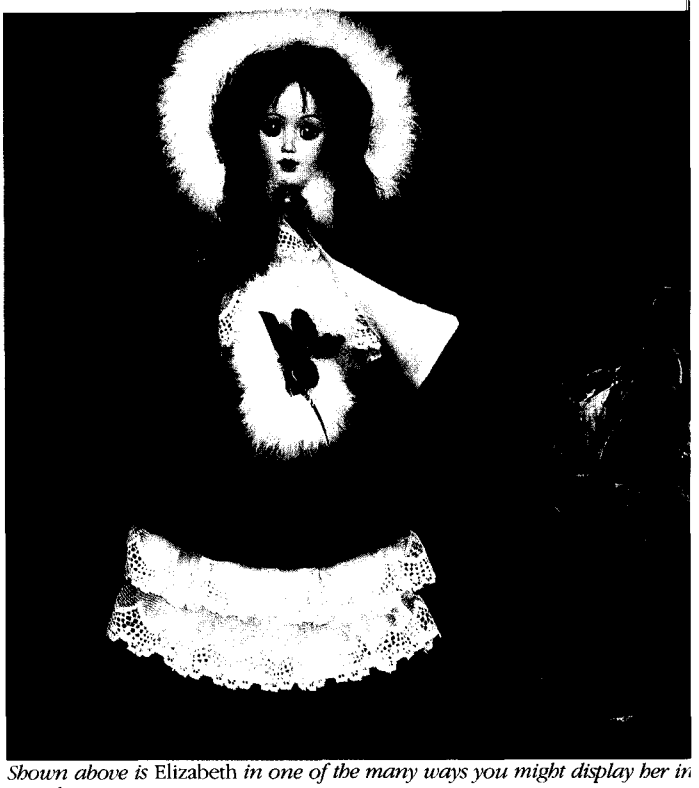
The musical movement, and even the key for winding, are *completely concealed* beneath *Elizabeth's* cape. You'll be delighted by the lively strains of one of Victorian England's favorite Christmas songs. You can almost hear the familiar words "We wish you a Merry Christmas...and a Happy New Year!"

### Attractively gift packaged at no extra charge

As the personification of both the elegant Victorian era and the joyous spirit of Christmas, *Elizabeth* makes the ideal Christmas gift. Your *Elizabeth* will arrive at your home attractively gift packaged–*at no additional cost.* It will be ready to give as a thoughtful gift to a loved one.

### Bearing your very own serial number – hand-painted in genuine 22kt gold

Your *Elizabeth* musical Christmas doll will bear your personal serial number, certifying that you are a registered owner. This unique number will be hand-painted in precious 22kt gold! Moreover, as the owner of this first Danbury Mint Christmas doll, you will have the privilege – but not the obligation – of acquiring any subsequent Christmas dolls with your matching serial number. (If you plan on giving *Elizabeth* as a gift, we can assign this serial number to the person of your choice – simply provide us with the necessary information on the back of the Reservation Application.)



*Shown above is* Elizabeth *in one of the many ways you might display her in your home.*

### Available exclusively from the Danbury Mint

Priced at only $90, *Elizabeth* is a remarkable value. This attractive price includes a display stand – which will allow you to easily display *Elizabeth* to the admiration of family and friends. Moreover, *Elizabeth* is available exclusively from the Danbury Mint.

### Convenient payment plan

As a convenience, you may pay for *Elizabeth* in three monthly installments of just $30 each, or you may charge each installment to your VISA or MasterCard. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. You may return your doll for a replacement or refund within thirty days.

As the first Danbury Mint Christmas doll as well as our first musical doll ever, *Elizabeth* will have particular significance for collectors. This combined with her special beauty is sure to make her a prized family heirloom. Send in your reservation today!

---

RESERVATION APPLICATION

T6

*Elizabeth*

*The First Danbury Mint Christmas Doll*

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Guaranteed shipment for Christmas delivery on all orders received by December 5, 1985*

Please accept my reservation application for _____ Qty. *Elizabeth* Doll(s) at $90 each (plus a total of $3 each for shipping and handling, billed upon shipment).
Enclosed is my initial deposit of $30** for each doll reserved. Bill me for the balance of each doll with my shipment in two monthly installments.

Name _____
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City/State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want the initial deposit and each subsequent installment charged to your: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____ *Allow six to ten weeks for shipment for orders received after this date

☐ Check here if any doll is to be shipped to a different address. Give us instructions on the back of this form, and include any message for a gift card, if desired.
Make check or money order payable to: Danbury Mint.
**Connecticut residents pay $32.25 per installment to include state sales tax.

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**It's a Riot**—on the set now that Danuta Soderman is cohosting CBN's daily talk show, the "700 Club," on CBN. **54**

**Outrageous Gift Suggestions**—include everything from motorized roller skates to a bottle of skunk scent for milady's protection. **66**

**Roll out the Cabbage**—for a low-calories way to more vitamins and minerals while possibly gaining protection from colon cancer. **26**

**Charlotte Harkness Comes Home**—with a transplanted liver and a bright new outlook on life. **106**

# Letters

### Picture Perfect

I don't usually write letters to the editors, but the October cover picture by Lucian Lupinski is what really captured me.

The artist conveys through his drawing Nancy Reagan's cheery, honest, dedicated, exuberant manner. Truly it is a vibrant cover and one that made me feel Nancy Reagan was in our home.

*Mary Schnute*
Indianapolis, Indiana

### Needs More Sleep

I've had severe insomnia for a year and a half. I've tried all kinds of treatments. Nothing seems to work very well. Sometimes Slow-Mag seemed to help some. Other times it didn't seem to do any good. I'd like to buy or obtain in some way another bottle so I can experiment with higher doses. I've only been using two, because there aren't many in a bottle.

*Claire Nickolaus*
Victoria, Texas

### More Slow-Mag Please

I am writing to request additional magnesium-chloride tablets (Slow-Mag). I feel that they are benefiting me and want to continue to use them. I'll be happy to buy them. Can you get the Slow-Mag tablets in any retail stores that you are aware of, such as drugstores or health stores? I have never seen them. I used the regular magnesium tablets before getting these from you.

*Mrs. John E. Matysek*
Austin, Texas

*We understand that Slow-Mag will soon be available at retail outlets. If you are not yet able to get the product in your drugstore or supermarket, you can receive another bottle by writing to the SatEvePost Society. The pharmacist who developed these for his own use takes four Slow-Mag tablets at night.*

### Not up to Snuff?

Like many Americans my age, I recall my first job, which was to deliver *The Saturday Evening Post*. Also, like many Americans my age, I was delighted to see the *Post* return from what we thought was oblivion.

*The Saturday Evening Post* acknowledges with appreciation the faculty and students of the Institute of Journalism, CBN University, for their help in producing this issue. Several articles in this issue were written by graduate students under the direction of Randy Pruitt, student managing editor, and David West, faculty adviser.

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Unfortunately, many readers of your magazine do not have the intimate knowledge of the smokeless-tobacco industry I have and, therefore, are unable to properly evaluate the inaccuracies encountered throughout the article written by Hortense Myers in your September issue.

Had Hortense Myers ever made the effort to research her article, as I believe is normal in the journalistic profession, she would have found that the statement "Red Man tobacco calls itself 'Pick of the Pros' " is totally inaccurate. For approximately one year from mid-1979 and into 1980, an advertising campaign was developed with the theme that Red Man was the Pick of the Pros. That campaign has not appeared since 1980. How can Hortense Myers claim in September 1985 that Red Man calls itself the Pick of the Pros? She goes on to announce the astonishing news that they "even developed an entire line of promotional accessories—patches, caps and shirts bearing the Red Man tobacco logo." Is this really news? So does [sic] Jim Beam, Absolute vodka, Puerto Rican rum, Marlboro cigarettes, Miller beer, Mack trucks, restaurants, country clubs, theme parks and numerous other consumer products and services.

For many years, the Pinkerton Tobacco Company has followed a policy related to sampling and advertising, and had Hortense Myers been sufficiently interested, we would have been delighted to share that policy with her, a copy of which is attached.

While I have mentally prepared this letter many times, I realize that to try to touch upon each of the errors and false assumptions would be a sheer waste of time. I am saddened by your publication's approval of such a dreadful piece of writing, which does a gross injustice to the status of journalistic ethics in our country.

*Robert B. Seidensticker, President*
*The Pinkerton Tobacco Company*
Owensboro, Kentucky

*We find it interesting that you sent us material presented at a hearing before the Massachusetts Department of Public Health. That public hearing led to a state law requiring health-warning labels on snuff.*

*The hearing, which included lengthy testimony from various researchers, concluded: "The epidemiological, histopathological and experimental evidence has shown use of snuff to be causally related to oral cancer, and snuff to be a human carcinogen." The hearing also found snuff to be "a prototypic drug of abuse that can lead to dependence [addiction]."*

*We are also astonished that you see no relationship between the use of snuff by children and teen-agers and the promotion of the product on patches, caps and shirts—items mainly collected and worn by children and teen-agers. Saying other companies have similar promotions is hardly a valid excuse.*

*We are glad you have a written policy that you say is designed to protect children from your product. It's time all tobacco companies looked at their influence on our youth through advertising and took steps to truly change their ways.*

### Anti-Snuff Reaction

One night I read in the *Reader's Digest* about the tragic illness and death of Sean Marsee, caused by dipping snuff. The next night I saw in the *Post* "Letters" that Michael J. Kerrigan, of the Smokeless Tobacco Council, is "appalled" at the fuss being made over the dipping of snuff.

I am sorry Mr. Kerrigan should be appalled, but I suggest that perhaps he should try to convince the family and friends of Sean that dipping snuff is a harmless pastime, as he insists.

If tobacco-company executives have any conscience at all, I often wonder how they can sleep nights knowing that their ads and other propaganda are specifically aimed at adolescents and young adults, trying to get them hooked and addicted to tobacco in one form or another so that they will be lifetime customers—in spite of the overwhelming chances of serious health problems resulting from its use.

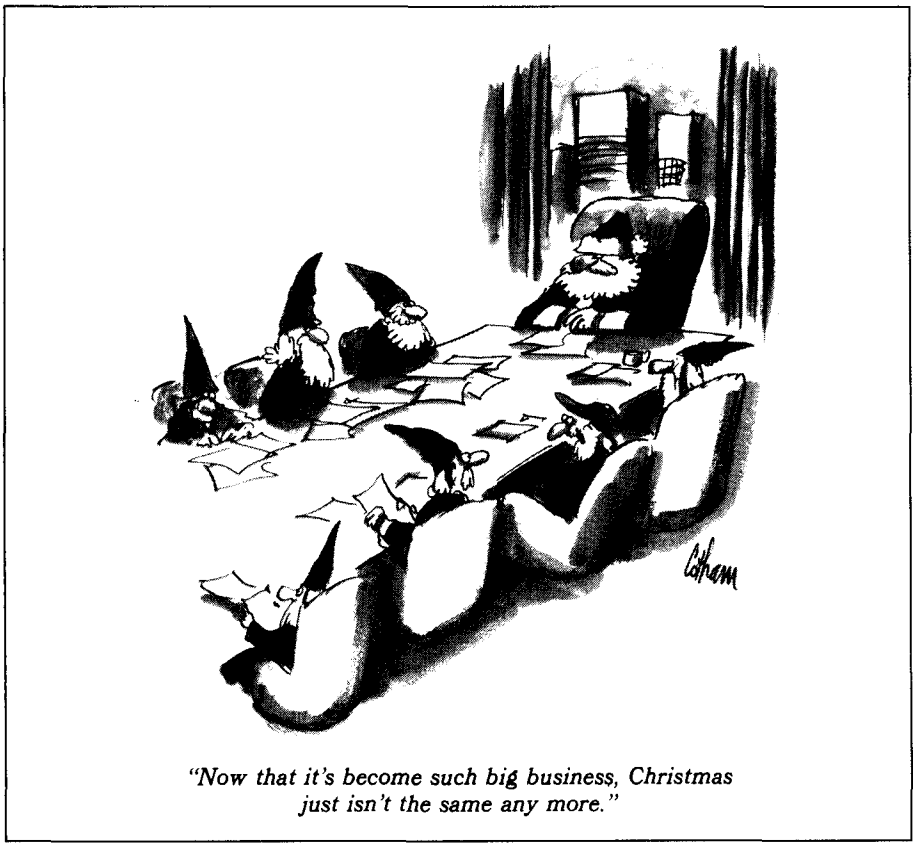
Do they really believe, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, that there is no connection between cancer and tobacco, or more probably, do they not give a tinker's dam what happens to the users as long as their money keeps rolling in?

*J. Benjamin Verhoek*
Western Springs, Illinois

Your magazine has had a great impact on the teen-agers on my school-bus route.

I transport 51 high-school juniors and seniors each day, the majority of

*continued on page 10*




*"Now that it's become such big business, Christmas just isn't the same any more."*

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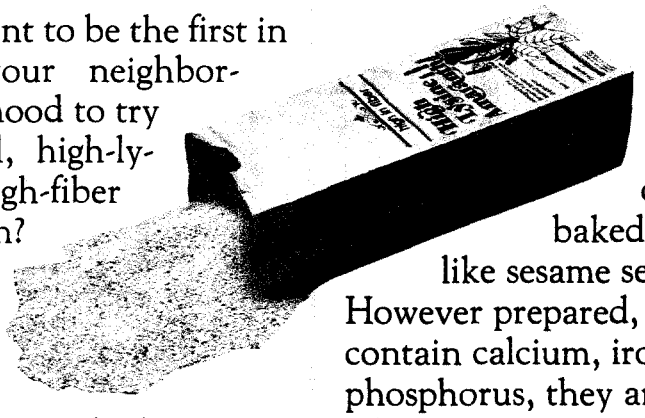
ant to be the first in your neighborhood to try healthful, high-lysine, high-fiber amaranth? It's in the bag! And we will send you the bag FREE—with your subscription or the renewal of your subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post*.



Amaranth, grown by the Indians long before the white man arrived in America, has been labeled the "grain of the gods." Not the least of the reasons comes from its nutritional value. The tiny seeds of the amaranth plant can be popped in a pan—without any oil—until they burst into tiny puffs, like popcorn. They can be cooked as a hot breakfast cereal or sprouted like alfalfa seeds —or they can be ground into flour and used in cooking and baking. They can be added to salad dressings or sprinkled on baked goods like sesame seeds. However prepared, they contain calcium, iron and phosphorus, they are 12 to 15 percent protein and high in lysine (an essential amino acid) and are more easily digested than most grains. Amaranth also offers far more fiber than most other grains.

As for taste, the proof lies in the pudding. And from those who have tried the "pudding," we hear such comments as "kind of nutty and mild"

and "sort of like rye but not as strong." Unfortunately, that nut-like flavor is not available in most groceries, bakeries or restaurants. It must come from recipes tried in your

own kitchen—recipes you'll find on your FREE bag of amaranth if you mail the subscription coupon below. Just as you have nothing to lose and much to gain by going with the grain, so do you have much to gain by introducing the legendary *Saturday Evening Post* to your home—or by keeping it in your home if you are already a member of the

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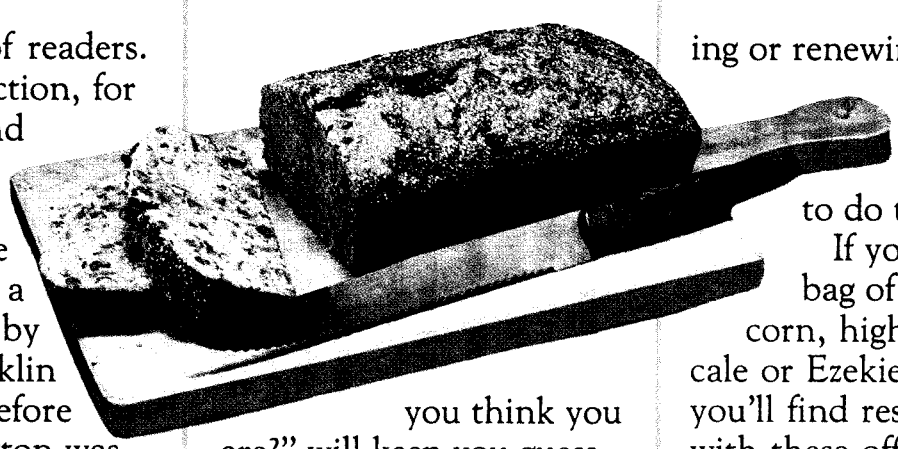
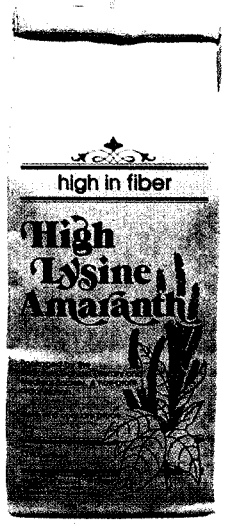
growing family of readers.

For fun, for fiction, for fact—you'll find them all in the slick, colorful pages that have evolved from a concept sired by Benjamin Franklin three years before George Washington was born. The cartoons, the humor, the puzzles, the contests and the games are famous for family entertainment. Today's health tips and medical advice will make you feel better and live longer. The feature stories will introduce you to film celebrities, sports stars, religious figures, successful business people and political personalities. Travel articles will take you to lands you've longed to visit; "The Perfect Squelch" will keep you chuckling; "Where do you think you are?" will keep you guessing; recipes will have you heading for the kitchen; and page after page of illuminating articles will have you wondering why you waited so long to subscribe.






***High-lysine high-fiber amaranth with each paid subscription***

First-time readers may think a bag of amaranth an unusual "lure" for our magazine. But our regulars know that their good health and long life are foremost among our goals. Adding lysine and fiber to the family fare with this "food of the Aztecs" is a tasteful way of reaching those goals. Subscribing or renewing your *Post* subscription is an ideal way to do that.

If you'd prefer a bag of high-lysine corn, high-lysine triticale or Ezekiel's flour, you'll find response cards with these offers included in this magazine.

*The Saturday Evening Post*

SOCIETY

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# How to sh

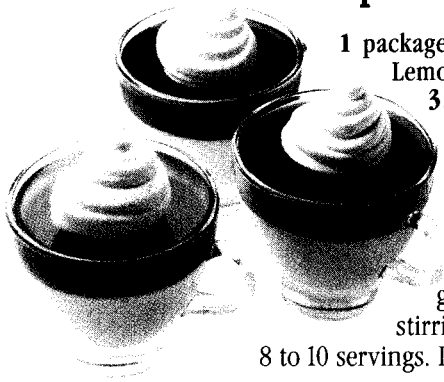
'Tis the season to set tradition aflurry. With Jell-O® Brand Gelatin.

Instead of serving cranberries the same old way, try a star of a salad. Make a wreath with a wiggle. And whip up a dessert that'll make you see an old favorite in a whole new light.

Prepare these, and get ready for a blizzard of compliments.

And wait till you see what we're up to in the New Year!

## Cup of Good Cheer



**1** package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Brand Lemon Flavor Gelatin
**3/4** cup boiling water
**1/2** cup cold water
Ice cubes
**1-1/2** cups thawed Birds Eye® Cool Whip® Whipped Topping
**1** tablespoon light rum (optional)
**1/4** teaspoon nutmeg
**1** package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Brand Strawberry or Lime Flavor Gelatin
**3/4** cup boiling water
**1/2** cup cold water

Dissolve lemon gelatin in boiling water. Combine cold water and ice cubes to make 1 cup. Add to gelatin stirring until slightly thickened. Remove unmelted ice. Blend in whipped topping; add rum and nutmeg. Spoon into punch cups. Chill. Dissolve strawberry gelatin in boiling water. Combine cold water and ice cubes to make 1 cup. Add to gelatin, stirring until slightly thickened. Remove unmelted ice. Spoon over creamy layer. Chill. 8 to 10 servings. If you're counting calories, try making this recipe with Sugar Free Jell-O® Gelatin.

GENERAL FOODS

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whom chew tobacco or have friends who do. They really got scared recently when I showed them your recent issue with articles on tobacco and snuff. They passed those issues around and read each article with vigor. I am proud to say they have since sworn off chewing tobacco. One senior admitted to having been chewing tobacco since age nine. I am very thankful for your articles and feel they have improved the life of at least ten young men, plus hopefully many of their friends. Please continue to publish such a great, wholesome magazine.

*Pamela R. Levering*
Lonoke, Arizona

### Pictures Please

Will you please advise me how I may obtain prints or slides of the illustrations used by Hortense Myers in her article "Getting Tough on Snuff" in the September '85 issue of the *Post*?

I am particularly interested in the illustration of tobacco chewing in India and the before-and-after photos of Sean Marsee.

*C.J. Stringer, M.D.*
East Lansing, Michigan

*The photo of the Indian woman on page 65 came from the American Cancer Society. The photos of Sean Marsee are the property of Mrs. Marsee.*

### Straight from the Farm

I love your magazine. It is like a step backward to when times were sane and safe. I can remember when —but then I am 55 and old-fashioned, no doubt. But, I look around at my neighbors and they are just like me, sick of reading about sex, perverts and the poor, starving folks in Africa. Television—oh Lord, what a sewer! Most of it, anyhow.

It is all so crazy. For instance, on radio, TV and in magazines I have seen that 10 percent of the animals are homosexual. As an "expert" of 55 years of being the daughter and

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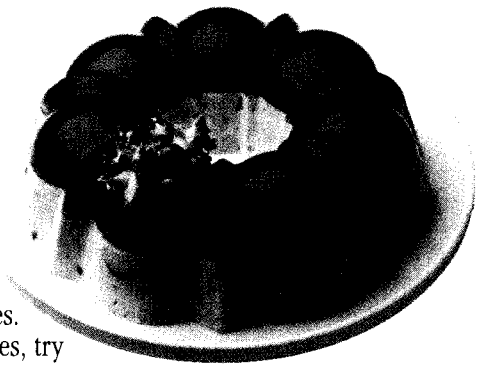
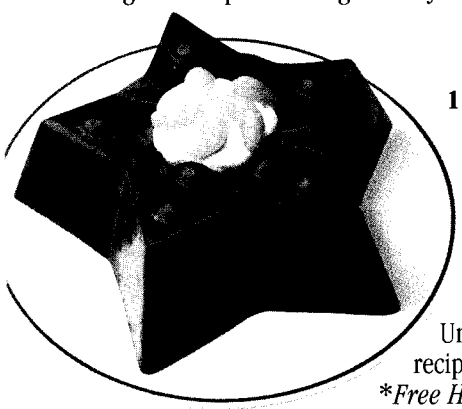
# ake up the holidays.

## Jingle Nut Wreath



2 packages (3 oz. each) or 1 package (6 oz.) JELL-O® Brand Lime Flavor Gelatin
2 cups boiling water
1 can (8 oz.) crushed pineapple in juice
2/3 cup sour cream
1/3 cup mayonnaise
1 pear, peeled, cored and diced
1/2 cup chopped toasted almonds
1/4 cup well-drained sliced maraschino cherries (optional)

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Drain pineapple; reserve juice. Add water to juice to make 1 cup; add to gelatin. Chill until slightly thickened. Measure 1-1/2 cups; pour into 6-cup mold. Chill until set but not firm. Combine sour cream and mayonnaise; blend in remaining gelatin. Chill until thickened. Add pear, pineapple, nuts and cherries. Spoon into mold. Chill at least 4 hours. Unmold. 12 servings. If you're counting calories, try making this recipe with Sugar Free Jell-O® Gelatin.



## Wish Upon A Cranberry Star

1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Brand Raspberry Flavor Gelatin
1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Brand Orange Flavor Gelatin
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups boiling water
1 cup Ocean Spray® Cranberry Juice Cocktail
1 cup Ocean Spray® CranOrange® Cranberry Orange Sauce
1 can (11 oz.) mandarin orange sections, drained

Dissolve gelatin and cinnamon in boiling water. Add cranberry juice cocktail and sauce. Chill until thickened. Add orange sections and pour into 5-cup mold. (See offer below:*) Chill at least 4 hours. Unmold. 10 servings. If you're counting calories, try making this recipe with Sugar Free Jell-O® Gelatin.

**Free Holiday Mold and Recipe Booklet with purchase of six 4-serve packages or three 8-serve packages of Jell-O® Brand Gelatin. See participating stores' displays for details. Offer good while supplies last.*

# We're up to something good.


wife of farmers, I say that there are *no* homosexual animals—that is, domestic animals, and *nobody* knows what the animals in the wild do. Wonder where they got their information? And then to put it out all over the U.S. as gospel! Outrageous!

Anyhow, I love you, and I hope you all are not 85 and die off before my subscription runs out. Joke.

*Iva Thompson*
Iberia, Missouri

### Melon Monarch

Your wonderful story "The Taste of Melon," September '85 issue, brought back memories of my family in the watermelon business. My dad, George L. Long, grew many acres of melons each year, bought and shipped 75 carloads each year, continuing to age 85 (with son Ralph W. Long) to earn the title in a national produce journal of "The Watermelon Kings." Ralph made a three-month trip each year, buying melons in Fort Myers, Gainesville and Leesburg, Florida; Edenton, North Carolina; Macon and Thomasville, Georgia; Suffolk, Virginia; and finally home for the biggest deal to Salisbury and Laurel, Delaware, shipping over 100 large tractor-trailers of melons to eastern cities. He kept his title of "Watermelon King" until retiring at the age of 75.

The watermelon pictured in your story is possibly a "crimson sweet," grown nationally. Brother Ralph is now O.K. at age 87, and likes to talk about selling *The Saturday Evening Post* in Delmar, Delaware, at the age of 12.

*William P. Long*
Salisbury, Maryland

### Correcting Iacocca

I would like to correct certain misstatements made by Mr. Lee Iacocca regarding our trade deficit in your July/August issue.

First, it is a myth that the trade deficit has caused a net loss of jobs for Americans. There are 7 million more

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Americans employed today than there were in 1980, when we had a trade surplus. In 1980, total employment was 59.6 percent of those over age 16; today it is 60.1 percent.

Second, it is incorrect to say that we "can't even get oranges or beef into Japan." Japan already buys two-thirds of American beef exports and half of our citrus exports. In addition, the Japanese are increasing their quotas of imported beef and of oranges by 100 percent and by 50 percent respectively.

Third, it is untrue that the United States is a colony of Japan, exporting raw materials and importing manufactured goods. Between 1980 and 1984, while American exports of manufactured goods to the European economic community were falling by 8 percent, the Japanese were increasing their purchases of such goods by 30 percent.

Certainly all of us favor a greater opening of Japanese markets to American goods. However, even if all current American demands were met, it is estimated that American exports would increase by $10 million, or 8 percent of last year's overall trade deficit.

On the other hand, a ban by our own Congress on exports of Alaskan oil and gas, as well as unprocessed logs from federal lands, accounts for as much as 75 percent of our trade imbalance with Japan.

America and Japan will benefit by lowering the remaining barriers between them, not by listening to the self-serving arguments of protectionists on both sides.

*Michael D. Antonovich*
Los Angeles, California

### Dream Come True

Never in my wildest dreams did I ever realize I was in for a never-ending array of treats as I continue to receive with the arrival of the *Post*!

As a relatively new subscriber (since May) with both the September and October issues to enjoy, so far, I am absolutely amazed at the wealth of informative, healthful and satisfying material that reaches out and says "Read me!"

I love every page. . .every ad. . . every letter to the editor. . .every interview story and best of all, the emphasis on high-fiber diets (your letter on page 40, October issue, truly a "must" reading) and your "gifts of health."

I have always been an advocate of the goodness of oatmeal and corn bread: a gift from my own Southern-raised parents. I remember raising our own children on oatmeal—but with a slight addition. Each had a choice of topping the hot cereal with either All-Bran, Raisin Bran or Bran Flakes!

But the lysine is a new ingredient to me and one that I would like to know more about. The letters section really alerted me to what I had missed in earlier issues. I'll check the library to see what I missed!

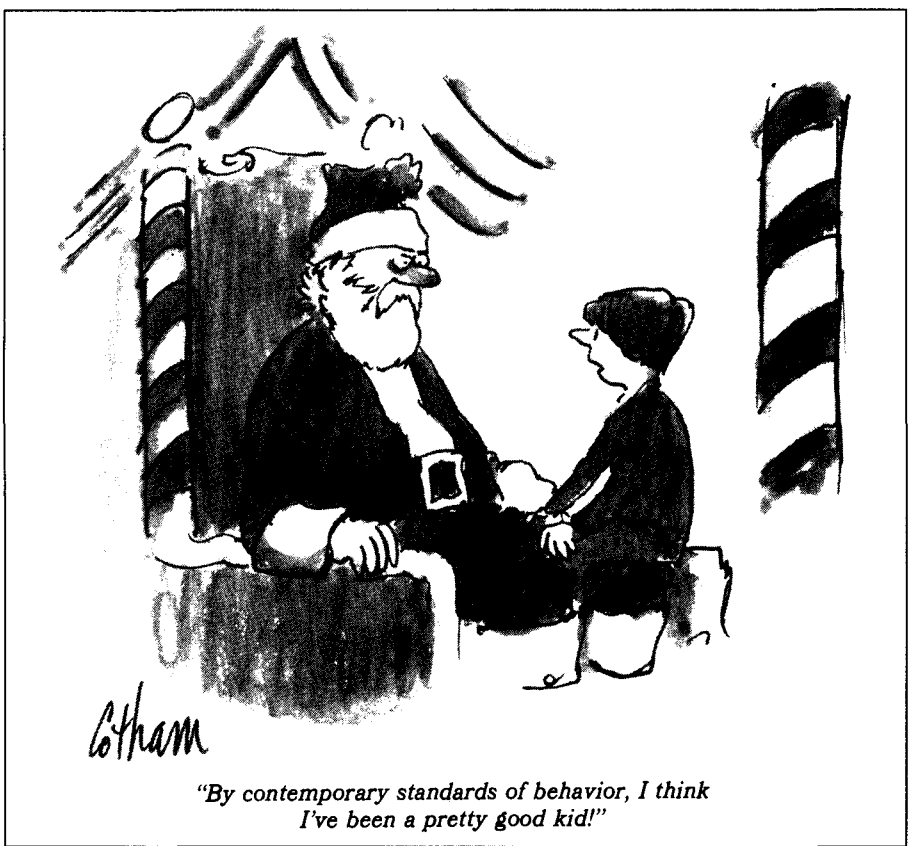
The latest and most wonderful treat of all was the arrival yesterday of my beautiful SEP Family Cookbook. Wow! I can't wait to get started. Think I'll try that Peachy Bran Coffee Cake first!

Charlotte Turgeon, you are to be congratulated.

I am in the process of compiling a cookbook for our Colorado mountain community near Estes Park (our permanent home area) and *now* have several "healthful" and life-extending ideas to pass along—thanks to all of you.

Yes, being a member of the *Post*'s family of readers now is just about the nicest treat I could have given myself this year.

*Jean Mays*
Albuquerque, New Mexico




*"By contemporary standards of behavior, I think I've been a pretty good kid!"*

### South African Appeal

We are writing to you in the hope that you could please put us in touch with a few women's organizations in your country, with whom we may correspond on an ongoing basis.

HEW's is a national women's organization serving housewives of all nationalities and races in South Africa. It is a dynamic, constructive and energetic organization.

The home executives of South Africa would love to network with home executives (housewives) in your country on an ongoing correspondence basis, sharing their achievements, joys and fun with them.

We do hope you can and will assist us. Perhaps you could advise us of names and addresses of the various organizations in your country, and we will in turn correspond directly with them.

*Bev Moodie*
*South Africa*

### Rave Reviews

Special raves over that "bee-yeutiful" portrait of our First Lady (Oct. '85)—she is a lady in all truth—and

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the article by Bud Herron with his frustrating tale of trying to bathe a cat. Then Maynard Good Stoddard's words of wisdom on Mr. Franklin's stove; but in addition to that gem, he gave us the splendid article on wildlife art, and having been an admirer of Roger Tory Peterson's fine art on birds, I can appreciate the beauty in this article.

In fact, there just isn't anything to compare to the *Post,* and all I can say is "God bless you all down there in Indiana."

*Helen Sinclair*
Highland Park, Michigan

Years and years ago I used to subscribe to *The Saturday Evening Post,* and then many years went by and I did not see a copy until the other day. I was intrigued by the delightful picture of Mrs. Reagan on the cover of the October issue. The article "Coins Worth a Mint" also lured me into buying a copy. I found your magazine, or at least this issue, quite superior. The story by Leonard Wibberley entitled "The Captive Outfielder" is such a choice story. I've read and reread it several times! It's an outstanding piece of literature.

*Mrs. E.A. Cook*
Seattle, Washington

**Refreshing Reading**

It is *so* refreshing to get *The Saturday Evening Post* and hear something *good* about Nancy and President Reagan in the October '85 issue.

And about Concerned Women of America. I am a member.

And you're not afraid to mention God.

Please don't change. Other news is so negative and biased I only turn it on to see if anything new has happened and then turn it off. Thanks for your wonderful magazine.

*Leone Cummins*
Branson, Colorado

**Fun Bun**

I thought perhaps you would like to see our new publication. I took your advice and put wheat buns on the menu.

*R. David Thomas, Chairman*
*Wendy's International, Inc.*
Dublin, Ohio

*A loud cheer for Wendy's! And thanks for the calorie-watchers' publication.*

*Editor's note: One of our food editors, Jacquelyn Nyenhuis, has come up with a recipe that has been so popular in our offices we have been "testing" it again and again. We think our readers might like to make it for Christmas giving. It is a good health-food recipe too, especially if you can find pasta made with carrots, tomatoes and spinach. We tried ours with regular San Giorgio® egg-noodle pasta, and it was delicious too.*

**Multicolored Fusilli**
*(Makes 4 servings)*

Carrot, tomato and spinach pasta are used to create this special salad.

*Mixed fusilli-shaped pasta (¾ pound)*
*Feta cheese (4 oz.), cubed*
*1 pint cherry tomatoes, cut in half*
*1 green pepper, chopped*
*1 cup chopped cucumber*
*Cooked shrimp (8 oz.)*
*1 cup Italian salad dressing*
*1 teaspoon basil*

Cook fusilli according to directions. Drain and rinse under cool water; cool completely. Add remaining ingredients and let stand at least 2 hours before serving the salad or before presenting it as a gift, in a decorative decanter tied with a bright red bow.

©Menley & James 1985

"Which safety-coated aspirin tablet is recommended by more doctors for relieving arthritis pain?"

You can't buy anything stronger than Ecotrin for relief of arthritis pain and stiffness associated with inflammation.
Yet tests prove that Ecotrin is safer for your stomach than plain or even buffered aspirin because it's safety-coated.
Try Ecotrin. It's the choice of doctors for relieving arthritis pain and inflammation.

Eddie Albert

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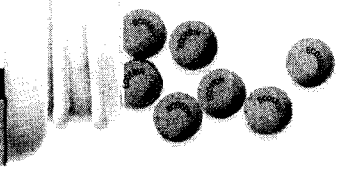

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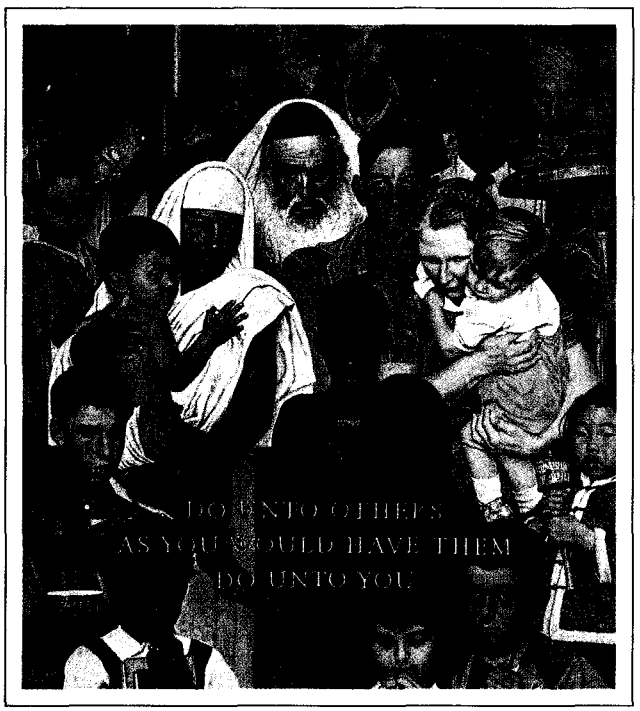
## INSIDE OUT

# BLIND LEADERS

*There are those who profess to speak for black America—but do they?*

by Bob Slosser

One survey does not establish a national fact, but a study by a serious-minded Washington, D.C., organization appears to confirm something I have suspected from personal observation: The black-American community as a whole does not fully identify with black American leaders on important issues. Indeed, the divergence may be as great as that in some other sectors of society, including mainstream America—which causes you to wonder about our leaders.




The study among blacks, done by the Center for Media and Public Affairs, resulted in an article headlined "Who Speaks for Black America?" published in *Public Opinion*, a bimonthly publication of the American Enterprise Institute. Linda Lichter, a codirector of the Center for Media and Public Affairs, reported that the survey showed "a surprising divergence between black leaders and the average black American on a broad spectrum of concerns, including some at the very heart of race relations."

Among black leaders, for example, 77 percent said minorities should be given preferential treatment in jobs and in universities. Among the black population generally, 77 percent opposed such preferential treatment.

Regarding the South African controversy, 59 percent of the leaders believed American corporations should terminate their investments in South Africa to put pressure on that nation to end its policy of apartheid. But 74 percent of blacks in the survey said the companies should remain in the country and use their economic influence to bring about change.

The differences were also noteworthy on matters beyond race relations. For instance, 60 percent of the leaders opposed efforts to permit prayer in public schools. Eighty-three percent of other blacks favored such efforts.

The Center for Media and Public Affairs says the black leaders were defined as those heading civil-rights groups and political organizations most cited in *Time, Newsweek*, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. They were members of the NAACP, the Urban League, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Operation PUSH, the National Conference of Black Mayors and the Congressional Black Caucus.

As I said, the discrepancies between leadership and rank and file are found not only in the black community. Burton Yale Pines of the Heritage Foundation, writing about traditional social and political values in his book *Back to Basics*, noted: "[A] number of the nation's labor union leaders. . . stand considerably farther to the left than their rank and file." His illustrations included the AFL-CIO Executive Council, the leadership of the National Education Association and the leadership of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers.

In mainstream America, a group, referred to variously as the elite minority, the political nation, the Establishment or the System, comprises the people so strategically entrenched and powerful that they simply run things. Although unelected, they dominate the discussion of public affairs, greatly influence the course of events and circumscribe the power of elected political leadership.

The correction of this situation will require work by those more representative of the mainstream in their respective groups. They will have to recognize that current leadership is going in its own direction and then take steps to replace it through involvement and high performance.

In the black community, for example, the people are going to realize one day that their leadership is painting them into stereotypes as bad as those once painted by white people, and they're going to start raising up a new set of leaders. Meanwhile, such people as Ronald Reagan and Edwin Meese are going to learn how to communicate with black people without arousing all the fears of days gone by. Then mainstream black America and mainstream white America will see they hold the same values, ideals and goals.

Dede Robertson, who speaks and listens to women's groups all across the hemisphere, is convinced that black Americans, especially black women, may very well lead this country in a reawakening to the traditional and religious values on which the nation was founded. "They know what is right," the wife of the broadcaster Pat Robertson declared, "and they want to do something about it. They have a tremendous faith in God."

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# AMERICA
## The Game

[illegible] co-authors of *The Light*

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
*Literary & Medical*
·SOCIETY·

Dear Reader:

We can't think of a single gift that would do more for your good health than to start you using high-lysine corn meal.

We've been writing about the virtues of high-fiber wheat bran for years, and lately we've been telling you why we believe a high-lysine, low-arginine diet is so beneficial to ward off viruses. We're packaging high-lysine corn meal in lined, brown-paper bags to get more people started who haven't yet discovered the amazing benefits of going on a high-lysine, low-arginine diet.

Readers ask us repeatedly, "Exactly how much bran should I take?" So we called Dr. Denis Burkitt, the godfather of the high-fiber discoveries. From London, in his inimitable British accent, he said, "It varies enormously with different people. What we tell them now is, 'If you have enough fiber, your stools normally float.' And everybody can find out whether their stools float or sink. Take enough to make your stool float," he said. "Some people need more than others." Getting your stool to float will probably double the size of your stool, and this is what you want, says Dr. Burkitt. "Speeding up the transit time is important but it isn't nearly as important as increasing the amount of stool you pass," he said.

We asked him how much stool the average adult male should pass. He replied, "I think he should pass at least 225 grams (about 1/2 pound). The average American today is passing a little over 100 grams (less than 1/4 pound). Stool weights are even more closely related to cancer than the transit time of the food. If I were a doctor examining candidates for life insurance, the first question I'd ask would be, 'How much stool do you pass daily?' If the candidate says, 'About 250 to 300 grams,' well, I'd say, 'I'm not wasting time on blood chemistry tests, you're O.K.--you can get your policy,' and if he says, 'I don't even get out 100 grams a day,' well, I'd say, 'It's not worthwhile to test you because you're a pretty poor risk.' That's how important a high-volume stool is to your health."

If you care about wellness, I hope you will read the next page.

To your good health,

Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Cory SerVaas, M.D.
Research Director

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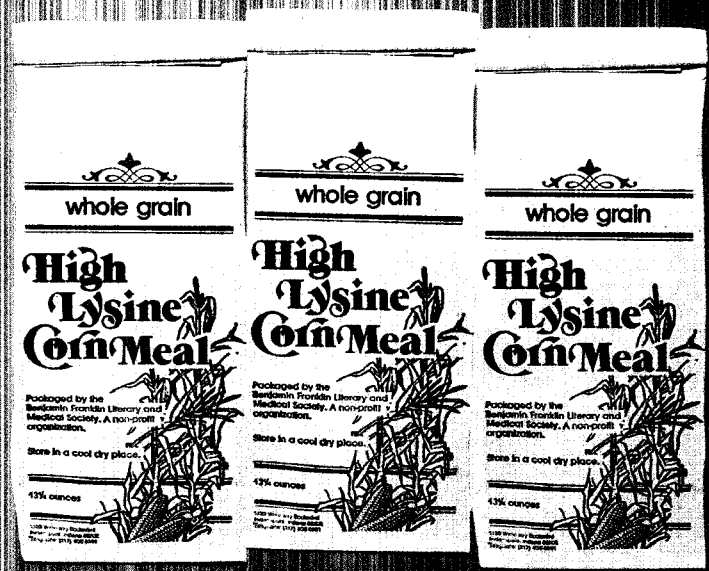
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# MANAGERS THE PLAYERS BANK ON

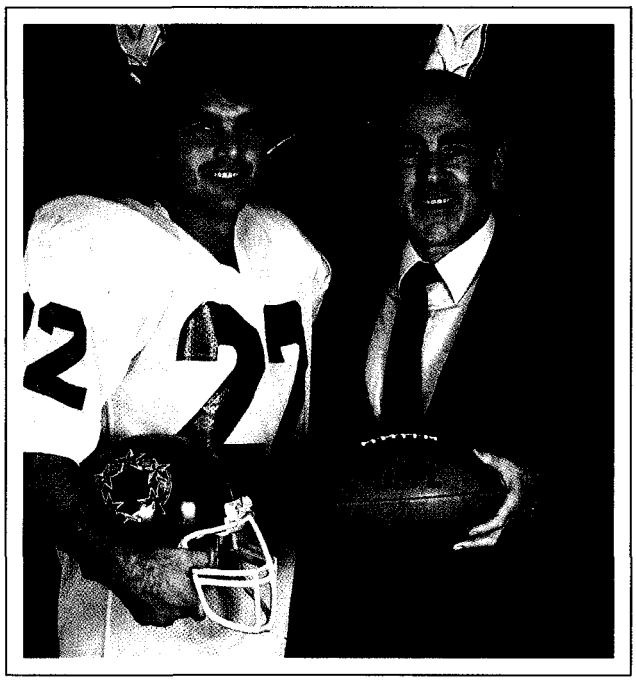
*What Hollywood agents are to the movie stars, sports managers have become to the growing ranks of millionaire athletes.*

by Bernie Ward

Two decades ago, when Bob Woolf—sports' paladin with portfolio—negotiated his first major-league contract for a client, professional athletes were averaging about $15,000 per year.

When the '85 run for the riches exploded off the line, Woolf was only one among thousands of sports agents, managers and attorneys competing for a piece of the superstar salary action that now runs into the multimillions—for a single player.

Woolf, a Boston attorney, is a pioneer in sports management, an industry that now rivals any Fortune 500 corporation. His success in representing more than 450 sports stars parallels and reflects the growth of that industry.



**Doug Flutie of the New Jersey Generals is but one of the 450 sports stars Bob Woolf has represented since 1966.**

It started in 1966, when Earl Wilson, a pitcher, asked for Woolf's help in contract negotiations. Woolf shocked the lords of baseball by securing $65,000 a year for the 20-game winner and again shook up the sports world in 1974, when the hockey standout Derek Sanderson signed for $2.65 million. Woolf's coup for 1984 was anointing Doug Flutie with his personal Midas touch—the $8.3 million the New Jersey Generals agreed to pay the young quarterback. That's cash; nothing deferred. Woolf also handled the negotiations that brought $15 million to his next-door neighbor, friend and Celtics' franchise, Larry Bird.

Because the profession is so new (and largely unregulated), it's impossible to know how many are following in Woolf's footsteps. One measure is the 1,200 agents now registered with the National Football League Players Association (NFLPA) to represent about 2,000 players. Other professional sports have no regulations concerning agents. The NCAA asks for voluntary regulation.

Moreover, the millions of dollars in salaries and prize monies are only the beginning. Athletes have replaced movie stars as America's heroes and heroines. Consequently, they are the bankable names and faces for commercials, product endorsements, autobiographies, personal appearances and movie and television deals. These ancillary "jobs" mean billions more—in fact, a rule of thumb in sports management is that star players can expect to earn three dollars elsewhere for every dollar they earn on the court or field. At least!

The enormous increase in athletes' salaries began with the formation of the old American Football League in the early '60s. That led to rival leagues in other sports and spawned the salary wars. Television was also maturing during this period, with its own zealous competition for advertising dollars. The beneficiaries of all this money-tossing were athletes, many of whom suddenly jumped from second mortgages and used cars to capital investments, tax shelters and Keogh plans.

In addition, many were young, impressionable and unsophisticated in the ways of high finance. A sudden need for expert financial and career management suddenly appeared, and into that void rushed a new breed of fiscal-fitness directors to minister to the stars' pocketbooks the way others treat aching muscles and bones.

The agent-manager today may be anyone from a family friend to an attorney to a multinational firm that handles all matters—financial and often personal—for the athlete, arrangements that go far beyond the initial contract negotiations that bring them together.

Most lawyers, like Bob Woolf, object to the agent label. As one of the first to tailor his practice almost exclusively to the needs of athletes, he prefers to be called a sports attorney. "With most of our clients," Woolf said, "their paychecks come to the office and we pay all their bills; put them on an allowance; prepare their wills, trusts, corporate structures, insurance, taxes; make all their investments; and negotiate contracts, com-

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# *Why do so many people share* Kindred Spirit *with their friends?*

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mercials, product endorsements, autobiographies, movie and television appearances or just about anything else that happens in their lives."

Typically, a client in Woolf's fold (or signed with other sports-management firms) with a $1 million contract for 5 years might expect about $200,000 of that to be deferred annually until after the athlete's retirement, as a hedge against the future. A like amount might be paid to a separate corporation controlling the star's personal services (appearances, clinics) and thus reaping all the tax breaks allowed such corporations. Perhaps half the salary would be invested, largely in real estate. Woolf pointed out that investment in an insurance policy, for example, at $49,000 per year for 5 years, would have a cash value of about $6 million when the player reaches age 65—which would give him an income of $600,000 annually for the following 15 years.

Whether it is Woolf or others, the fees for such services usually range from 3 to 5 percent of the contract value. Some charge annual retainer fees or percentages (about 5 percent) to pay the bills and manage the finances, and fees of up to 20 percent or more may be assessed on product-endorsement contracts negotiated by the firm.

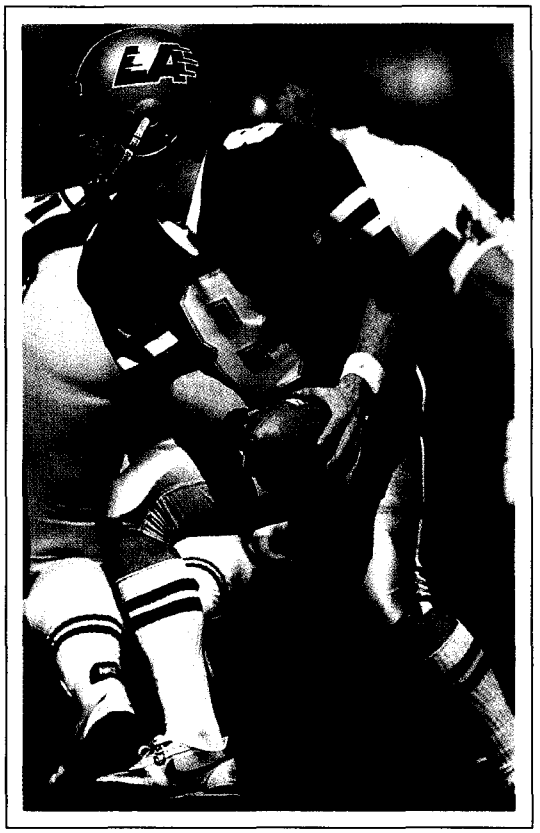
The tremendous increase in athletes' salaries has been harshly criticized of late by nonathletes who forget, perhaps, that the average career expectancy for a player in the NFL is 4.3 years, and an injury can instantly doom an athlete in any sport. Woolf doesn't foresee any slowdown in this escalation, unless all sports follow the example of the National Basketball Association and slam-dunk a salary cap on the spiral.

"This is really an entertainment industry," he said. "As long as the money is available from radio, television, box-office or ancillary rights, and as long as it makes good economic sense, there's no limit to what athletes could be paid. In the beginning, I thought in terms of generating funds. That's no problem now. I probably spend more of my time today preventing exploitation of my clients.

"Sports management is growing dramatically and so are the opportunities for young athletes," Woolf said. "But with those opportunities, the need for good management is greater than ever."

One of those who quickly saw the need for expert guidance was Steve Young, a quarterback whose name was enshrined forever in the hearts of Wall Street analysts and football fans alike when he signed last year with the Los Angeles Express of the USFL for more than $40 million, an arrangement that will still be paying him benefits in the year 2027.

Published reports say terms of that four-year contract, said to be the largest ever in professional sports (at least as of press time), included: a signing bonus, $2.5 million; a no-interest loan, $1.5 million; bonuses for reporting to camp, $275,000; a yearly base salary, $1.19 million; a scholarship fund at his alma mater, Brigham Young University, $183,000; and graduated annuities paid over 37 years, $34.5 million.



**Steve Young signed a record-high contract after teaming up with his attorney, Leigh Steinberg.**

The magician who pulled this golden rabbit out of the owner's hat for Young was a Berkeley-based attorney, Leigh Steinberg. If anyone forever shatters the stereotype of the sports agent as a cigar-chomping, sweat-stained hustler with his office in his pocket, it's Steinberg—a slim, debonair Californian who has made a specialty of sacking pro quarterbacks. Along with Young, he represents the Atlanta Falcons' Steve Bartkowski, the Oilers' Warren Moon, 14 other signal callers, plus 4 of the top 12 picks in this year's NFL draft and—ironically—that great nemesis of all quarterbacks, Mark Gastineau of the New York Jets. Gastineau's Steinberg-negotiated contract of $4 million for five years makes him the highest paid defensive lineman in the sport.

Steinberg is worried that the huge sums now being paid athletes are attracting too many would-be agents who are unconcerned about the well-being of their young stars. "Regulation is badly needed in this field," he said. "We have something like the Oklahoma land rush right now, with agents swarming all over the players. There are really more agents out there than potential clients."

Before taking on a superstar client, Steinberg insists on some ground rules that go beyond the financial arrangement. Those he represents must be willing to give something back to their schools and communities, to be role models in deed as well as in name. Like Steve Young, more than 30 of Steinberg's clients have established scholarships, and Gastineau donates $500 to Mount Sinai Hospital in New York each time he sacks a quarterback.

Steinberg and Woolf's concern about the exploiters is well founded. Big bucks and big-time sports have become synonymous. Other well-publicized millionaires in the locker rooms include: Earvin (Magic) Johnson, $25 million for 25 years with the Los Angeles Lakers; Dave Winfield, $21 million for 10 years with the New York Yankees; and Wayne Gretzky, $21 million for 21 years with the Edmonton Oilers.

Earlier this year, *Sports Illustrated* reported that since 1974 the average annual salary for a major-league baseball player has risen from $40,839 to $329,408, and the highest

*continued on following page*

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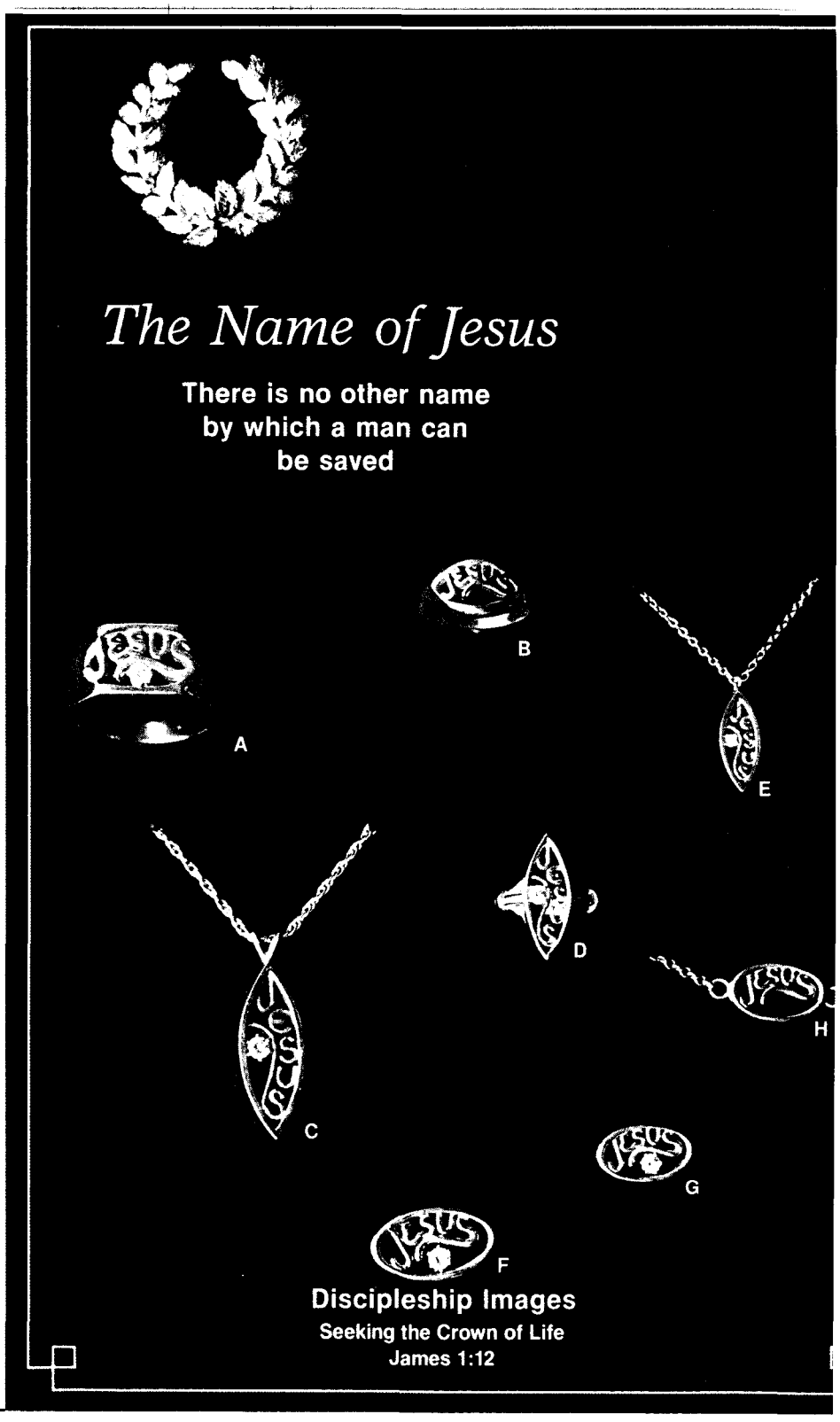


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|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. Mens Bold Style Ring (3mm/10 pt. stone) | $27 | $40 | $348 | $371 | $516 |
| B. Ladies Petite Ring (2.5mm/5 pt.) | 19 | 31 | 99 | 118 | 185 |
| C. 1" Pendant with 18" rope chain (3mm/10 pt.) | 29 | 43 | 208 | 232 | 294 |
| D. Ladies ¾" Marquise-shaped Ring (2.5mm/5 pt.) | 20 | 32 | 121 | 140 | 207 |
| *¾" Marquise Pend. with 18" cable chain (2.5m/5 pt.) | 25 | 37 | 128 | 147 | 214 |
| *¾" Marquise Tie Tack or Lapel Pin (2.5 mm/5 pt.) | 19 | 31 | 65 | 84 | 144 |
| E. 9/16" Pendant with 16" cable chain (1.5mm/3 pt.) | 23 | 34 | 95 | 108 | 137 |
| F. ¾" Tie Tack or Lapel Pin (3mm/10 pt.) | 20 | 34 | 75 | 99 | 243 |
| G. 9/16" Tie Tack or Lapel Pin (2.5mm/5 pt.) | 18 | 30 | 47 | 66 | 133 |
| H. Bracelet with 7" cable chain (2.5mm/5 pt.) | 24 | 36 | 74 | 93 | 160 |
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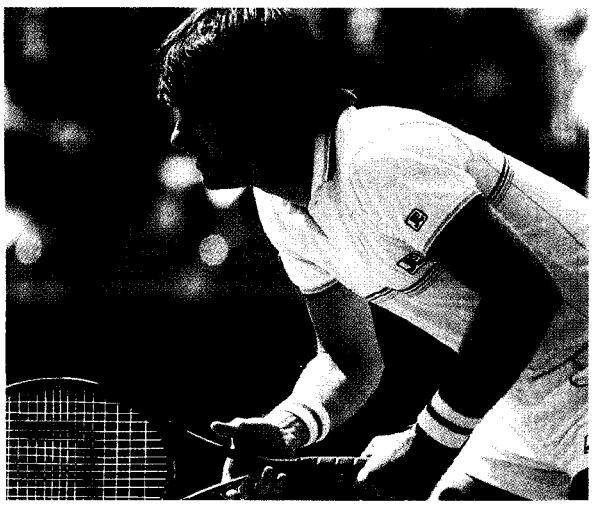
individual salary from $225,000 to $2.1 million.

Along with the high salaries come the bonuses and incentives that can be a money manager's dream (or nightmare). In April, for example, Ozzie Smith, a 30-year-old shortstop who escaped the mean streets of Watts to become a standout for the Saint Louis Cardinals, inked a new contract that will reportedly pay him $8.7 million over the next five years. Added to that were a couple of provisions, secured by his agent, Ed Gottlieb, certain to provide Smith with a comfortable future after baseball. One was a $500,000 loan at 10 percent interest; the other was prime consideration for an Anheuser-Busch wholesale-beer distributorship.

For superstars in all sports, lucrative outside endorsements and business deals like Smith's have become as routine as a shower after a workout. Understandably, the stars and their agents are reluctant to discuss the financial terms of these contracts or exactly what products a star is endorsing, for there may be competitive overlapping. However, there are a few indications.

For instance, ProServ, a Washington, D.C., management firm, represents about 125 major sports figures (Jimmy Connors, Patrick Ewing, James Worthy and Michael Jordan, among others). According to Donald Dell, the company chairman and a former Davis Cup captain, ProServ will collect more than $22 million this year from product endorsements alone.



**Jimmy Connors, the tennis ace, is among the 125 major sports figures for whom ProServ will collect more than $22 million this year.**

ProServ, like other sports-management and -marketing firms, stakes its reputation as much on how shrewdly it invests clients' wealth as on its negotiating skills. Last year, Allen Furst, ProServ's vice president for finance, told *Regardies* magazine that the company seeks out long-term, tax-sheltered investments; it is currently managing about $40 million of clients' assets in commercial real estate, oil and gas ventures and stocks and bonds, he said.

One tenet of sports management is that contract negotiations, financial and tax planning, promotions and even career and educational counseling must be tailored to individual needs: The basketball star who goes from abject poverty to instant wealth the moment he is drafted has needs other than the golf or tennis professional, who is basically an independent business person. But often lost in this welter of wealth are the personal and emotional needs of the young athletes, whose fame often precedes their maturity.

Personal consideration is a major factor in client-manager relations at International Management Group (IMG), the largest sports-marketing and -management firm in the world. But it can also be a problem. When Chris Evert Lloyd and Martina Navratilova tangle in one of their classic duels, for example, the folks at IMG have to sit quietly on their hands and cheer for neither, because the company represents both—and a host of others.

Since Mark McCormack founded IMG in Cleveland on a handshake with the golf legend Arnold Palmer in 1959, the company has expanded far beyond its initial concept and now represents individuals, corporations and institutions with offices in 15 cities throughout the world. Its staff consists of specialists in merchandising, marketing, finance, law, taxation, broadcasting, publishing and film making.

Celebrities other than athletes are now represented by IMG, ranging from classical musicians to the sports commentator John Madden. On a single day, IMG representatives may be found negotiating for the international television and merchandising rights for Wimbledon, consulting with a multinational corporation on the best way for the company to use athletics and sports personalities to achieve marketing and promotional goals or advising a globe-trotting tennis star on developing a world-wide tax strategy.

But the individual athletes were—and remain—the cornerstone of IMG's success. McCormack points with pride at the company's expertise in ". . .anticipating sporting trends, [and] recognizing and fulfilling the potential in those trends. . . ."

Recently Bud Stanner, IMG's senior corporate vice president, defined what may be a few of the emerging sport trends moving into the next century, in terms of both popularity and corporate sponsorship. IMG, he said, believes that water sports such as rowing, kayaking and hydroplaning will come on strong in the next few years. There will be increasing interest in equine sports, including rodeo, show jumping, polo and three-day eventing. IMG also expects a surge in such human-endurance sports as the triathlon and the ultramarathons. And none of these, Stanner added, will likely increase at the expense of currently popular sports.

"We also think the creation of special sporting events will become more popular," Stanner continued. "They are unique, and can be strong regional, as well as national, promotions. A case in point is the Uniroyal One Lap of America rally that 80 automobiles just completed around the perimeter of the U.S.

"On the sponsorship side in the team sports, we see more involvement by large and small businesses who will want more hospitality and entertainment areas in stadiums. That will mean fewer seats, more hospitality facilities and a more selective approach by television.

"In fact, there are some future sayers who insist that in 20 years the stadiums we know today will be little more than huge television studios, which helps explain the trend toward more hospitality seats. The ticket holders will stay home and watch the game on TV," Stanner concluded.

Perhaps. But there will always be the demand for more young heroes to people our arenas and to stir our spirits with their performances. And as that demand grows, so too will the sports-management industry.

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## FOOD

# LET THEM EAT CABBAGE!

*Once ridiculed as food for the downtrodden, this common, cruciferous vegetable is now enjoying its salad days as a source of nutrition reported to prevent cancer.*

**by Charlotte Turgeon**

Cabbage, a vegetable with a roller-coaster reputation, has been alternately honored and ridiculed throughout the ages.

On the one hand, it has inspired pejorative slang such as "cabbage head." Mark Twain declared it to be simply the uneducated sister of cauliflower, and it has often been looked upon as a food for the downtrodden.

Yet others have praised cabbage for its healthful and even magical powers. Eaten on New Year's Day, it is said to promote good luck for a whole year. French folklore maintains that eating cabbage will make people intelligent.

The healthful qualities of this ubiquitous vegetable have been recognized for centuries. The ancient Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans knew nothing about vitamins and minerals, yet they recognized cabbage as a source of nutrition as well as a source of curative powers effective against such maladies as hangovers. The Chinese were wise enough to try to prevent scurvy by feeding "sauerkraut" to laborers working on the Great Wall.

Recently, scientists have found a link between cabbage consumption and the avoidance of cancer. Certain cruciferous vegetables such as cabbage, Brussels sprouts and cauliflower may work in the small intestine in a kind of carcinogen-detoxification system. People who consume the greatest amounts of cabbage have been found least likely to have colon cancer.

**Kraut cravers will like Confetti Cabbage, a delicious sauté with zucchini, carrots, onions and caraway seasoning.**

Cabbage may not be magic, but it certainly is worthy of an honored place at the dining table. Nutritionally, it is more than 90 percent water and low in calories (only 24 per 100 grams), yet high in vitamins A and C. Kale is even higher in vitamin C with 186 milligrams per 100 grams. (An orange, in comparison, has only 50 milligrams of vitamin C per 100 grams.) Cabbage also has an abundance of the minerals phosphorus, calcium and iron and contains lactic acid, which aids digestion.

Cabbage and its sister plants—Brussels sprouts, broccoli, kale, cauliflower and kohlrabi—are all variations of the same species, *Brassica oleracea*, descended from a single type of wild cabbage that grew centuries ago along the seacoasts of Europe's temperate zone.

Farmer "horticulturalists" developed modern cabbage by coaxing the vegetable to produce a very short stem and many leaves that overlap and form a huge bud. Auxiliary buds grown on an erect stem were cultivated and eventually became Brussels sprouts. Kohlrabi is simply a headless stem swollen into a mass of edible tissue. Cauliflower and broccoli are both variations produced by stunting the flowering process of the plants.

Cabbage and its relatives are in plentiful supply. American farmers produce about 2 billion pounds of cabbage each year. They also grow 350 million pounds of broccoli, 73 million pounds of Brussels sprouts and 300 million pounds of cauliflower.

However prepared, the vegetable with the roller-coaster reputation deserves to be at the top of your grocery list and in a place of honor on your dining-room table.

The following recipes are a few of our favorite cabbage-family dishes.

*continued on following page*

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Introducing the new, front-wheel-drive Buick LeSabre Sedan, an automobile designed for today's conditions — and today's families.

The new LeSabre is trim, sleek, aerodynamic.

But first, rest assured that LeSabre is still a genuine family car. It has room — make that comfort — for six passengers.

And it is very much a traditional, full-size Buick when it comes to conveniences and appointments: automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, air conditioning and velour seating.

So what's new? Everything. The LeSabre is over 400 pounds lighter than its predecessor.

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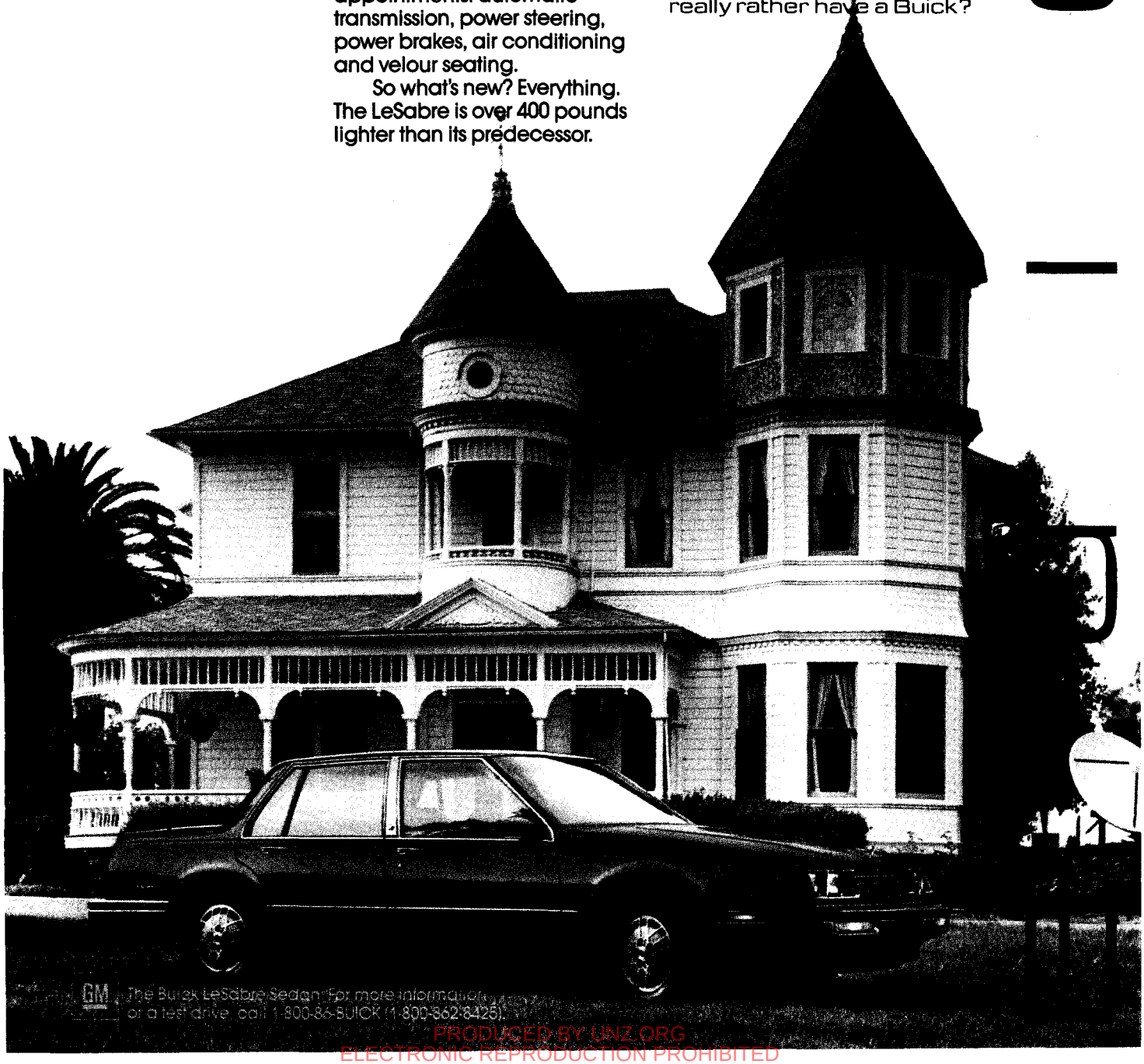
Perhaps best of all, the new LeSabre is responsive, with a 3.0-litre, multi-port fuel-injected engine (not available in California). It is well-mannered, with rack-and-pinion steering and fully independent suspension.

Buckle up and visit your Buick dealer. And experience a family car that's changed as much as your family.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?



GM The Buick LeSabre Sedan. For more information or a test drive, call 1-800-84-BUICK (1-800-842-8425).

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### Confetti Cabbage
*(Makes 4 to 8 servings)*

*2 tablespoons salad oil*
*1 onion, sliced*
*2 cloves garlic, minced*
*6 cups thinly sliced cabbage*
*2 carrots, sliced*
*1 medium zucchini, cut into julienne strips*
*½ teaspoon salt*
*½ teaspoon caraway seed*

In 5-quart Dutch oven over high heat, cook onion and garlic in hot oil until onion is tender; stir often. Stir in remaining ingredients. Cook until cabbage is tender-crisp (about 10 minutes); stir quickly and frequently (stir fry).

### Good Friday Cabbage Soup
*(Makes 6 to 8 servings)*

This is a soup made without a trace of meat. It is especially good if made a day in advance, in which case the margarine is added after the reheating.

*1 small savoy cabbage*
*1 onion*
*2 cloves*
*2 carrots*
*1 parsnip*
*1 stalk celery*
*2 potatoes*
*¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper*
*1 bay leaf*
*4 sprigs parsley*
*2 sprigs fresh thyme or ½ teaspoon powdered thyme*
*4 tablespoons margarine*
*8 thin slices day-old French bread*

Trim off outer leaves of cabbage and cut the head into quarters. Wash well in large pan of unsalted water and drain. Boil cabbage for 5 minutes in some salted water. Drain and rinse in cold water; press out excess water with the back of a large spoon. Put cabbage in enamel-lined pot with 3 quarts water. Add onion stuck with 2 cloves; carrots, scrubbed and cut in large pieces; parsnip, scraped and halved; celery, diced; potatoes, peeled and quartered; pepper; and herbs, tied together for easy retrieval. Cover and cook slowly for 1½-2 hours.

Strain liquid into another pan and keep warm. Discard herbs; purée vegetables in blender or food processor or force them through a food mill. Combine puréed vegetables with broth. Reheat, taste for seasoning and remove from stove before stirring in margarine. Put the sliced bread in the bottom of a soup tureen and pour soup over it.

**Hearty Good Friday Cabbage Soup with parsnips, celery and potatoes is satisfying without a trace of meat. Be sure to make a big batch; it's even better warmed up.**

### Rice-and-Cabbage Salad
*(Makes 4 servings)*

*½ cup brown rice*
*2 cups boiling water, salted*
*½ cup seedless raisins*
*2 cups shredded green cabbage (preferably savoy)*
*3 scallions (green onions)*
*2 tablespoons mayonnaise*

**Dressing**
*2 tablespoons wine vinegar*
*½ teaspoon salt*
*½ teaspoon black pepper*
*¼ teaspoon Dijon mustard*
*6 tablespoons salad oil (olive, peanut or corn)*

Pour rice into water. Bring to boil. Cover and simmer 35-40 minutes or until all water is absorbed and rice is just tender. Rinse in cold water. Drain well and cool.

Soak raisins in cold water while rice is cooking. Let cabbage stand 30 minutes in very cold water to crisp, then drain or spin in lettuce dryer. Chop scallions; use green part as well as white. Add mayonnaise. Put ingredients for dressing in small glass container. Cover and shake well. Set in refrigerator.

Drain raisins and mix with rice and most of the scallions. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Place the rice mixture in the center of a salad bowl. Surround with well-dried cabbage. Just before serving season the cabbage with dressing and garnish with remaining scallions.

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### Vegetarian Quiche
*(Makes 4 to 6 servings)*

**Crust:**
*1 cup whole-wheat flour*
*½ teaspoon salt*
*½ cup liquid (⅔ vegetable oil, ⅓ milk)*

**Filling**
*1 cup sliced broccoli*
*1 cup sliced cauliflower*
*3 tablespoons vegetable oil*
*1 onion, chopped*
*½ green pepper, chopped*
*1 cup milk*
*½ teaspoon salt*
*3 eggs, beaten*
*¾ cup grated cheese*

Stir together ingredients for crust (measure liquids together in ½-cup measure). Using your hands, press small amounts of dough into deep pie plate until it is lined with pastry. Set aside.

Prepare vegetables: Cut broccoli and cauliflower into thin slices. Heat remaining oil in heavy skillet and sauté onion and green pepper 1 or 2 minutes. Add broccoli and cauliflower, and stir-fry until crisp-tender. Preheat oven to 350°F. In bowl combine milk, salt, eggs and cheese. Add vegetables; remove them from skillet with slotted spoon. Pour into crust and bake 45 minutes or until custard is set.

### Curried Cauliflower
*(Makes 6 to 8 servings)*

This is delicious with lamb or with fish.

*1 head cauliflower*
*4 tablespoons margarine*
*4 tablespoons chopped onion*
*2 teaspoons Madras curry powder*
*1 cup plum tomatoes*
*1 cup chicken broth*
*1 cup yogurt*

Remove cauliflower leaves and trim stem evenly. Soak in salted water for 10 minutes to dislodge anything that creeps or crawls. Boil cauliflower in large pan of boiling water, stem-side down, for 12 minutes. Drain in colander; discard water. In the same pan, heat margarine and sauté onion and curry powder over moderate heat until onion is soft or for about 3 minutes. Stir in tomatoes, chicken broth and yogurt. Taste sauce for seasoning. Place cauliflower stem-side up in pan. Cover and simmer 20 minutes.

To serve: Turn cauliflower right side up in shallow serving dish. Cover with sauce.

### Orange, Apple and Cabbage Slaw
*(Makes 4 to 8 servings)*

*4 cups shredded savoy cabbage*
*2 large eating apples*
*1 tablespoon sugar*
*½ cup orange juice*
*2 tablespoons lemon juice*
*¾ cup heavy cream*
*Salt and pepper*
*Mandarin oranges*

Prepare cabbage according to standard directions for coleslaw. Quarter and core but do not peel apples. Cut in thin slices and add to cabbage. Mix well with sugar and fruit juices. Whip cream until stiff and fold into salad; add salt and pepper to taste. Cover and chill in refrigerator. Toss again before serving and garnish with mandarin-orange sections.

A Timeless Food Reappears
Who first knew the nutritional wisdom of combining grains and legumes? Ezekiel did 2500 years ago! The instructions given in the Book of Ezekiel are for a special flour that contains balanced protein and can be made into a variety of healthy, delicious foods. Arrowhead Mills invites you to rediscover this nutrition-packed, multi-use flour at your favorite natural food store.
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# DOING A NUMBER ON AT&T

*When your phone number and the AT&T service number are alike except for the 1-800, one way to stop the calls is by reaching out and touching all the ethnic groups.*

**by Mike Royko**

*Illustrated by Frank Cotham*

Although I haven't made as much progress as I'd like, my vendetta with AT&T goes on.

For some time now, I've been plagued by phone calls from area residents who want service from AT&T. That's because the phone company has a 1-800 number that is the same as my office number. So anybody who neglects to dial 1-800 first gets me instead.

AT&T has suggested that I change my number. But since I had the number first, it would seem fair for them to change theirs. They could even use the home number of one of their executives. Let him go goofy.

Naturally, they refuse. So I have to resort to various guerrilla tactics aimed at shaking customer confidence in AT&T.

For a while, I tried to give the impression that AT&T was demented. When people—thinking they were talking to AT&T—called to complain about a defective phone, I would give them technical advice, such as throwing the faulty phone out the window, praying over it or chanting a mantra. Sometimes I would express my sympathy for their problem by breaking into a fit of loud sobbing.

But the effect of this approach was limited because it would have an impact only on those people who called. What I needed was a strategy that would have impact on large numbers of people.

And now I have developed such a strategy. It began with a call from a young man who said: "Where's the phone center around Ford City?"

I asked: "What is your ethnic background?"

"What'dya want to know that for?"

"Please, sir, just answer the question. What is your ethnic background?"

"Irish. So what?"

"Well, I'm afraid we won't be able to help you."

"Why not?"

"We are discontinuing all service to people of Irish ancestry."

"What? Why?"

"Look, you just don't pay your bills. We don't know if you spend it all on beer or what, but you can't be trusted."

He burst into a string of appropriate swear words.

"And you are also crude," I added. "Good-by."

Seconds later, he called back and demanded an explanation.

"I told you, we are no longer servicing the Irish. We will be cutting off your service shortly. Good-by."

I assume he has since told all of his friends and relatives of the anti-Irish bigotry he encountered and they are as outraged at AT&T as he is—or else he has learned to dial 1-800.

Then there was the woman who called from Jefferson Park. I asked her name, then asked: "Isn't that a Polish name?"

"Yes, it is," she replied.

"Ah, then I'm very sorry. We can't help you if you are Polish."

"What are you talking about?"

"We don't like the Polish."

"That's the most terrible thing I've ever heard. Why are you saying that?"

"Corporate policy, I guess."

"You have a corporate policy that you don't like the Polish?"

"That's right. I'll tell you what—why don't you have your name changed to something that sounds American. Try Smith or Jones."

"How dare you!"

"We dare, madam, because we are big and powerful. And you ain't. Good-by."

Later, there was the man of Italian ancestry struck speechless when I told him we were refusing service to Italians because our technicians didn't like working on phones that were garlicky.

A woman of Norwegian parentage vowed to call federal authorities after I told her that she and all Norwegians were being cut off. "You Norwegians are just so dull," I said, "that we don't believe you have anything worthwhile to talk about on a phone anyway."

And I've managed to alienate, on AT&T's behalf, many blacks. A conversation with one black man went something like this:

"Tell me, are you of the black persuasion?"

"Yeah, what about it?"

"We are discontinuing service to all blacks."

"Say what?"

"Yes. You people use all that jivey language, and frankly, you laugh too much. And that causes a confusion in the electronic equipment. Our equipment is designed to handle traditional American speech, not all that jive talk. G'bye."

I don't know how much AT&T spends on public relations. I'm sure it's a considerable sum. But in the face of my campaign, it's going to be a big waste.

So, wise up, AT&T, and get a new number. Why, I haven't even gotten around to the Hispanics, the Chinese, the Lithuanians, the. . . .

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# WE ARE THE CHILDREN

## Special Offer

## ONLY $5.00 FOR 2 AUTHENTIC "CHILDREN OF THE WORLD" DOLLS™

**YOU GET 2 DOLLS — ONE BOY, ONE GIRL.**

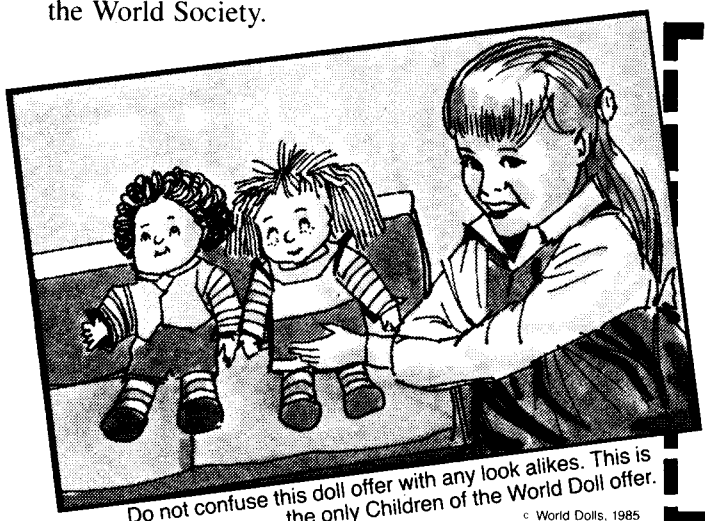
As part of a worldwide awareness program—we will offer 2,000,000—famous Children of the World Dolls for just $5 for a boy and girl doll—that's right . . . you get two not just one . . . but both for this incredible low price. No gimmicks . . . no closing dates. Just $5 until the supply runs out. . . .

Each lovable doll comes complete with its own personal birth certificate registered with the Children of the World Society.

*Each doll is fully dressed in the rainbow colors representing all the nations of the world (machine washable).

To obtain your 2 dolls, fill out coupon—orders will be filled as received. 30 Day Money Back Guarantee if not delighted.

*Each doll is approx. 11" tall and each is clothed in decorative dress—they have soft muslin bodies and wipeable faces. Dress and Size may vary.



Do not confuse this doll offer with any look alikes. This is the only Children of the World Doll offer.

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**World Dolls, Dept. 3338**
**10-10 44th Ave.**
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Please send _____ set(s) of Dolls at $5.00 per set (2 Dolls in a set), plus $3 postage and handling for each set. (Limit 10 sets per coupon) 30-day Money Back Guarantee.

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N.Y. Residents add sales tax.
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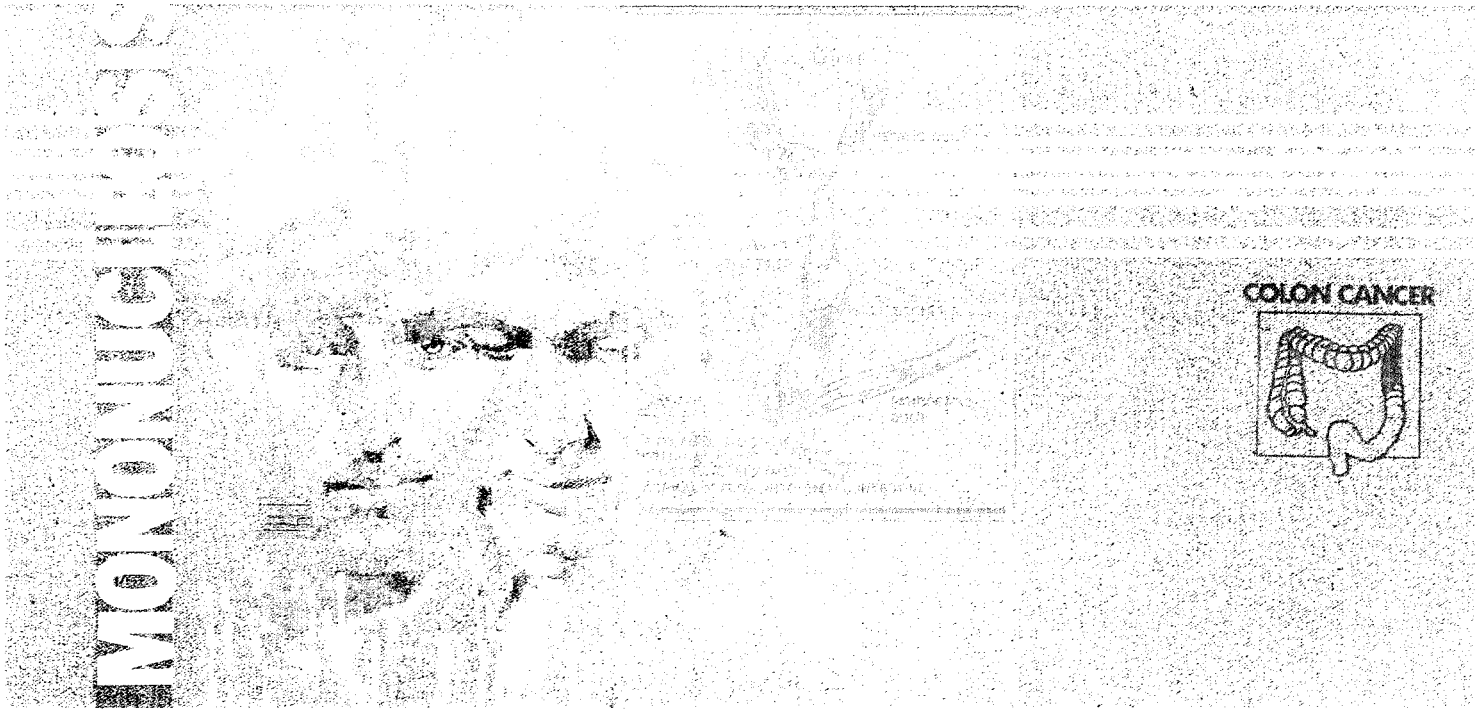


# DECEMBER ON THE 700 CLUB'S LIFE[illegible] DIGEST

### ecember 6
### allstones Dissolved

illions of Americans suf-ring the fear of major rgery due to gallstones o longer find themselves between a rock and a ard place. Don't skip the ayo Clinic's news of a ethod of dissolving allstones within the ody itself.

### ecember 13
### IDS in Your Family?

ou don't have to be a ember of a "high-risk" oup any more to ac-uire the often lethal legacy called "AIDS." Learn how to protect your family and what is being done to aid those who already have AIDS.

### December 20
### Mononucleosis

Are you a tired subject? Do you have frequent sore throats and respiratory infections? How about unexplained aches, low fevers and depressions? You may have chronic mononucleosis, a strain of herpes. What next?

### December 27
### Prevent Colon Cancer

President or plumber, if you are over 40, you should have three tests done regularly to monitor your body for colon cancer. Find out how rectal exams, stool tests and flexible sigmoidoscopies can be lifesavers.

The 700 Club

**TV JOURNALISM WITH A DIFFERENT SPIRIT**

Check your local listings for time and station

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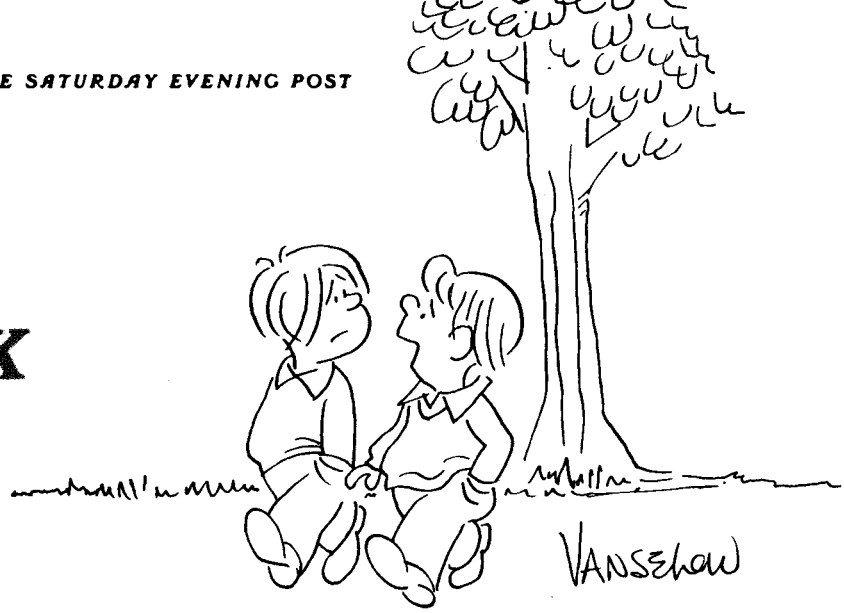
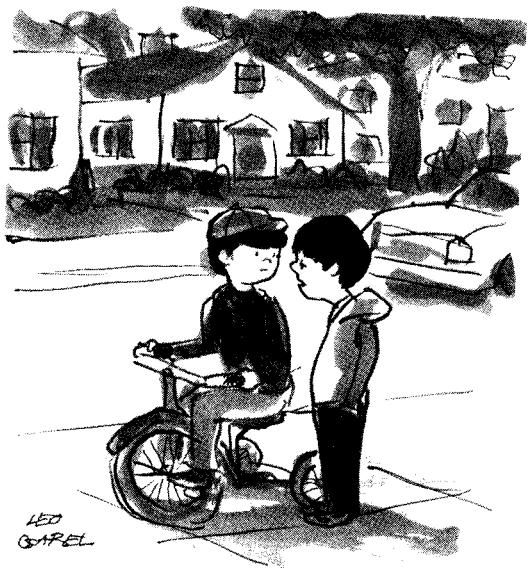
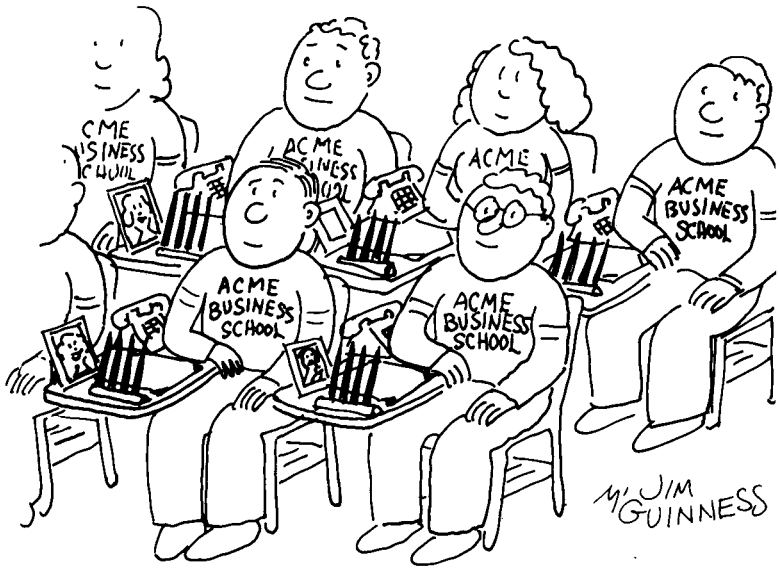
# SMALL TALK




*". . .and have you noticed?—when you finally learn to talk, they tell you to be quiet!"*




*"I think we're having problems at home. They're spelling* everything.*"*



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### Fire (Mis)placed

Have you heard about the microwave fireplace? You can spend a relaxing evening at home in front of it in just eight minutes.

*—Martha J. Beckman*

### Double Trouble

Office boy: "Boss, who were those ladies you were talking with?"

Boss: "One was my wife and the other one was Raquel Welch."

Boy: "Which one was Raquel Welch?"

Boss: "Here's a dollar. When you get to be president, remember that I once loaned you money."

*—Kenneth E. Hall*

### Facing up to Reality

The personnel manager's wife finally succumbed to the temptation to buy a wig. The platinum-blonde look made her feel very glamorous. On the way home, she stopped in at her husband's office to get his reaction.

"Sir," she asked, "do you think you could find a spot for me with your company?"

He glanced up briefly from his cluttered desk. "Not a chance," he told her. "You remind me too much of my wife!"

*—Kenneth E. Hall*

### Common Problem

A common phrase
That's overdone
Is "Two can live
As cheap as one."

One what?

*—Frank G. Van Atta*

### Reverse Charges

Wrong-number calls are annoying,
Not only that, it's appalling
When the number they've reached
  is the right one,
But it's the wrong number who's
  calling.

*—Hans G. Mueller*

### Window Pains

You know your house is too small when people start dropping off film to be developed at your window.

*—George E. Bergman*

### Marriage of Convenience

Necessity is the mother of invention—and profit is the father.

*—Arnot L. Sheppard, Jr.*

### Barnyard Humor

A haughty matron dining at an expensive restaurant kept complaining. The waiter kept his temper until the woman sampled one course and said in a loud voice, "You call this food? Why, it isn't fit for a pig!"

Giving her a scornful look, he snapped: "Is that so? Well then, madam, allow me to bring you some that is!"

*—Mrs. H.W. Walker*

### Mink Stolen?

Asked why he was fired, the office boy replied: "The boss' steno came in wearing a new mink coat and asked me how she looked. All I said was, 'Guilty.' "

*—Lloyd Byers*

### A Place out of the Sun

Young lovers leaving on a date are afraid they won't find a good parking place. Their parents are afraid they will.

*—H. Duane Black*

### Measuring Up

Too often, the person who pictures himself as a big gun just isn't the right caliber.

*—H. Duane Black*

### Blank Look

No news is good news
Or so say some sages
Who've never been editors
And had to fill up front pages!

*—R.C. Shebelski*

### Video File

My video system is such a delight,
With spaghettilike cables,
  oh, what a fright!
Splitters and switches, input and out,

*"So, what do you see the stock market doing in the next few months?"*

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Just where they connect, I'm always
in doubt.
So I turn on my system and flick
my remotes,
With 62 channels, I begin to take notes.
Big box-office hits and music TV,
Pro wrestling and boxing—what shall
I see?
Maybe arcade games will make me
feel right.
I'll Zaxxon and Gorf it—oh, well,
not tonight.
I could watch a movie recorded on
Beta,
I've seen it three times—not now,
maybe later.
Oh, my video system is such a delight,
I purchase components and set them
just right.
But with all of the money and the
time that it took
I'm turning it off and reading a book.

*—M.M. Coviello*

### Zero-sum Game

Why is it that those who have something to say can't say it, while those who have nothing to say keep saying it?

*—Lillian Siaw*

### Volcker to the Rescue

You know inflation has struck when a man has to pay $15 for a $2 haircut he used to get for $1 when he had hair.

*—Rose Sands*

### Grin and Air It?

Don't tell people your troubles—
Half don't care how you do.
The other half will be glad to hear
You're getting what's coming to you!

*—Ruth M. Walsh*

### Key Decision

I thought that I'd held the key
to her heart,
So it was quite a shock
When I came back from a trip to find
That she had changed the lock.

*—Hans G. Mueller*

### Wholly Mistaken

If you're tired of library humor, chuckle over these bloopers that actually appeared in church bulletins:

*This afternoon there will be a meeting in the south and the north ends of the church. Children will be baptized at both ends.

*Tuesday at 4 p.m. there will be an ice-cream social. All ladies giving milk please come early.

*The Ladies Literary Society will meet Wednesday. Mrs. Johnson will sing "Put Me in My Little Bed" accompanied by the pastor.

*This Easter Sunday we will ask Mrs. Johnson to come forward and lay an egg on the altar.

*The service will close with "Little Drops of Water." One of the ladies will start quietly and the rest of the congregation will join in.

*On Sunday a special collection will be taken to defray the expenses of the new carpet. All those wishing to do something on the carpet, please come forward and get a piece of paper.

*The ladies of the church have cast off clothing of every kind, and they may be seen in the church basement on Friday.

*—Salt Lake Co. P.L.'s "Main Entry"*

### Sharply Said

The sexton, laying new carpet in the pulpit, had left a number of tacks scattered on the floor. "What do you suppose would happen if I stepped on one of those tacks in the middle of my sermon?" the minister asked.

"I imagine that would be one point you wouldn't linger on," the sexton said.

*—John A. Johnston*

### Ticked-Talk

A toastmaster said to the guest of honor at a retirement dinner, "As a token of our appreciation, we have created this special gold watch to serve as a constant reminder of your many years with our company. It needs a lot of winding up, it's always a little late and every day at a quarter to five it quits working."

*—Martha J. Beckman*

### Long and Short of It

The tallest folks
Own the smallest Volks
While the little man
Drives a big sedan.

*—Frank G. Van Atta*

### Plane Bad Manners

At the very least,
Hijacking is rude
For it subjects folks
To more airline food!

*—R.C. Shebelski*

### Positively Speaking

This I discover the longer I live,
Is true at all times but a fraction:
The person who is always positive
Gets a negative sort of reaction.

*—Richard Armour*

### Let Me Explain, Dear

I'd sing of you in deathless rhyme
(As if poor words e'er spake enough!)
I'd make your beauty outlive time
If the *Post* would only take the stuff.

*—Ed McAuliffe*

*"Gentleman from the government's antitrust division to see you."*

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## VETS ON PETS

# SAYING GOOD-BY TO A PET

*How you can help a friend or relative who has lost an animal pal.*

**by H. Ellen White, D.V.M.**

Years ago, Mrs. Griffith, a small, frail woman, brought a young squirrel monkey named Toby to the veterinary hospital. Toby had a nonresponsive respiratory infection; in spite of all my efforts, his condition continued to deteriorate. When Toby finally died, Mrs. Griffith was overwrought. She would have collapsed had I not been there to lend her support. I remember feeling helpless to comfort her, and I was relieved when she was finally able to go home. Later, I learned more about Mrs. Griffith. She lived alone. Toby had been her only companion.

Mrs. Griffith's reaction may have been extreme, yet all pet owners suffer to some degree at the passing of an animal companion. They go through the same stages Elisabeth Kübler-Ross outlined for human loss: agitation, denial and isolation, anger, grief and, finally, resolution. These normal reactions should not be suppressed, for unresolved grief can cause depression.

**A relationship with a pet helps a child to become responsible and caring, and the fond memories that result will last a lifetime.**

People often cannot accept the inevitable aging of their pets or the sudden death of an animal in an accident. Perhaps most difficult for an owner is the development of cancer or some other incurable disease, which may produce guilt feelings when a pet owner must decide to put such an animal to sleep. Yet euthanasia is often the humane choice. I was once puzzled by a woman's adamant refusal to accept the approaching death of the family cat, suffering from feline leukemia. I eventually found that the cat belonged to a family member with a similar terminal illness.

Grieving over a dead pet is a natural thing to do. Through the years, I have developed some advice for pet owners to deal more effectively with their losses:

- When a pet dies, don't postpone looking for a new pet. Medical evidence shows both psychological and physical benefits from pet ownership.
- Don't try to find a carbon copy of your previous pet. It is unfair to a new pet to expect it to behave, or for you to try to make it behave, as its predecessor did.
- And if a friend or a relative has lost a pet, try to be sympathetic. The most difficult part of losing a valued pet can be lack of understanding by others.
- Do not try to force a new pet upon a bereaved pet owner—you will not be doing a good turn. The person should pick out his own pet and form a relationship of attachment. Resentment between pet and owner can occur in instances where a well-meaning friend has taken selection into his own hands.

Among those who suffer most from the loss of a pet are children. Often a pet's death is a child's first experience with death; pet deaths hold a central place in many of the best-loved children's stories—*Charlotte's Web* and *Old Yeller*, for example.

At any age, honesty is almost always the best policy in helping children deal with the death of a pet. Under age five, moreover, most children have a difficult time grasping the idea of death and separating it from dreams, fantasies or just something they saw on television. These young children can become confused about the death, or they may even believe the pet died because of something they did—such as dressing it up in doll clothes. Answers from parents, therefore, need to be straightforward and honest, tempered by love and understanding.

Older children—between 5 and 12—usually have some experience with and some understanding of death. They often seem to be overinterested in the "gory details" and in shocking adults by asking questions about the pet's injuries. These questions, the child's way of trying to understand and to come to grips with the reality of the death, should be answered directly and honestly.

*continued on following page*

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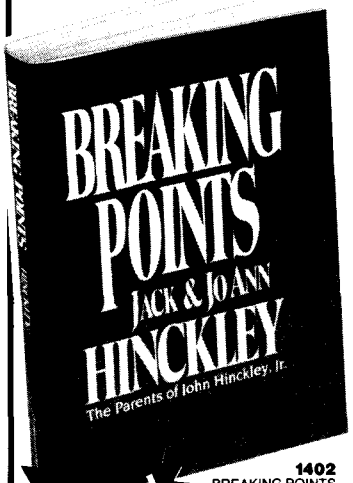


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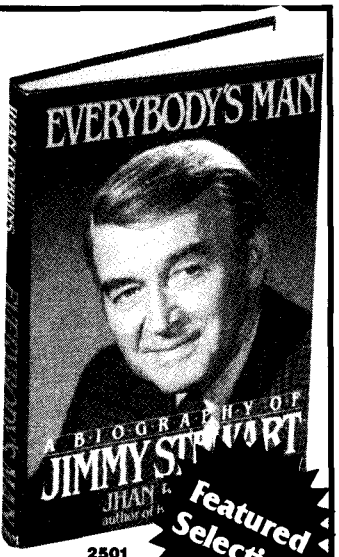


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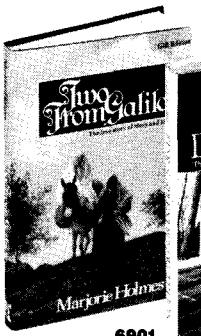


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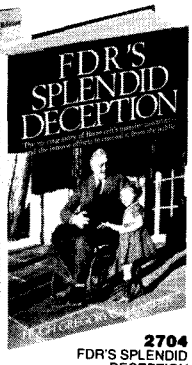


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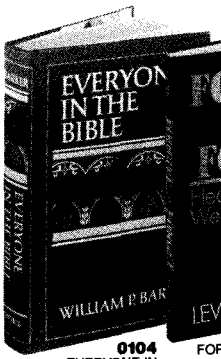


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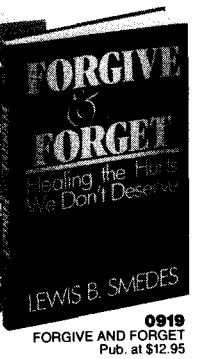


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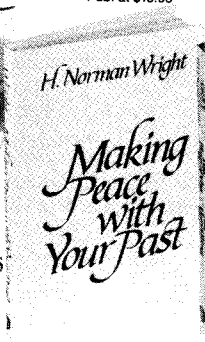


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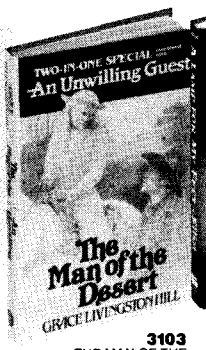


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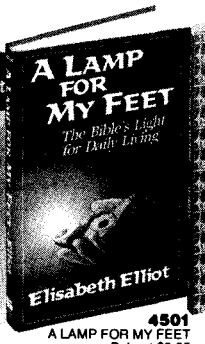


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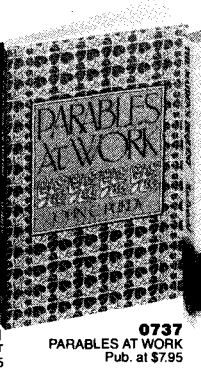


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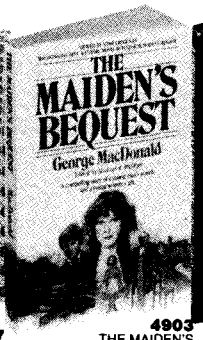


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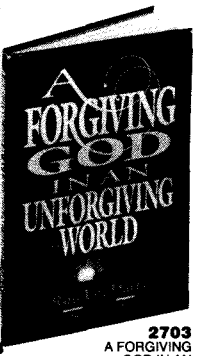


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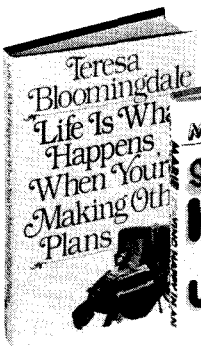


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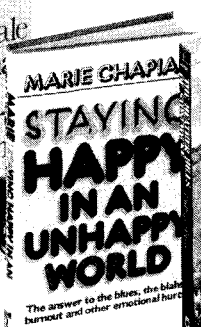


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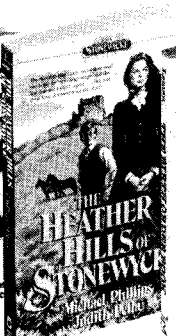


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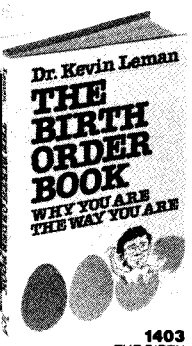


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Teen-agers can be the most difficult children to deal with, particularly in cases where an animal must be put to sleep. Rather than being sheltered from the decision, the teenager should participate in it. Otherwise they may feel their parents are responsible for the pet's death.

One way to help children deal with the death of a pet is to let the child help prepare a funeral and a burial. Sometimes, particularly when the animal has been put to sleep, the child should be allowed to see the body before burial. Often, the reality of the dead animal is far less frightening than the child's own imagination of what death must be like.

I moved to a new house this summer; in my backyard is a small grave marked with stones, a cross and green plants, so scarce in this part of western Texas. The beloved member of a family has been given his fitting memorial. People from many cultures have derived such comfort from the burial ceremony: Ancient Egyptians paid careful tribute to their deceased cats, embalmed, wrapped in linen and sometimes even placed in a casket or a sarcophagus.

Death is a part of life itself, and grief is normal following the death of an animal companion. At any age, this grief should be expressed and those close to the pet owner should provide comfort and understanding. The library is a good source of books on the subject.

### *Questions for the Vet*

Dear Dr. White:

One day my Labrador retriever started looking as if he had sore eyes. Then he quit eating. I gave him fresh beef and canned beef, but he still would not eat.

He was a very smart dog, in very good shape. But after he stopped eating he started coughing. One day he just left our house. We have never seen him again.

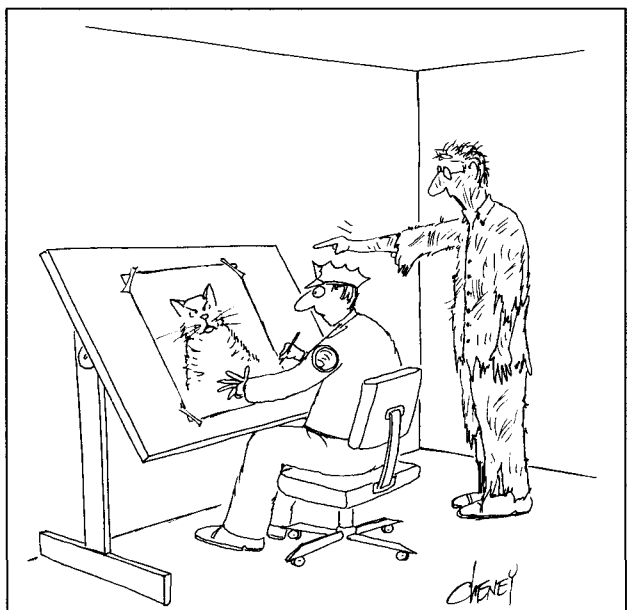
I would like to know if you have any idea of what could have happened to him. Could it have been poison or pneumonia? He was a one-person dog—me, of course—and I loved him very much.

*Mrs. Burton Rowley*
Springfield, Louisiana

**Dear Mrs. Rowley:**

**I hope that by now you have a new pet to love. It is hard to correctly identify the cause of illness via letter; however, I will comment that canine distemper, a virus, can cause such clinical signs as you've described. Although veterinarians do not see as much distemper today as we did years ago, it is still a danger to dogs. I encourage all dog owners to have their dogs vaccinated yearly against distemper and other infectious diseases.**

*H.E.W.*




*"That's him, officer! That's the one!"*

Dear Dr. White:

I'm writing concerning your letter from Betty Smith on mourning pets, in the April *Saturday Evening Post*.

I thought you and all your readers would enjoy this poem, "The Power of the Dog," by Rudyard Kipling:

There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day;
And when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more?
Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie—
Perfect passion and worship fed
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.
Nevertheless it is hardly fair
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.

When the 14 years which nature permits
Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits,
And the vet's unspoken prescription runs
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,
Then you will find—it's your own affair—
But. . .you've given your heart to a dog to tear.

When the body that lived at your single will,
With its whimper of welcome, is stilled (how still);
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone—wherever it goes—for good.
You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear.

We've sorrow enough in the natural way,
When it comes to burying Christian clay,
Our loves are not given, but only lent,
At compound interest of cent per cent.
Though it is not always the case, I believe,
That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve:

For, when debts are payable, right or wrong,
A short-time loan is as bad as a long—
So why in-Heaven (before we are there)
Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear?

*Virginia Griffin*
Thomasville, Georgia

**Dear Mrs. Griffin:**

**Though Mr. Kipling wants to warn us about the dangers of pet owning, I think he "doth protest too much."**

Send your questions for the vet to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Because of the volume of response, the editors regret we cannot reply personally to all letters.

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### They're not just for the elderly, anymore.

The time to think about living in a Continuing Care Retirement Community is now, while you still have your health. Many Continuing Care Retirement Communities can not admit you if you're not able to care for yourself.

### It can bring you new friends and end loneliness.

At a Covenant Village Continuing Care Retirement Community you share your retirement with others who have your interests, faith and heritage in a beautiful environment of meaningful Christian Fellowship. Numerous activities are planned throughout the day offering opportunities for passing pleasurable hours and meeting new friends.

### It offers new freedom if you don't drive.

At Covenant Villages, shopping is never a problem for those who can't drive or no longer own their own cars. Scheduled trips in our own buses or private cars are available to take you to banks, doctors, dentists, churches, community events, department stores, supermarkets or any one of a dozen different destinations.

### It will be your home.

When you retire to a Continuing Care Retirement Community you live privately in your own apartment, with a strong sense of security at all times, surrounded with your own furnishings, your own favorite possessions, without the burdensome problems of maintenance and housekeeping chores.

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# WHERE TO PUT THE MICROWAVE

*Built in, above the counter, next to the freezer or near the table? Which place is safest—and most convenient for you?*

**by Ann Arnott**

*Illustrated by Rick Gonzalez*

The microwave oven, once a space-age toy of super-kitchens, has emerged as a kitchen basic, having become America's No. 1-selling major appliance. The reason for microwave mania is clear: These racy little appliances can accomplish many kitchen tasks both quickly and well. Less obvious, however, is the practical question of where in the kitchen you should place the microwave.

Is counter-top positioning preferable to a built-in undercabinet installation? Should the microwave be close to a conventional oven? Next to the refrigerator? What height is ideal? And how do you keep this television-like object from intruding into your overall design and still make it functional?

We asked these questions of kitchen designers and microwave specialists around the country. As with most other elements of kitchen design, there is no single right answer—and each option usually involves some sort of trade-off. Some clear recommendations did emerge, however, and they will help you decide on the optimal microwave placement in your own kitchen.

But first you must decide who will use the oven—one cook, two, or more? How often—for every meal, or just for breakfast and snacks? Be honest with yourself—and with your designer if you're working on plans for a new or remodeled kitchen. If you'll use a microwave mainly for defrosting, reheating and melting butter, then say so and position the unit accordingly.

*Find the best location to meet your needs*—Here's a rundown of the specific locations—and the rationale for each—preferred by our specialists.

The food-preparation and mixing center is still the No. 1 choice, and for good reason. Placing the microwave in this area, often between refrigerator and sink, means the oven's uses will dovetail with many other activities nearby—defrosting, preparing and cooking fresh vegetables or heating casseroles prepared in advance, for example. Putting the microwave in this location also frees up the space near the cooktop and conventional oven and provides two separate cooking areas—which is important to families with more than one cook.

The one drawback to placing a microwave in the food-preparation center is that you'll have to sacrifice counter or wall-cabinet space. If you already have yards of counter space, of course, a counter-top or a portable model could work well. However, most designers prefer to build the microwave into a shelf at the base of 12-inch-deep upper cabinets and then work out a way to keep the oven (full-size versions are usually 17 to 19 inches deep, compact models as small as 13 inches deep) from jutting out beyond the cabinets. Common solutions include placing the microwave directly beside the refrigerator (which is often of similar depth); recessing the oven a few inches into the wall; or blocking out the wall and the base cabinets a few inches so the microwave will fit flush.

Another convenient location is the cooking center, preferably a bank of wall ovens, where the microwave can be placed at eye level above a conventional oven. This location, according to the experts, is generally the most efficient in terms of utilization of space. And concentrating cooking appliances in one area of the kitchen is particularly advantageous if there is only one primary cook in a family. On the down side, a microwave atop a conventional oven can cause traffic jams when two cooks are using the respective appliances at the same time.

Another possibility—especially if you'll be using the microwave primarily for heating and reheating—is in the serving area, away from the kitchen work centers entirely. The breakfast area is one good option, for many breakfast foods have only to be warmed up.

A final possible location, above the cooktop, uses a microwave designed for an installation that incorporates a range hood. This placement may be the only option in a small kitchen, but generally microwave ovens with range hoods draw mixed reviews because they're positioned too high for most cooks and directly above a hot surface.

*Make sure the location is safe and convenient*—Though opinions on the best position for a microwave vary, many experts agree that the appliance should never be placed behind closed doors or in a pantry. Microwaves work quickly, and foods must often be checked; if the oven is stuck

*continued on page 97*

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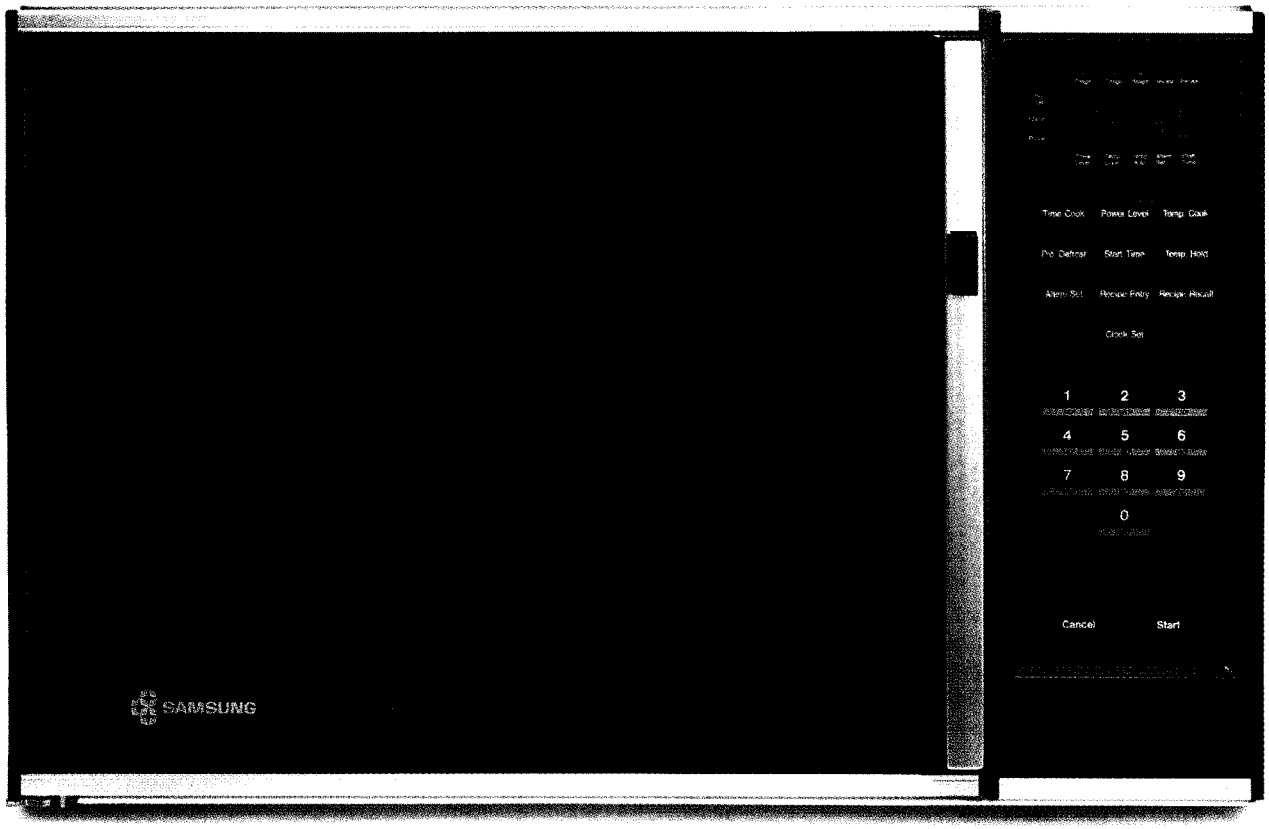


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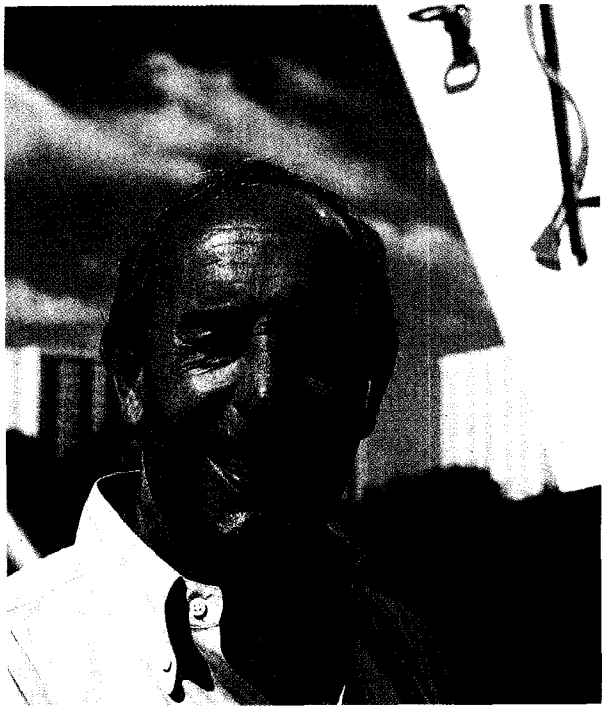
# Post People



***Richard DeVos***, president of Amway Corporation, has been elected chairman of the board of the *America II* Challenge, an all-out effort by American yachtsmen to return the America's Cup to the United States in 1987. The program for the Challenge, DeVos says, "will demonstrate to everyone . . . above all, our 35-member *America II* crew, that we are more determined now than ever to bring back the Cup, which we should never have lost." Amway, Cadillac and *Newsweek* are major corporate sponsors.

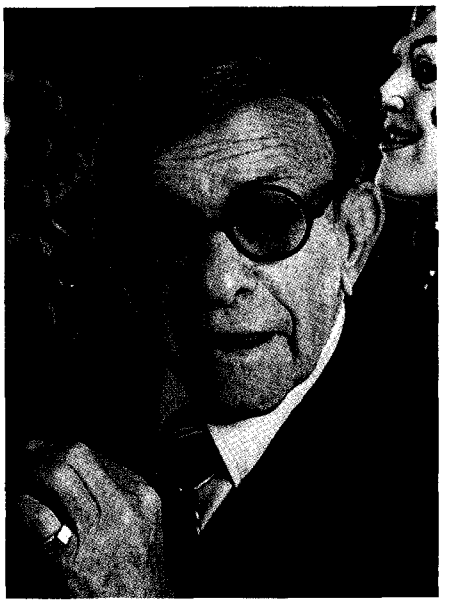
When it comes to entertaining the public, ***Dolly Parton*** has been out in front for years. But besides singing, writing songs and playing movie roles, she is now doing something she has always dreamed of. Negotiations have been completed for Dollywood, an amusement park located near her home in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee. To open May 1, 1986, Dollywood—actually an enlarged and renovated park formerly called Silver Dollar City—will include several new rides as well as a Dolly Parton museum. It will also feature the singer herself three or four times a year.

Stars in the entertainment firmament are known for demanding such luxury items as TV sets, refrigerators and air conditioning in their dressing rooms. Not the actor ***John Rubinstein***. He steeled for a piano.

That he is the son of Artur Rubinstein, the famous pianist, could be one reason for the choice, although he says he is not "a very good piano player." Actually he needs the piano to compose the songs for a Broadway musical between takes in his starring role of Harrison Fox in the television series "Crazy Like a Fox."

"One ends up doing a lot of sitting around on these sets," says the actor, 39 this December, "and I've never been one to waste time"—which may account for his taking on the hosting of the radio show "AT&T Presents Carnegie Hall," acting on Broadway in *Hurlyburly* and starring in the musical *Merrily We Roll Along*.

Great Britain now has its own celebrity crusader leading the fight against teen drug abuse—***Princess Diana.*** Phone lines were jammed with calls from teen-agers and concerned parents after she appeared on a BBC television special urging adolescents to swear off drugs.



A funny thing happened to ***George Burns*** on his way to age 90. Now a young 89, for the current TV season he is hosting "George Burns Comedy Week," a comedy anthology on CBS-TV Wednesday nights.

The venerable Oscar winner says: "When they asked me to do this show I was a little hesitant. 'What if the show's no good?' They said, 'That's never stopped you before.' "

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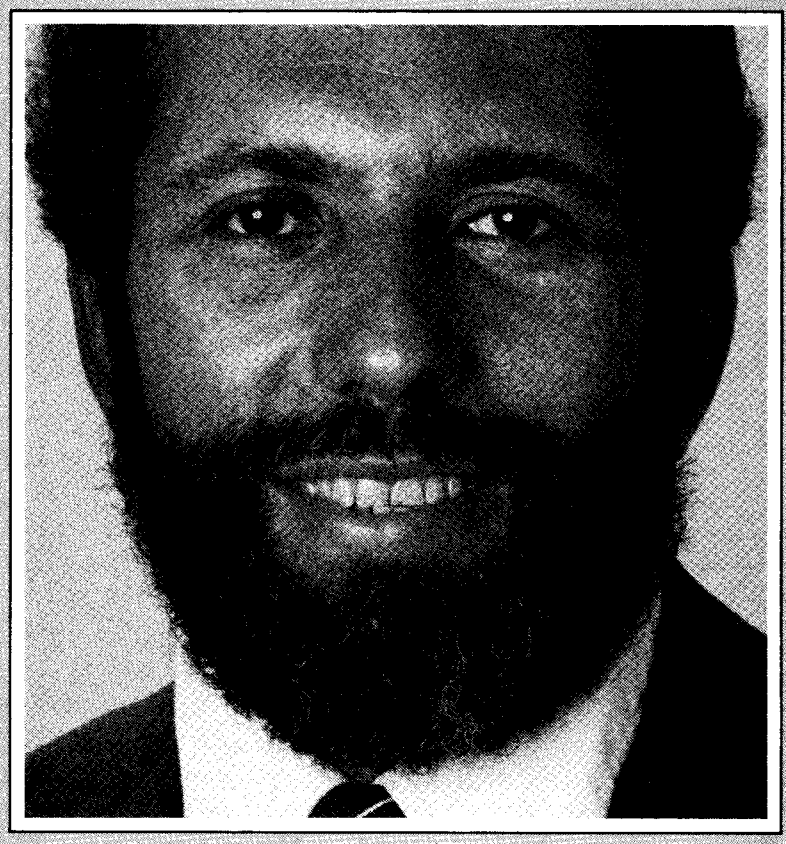
# Sure I'm Jewish. And I celebrate Christmas.



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- *Spent all of his life in Israel*
- *Said that he was the Jewish Messiah and backed it up with evidence from the Jewish Scriptures*

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# JULIO IGLESIAS: WOOING AMERICA

*From an island off the coast of Miami, the macho Spanish balladeer upgrades his English, studies U.S. culture via MTV and plots his musical conquest of America.*

**by Holly G. Miller**

The backdrop is all wrong and Julio Iglesias knows it. When the house is legally his—any day now, his attorneys assure him—he'll do it in beige. But for now, it's peach and cream, gold mirrors and knickknacks. . . hardly the lair of a bachelor crooner whose *Begin the Beguine* prompts hot flashes around the world.

Julio is sensitive to color, and lately he's been in a white mode. He enters the peach room and apologizes for the heat, the broken air conditioner and, most of all, the decor. Rococo he's not. His press agent, Señor Martinez ("You no worry about Julio's English; I teech him all he know, jes?"), grouses that his client's publicity photos usually look the same because the outfit is almost always white. Blanco. Today it's a white T-shirt, white painter pants, white shoes, no socks; an outfit straight from the cover of his *Libra* album.

Yes, he's charming, even when he sweats. And he's sweating. Everyone is. Nassau is hot this time of year, and Julio follows the sun. He came to the Bahamas six months ago to work on his 58th album, only the 2nd in English. The studio is some five minutes from the peach-stucco compound of houses and outbuildings he and his associates occupy now as renters, soon to be owners. He's in retreat, concentrating on the LP's ten songs, which will be a mixed bag of contemporary material he hopes will firmly establish him as a major star in the United States.

"I'm not a rock-'n'-roll artist, and that's what makes my music career more difficult in America," he says.

**After wooing an enthralled American audience with song, Julio discovers to his delight that the feeling is mutual.**

"Your beat is stronger than my beat. I'm trying to be contemporary in this album, but I can't lose my personality. I don't know how to sing any other way."

He refuses to concede that he already has mass appeal in the States thanks to his English-lyrics album *1100 Bel Air Place*, a million-seller within five days of its release. Contained on that album are his two vocal mainstays: upbeat Latin numbers, his voice riding atop a Spanish bump-and-grind rhythm, and ballads, oozing with passion, building to crescendos and fading to whimpers of surrender. Single hits from the album include the duet with Willie Nelson, "To All the Girls I've Loved Before," and the searing love song "All of You" with Diana Ross.

"People may not say, 'Julio who?' any more," he admits, "but I'm still a new artist in America. I belong to another culture with different music and a different language. I'm learning, though. I know every day more what's happening in America. I study English and I look at television as much as possible to know how is the country."

In his assault on the world's music markets he purposely saved America, the toughest, for last. Two years ago he was presented a Diamond Disc by the *Guinness Book of World Records* in honor of his 965 gold- and 350 platinum-record awards, representing sales of more than 100 million units. The stats of Michael Jackson, Elvis and even Slim Whitman pale in comparison. How has he bucked the trendy likes of Prince, Madonna, et al.?

"Julio is like a blue blazer," offers his publicist, Fernán Martinez. "You can have your pin stripes, beeg plaids and pants so wide like theese," he says, making a bell-bottom gesture. "But you always need the blue blazer."

If his style is easy listenin', it's the result of hard workin'. Studio hands say Julio puts in eight-hour days, seven days a week, usually starting in late afternoon and continuing to the wee hours. He's involved in every aspect of an album's production, although he readily admits his musical shortcomings. "I'm not a musician, but I have the instinct of a musician," he says. "You don't need to play piano like Rubinstein to write a wonderful melody, and you don't have to know everything about music to express yourself musically. I don't. If you have both traits, maybe you are a

**Julio doesn't claim to be the Spanish Sinatra, the Hispanic Humperdinck or—regardless of garb (right)—the Valentino of the '80s. To be as "big" as Maurice Chevalier would suit him fine.**

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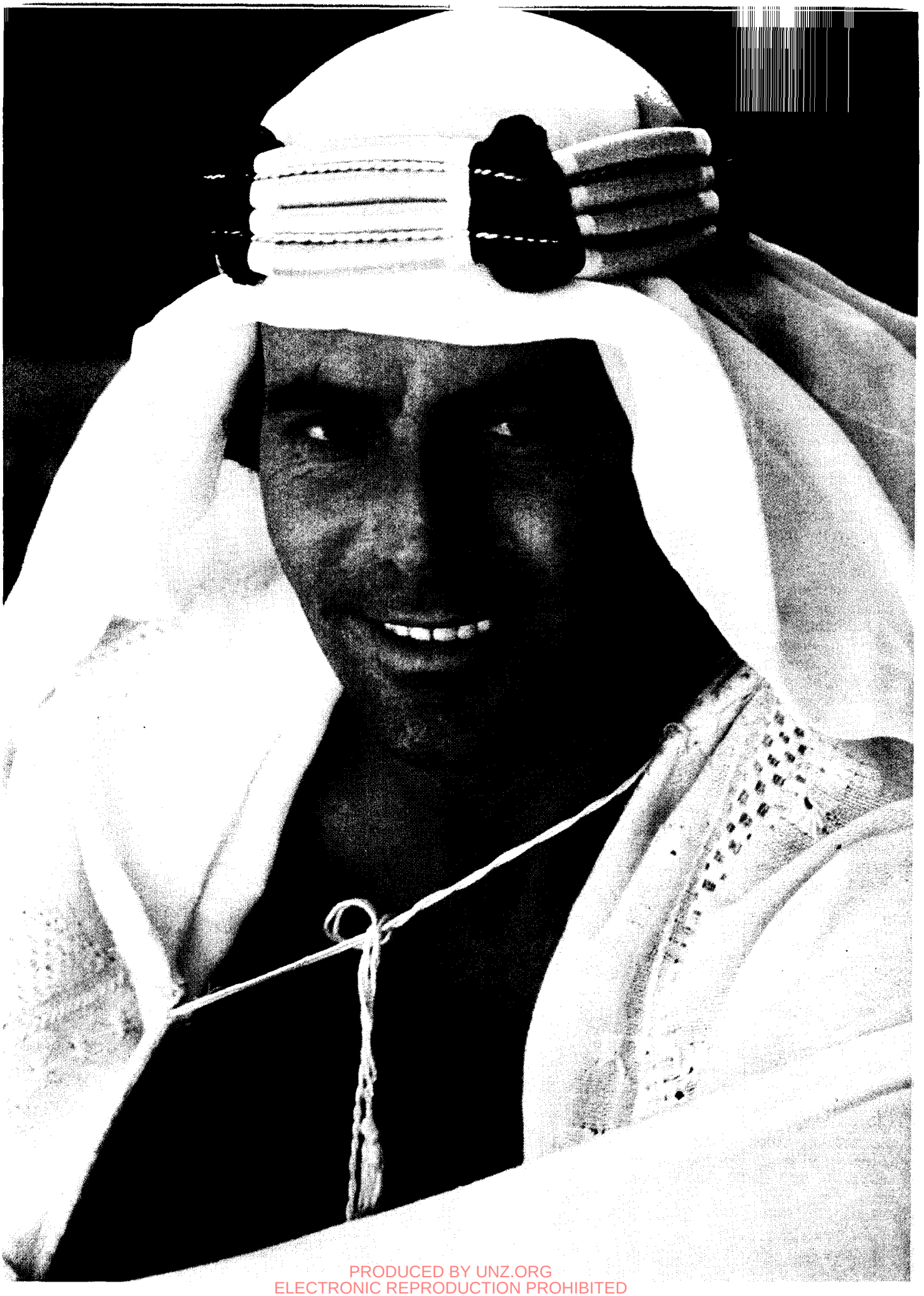

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genius. I'm not."

Special care is given the selection of material, and Julio stresses that he has to be in love with a song before including it in an album. The relationship can't be a brief flirtation, but a till-death-do-us-part type of commitment.

"We live with a song," says Ramón Arcusa, who traded a thriving career as a vocalist in Spain for the behind-the-scenes role of the record producer for his friend. "We listen to it a hundred, a thousand times. If we don't get tired of it, it's a good song. A keeper. Sometimes we pull a song from an album at the last minute."

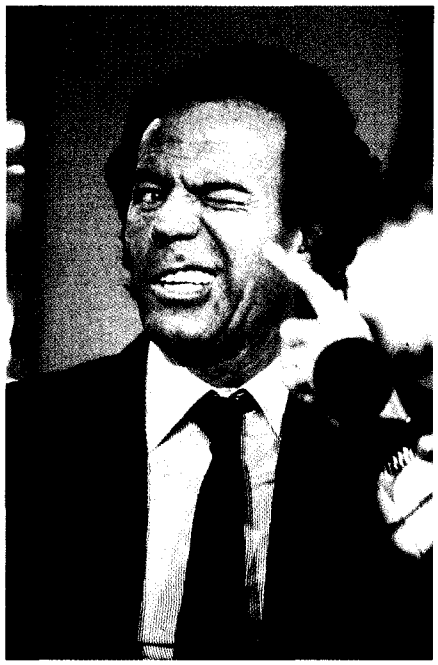
Even after a record is safely on the shelves, Julio doesn't let go. He frets about its acceptance and tracks its sales as a measure of public approval. "I get crazy," he admits. "I call everybody in the morning to see how we're doing. I'm insecure. I need millions of people to buy the record and follow me. This is a problem the artist has."

But the insecurity doesn't show. Sprawled on the peach-colored couch, his feet propped on a glass coffee table, he's laid-back, composed, totally in control. He banters with the housekeeper who serves tumblers of cool apple juice, keeps abreast of the air-conditioning project via two perspiring technicians crisscrossing the room with pliers and screwdrivers and comforts an Argentine TV personality who flew to Nassau for an interview and neglected to pack a shirt. The broadcaster stands, embarrassed, with hair coifed, face made up and chest bare under his sport coat. Julio excuses himself and returns a few minutes later with a blue-and-white-striped shirt from his own closet.

"*Gracias, gracias*," the interviewer says as he attempts to tuck his girth into the shirt, meticulously cut for the trimmer, smaller Julio.

Such generosity comes naturally, and Julio doesn't limit his giving to shirts off his back. A member of his staff recalls a shoeshine man in South America who once refused to take money for buffing the shoes of his wife's favorite crooner. It was his pleasure, his *honor*, to serve, he insisted. Julio, touched by the gesture, slipped the man his $7,000 watch instead.

Julio's "family" of associates —few are actually related—enjoy telling such tales on the boss. Their devotion seems based more on affection than on deference, as they exhibit a we're-all-in-this-together kind of camaraderie. Together they travel like nomads from country to country, motivated by the tour, the album, the project of the moment. Concentration is always centered on today, because Julio admits a dislike for the past. He refuses to let Martinez release to the press any photos from the early days when he traveled from one continent to the next doing three shows a night for intimate—a nice way of saying "small"—audiences in Europe, South America and Mexico. He also prefers to have no personal mementos or trappings from past successes displayed in the profusion of posh estates he maintains around the world.



**Sex appeal is in the eyes, says Julio, noting he doesn't feel like a sex symbol when he looks in the mirror in the morning.**

Still, the family knows where he's been and of his grit that brought them to where they are today. He rarely mentions the automobile accident that left him paralyzed for two years in the mid-'60s, or the regimen he devised to bring himself to his feet again. But they've heard the stories of how he swam five hours a day for therapy and underwent surgery arranged by his father, a Madrid physician. They know he refused the use of a wheelchair and that when friends visited him he challenged them to trace a letter, with their fingers, on his numbed legs. He then would try to determine what the letter was. When his spirits dipped, his mother would privately urge the friends to fib and assure Julio he had identified the letter correctly.

"As his strength came back he walked the narrow island on the highway between lanes of speeding cars," Martinez says, in obvious awe. "This helped him regain his balance. Tenacity has always been his best quality."

And tenacity helped him refine his songwriting skill and learn the guitar during those long months of recuperation. His victory over paralysis and his mastery of the

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street singer's style were exhibited in 1968 when he took the stage of the Spanish Song Festival in too-short pants to win first place in the international competition. Rather than hold a grudge against the tailor who had promised, but failed, to appear backstage with needle and thread to adjust the trousers, Julio decided the high-waters must have been lucky—so he specified that all pants be hemmed an inch above the ankle from that moment on.

"His greatest superstition is to admit he's superstitious," Martinez says. Call them idiosyncrasies, then, but Julio refuses to wear yellow, won't accept a salt shaker handed to him and, if he hears bad news, promptly sends the clothes he is wearing at the time of the news to the incinerator.

**Julio has brought romance and a Spanish accent to American music, whether he's doing a tune with Willie Nelson or attending a function with Melissa Manchester.**

He doesn't leave his career to the gods, however. Quirks aside, he credits his success to more than short pants. Talent, marketing, timing, charisma and that nebulous trait called sex appeal have played parts in his nearly 20 years of success, and he knows it. That the bulk of his fans are female, middle-aged and romantically inclined has prompted one psychologist to dub him the sex symbol of the menopause. He rejects the tag and emphasizes the youthfulness of his swooning masses.

"I have menopause 500 times in my life," he says. "It's a state of depression. I meet people 12 years old who are full of menopause; then I meet people 75 years old without any. Feelings don't have an age. I reach people very old and full of life and people very young without life."

He asserts that sex appeal is based in the eyes, and "a Katharine Hepburn is much more attractive now than 20 years ago." His current companion, however, is hardly Hepburn vintage, but a striking blonde who sits silent by his side at lunch spooning a banana out of its shell without splitting the peel. Married once, he has three children; he still jokes about the magazine article that focused on his happy family life. The publication, delayed several weeks in production, was finally released the same day as his annulment announcement.

Is he subtly suggesting a change in his marital status while the *Post* article is in production? He denies the unthinkable with a "no, no, no," words that work well in all seven of his languages. He knows his image is one of no strings, *libra*; and the fine line that separates the international rake from the international cad is usually "I do."

At age 42, he admits to some concern about getting old, but he has the kind of look that wears well: wiry, athletic body, ruddy complexion; uncapped white teeth and black hair di-

*continued on page 103*

**(Left) The singer plays with his Belgian pointers in his house near Miami (he also owns residences in Madrid, Majorca, Tahiti, Argentina, L.A. and Nassau). Julio enjoys trying out other forms of musical expression (above) and being with his children, who visit on holidays (right).**

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# THE WATERMELON MYSTERY

*The literature on salmonella food poisoning is full of outbreaks spread by almost any food you can name—almost any food, that is, except fresh fruit.*

by Berton Roueché

*Illustrated by Don Trawin*

Around five o'clock on Friday morning, June 4, 1954, an Upton, Massachusetts, garage mechanic whom I'll call Alfred Edison—a married man and the father of a three-year-old daughter—was wrenched from sleep by a grinding pain in his stomach. It doubled him up and turned him over and almost took his breath away. He began to groan, and his groans awakened his wife. He heard her asking what had happened, but before he could answer, a wave of nausea and diarrhea overwhelmed him. When he emerged from the bathroom some ten minutes later, the light was on in the nursery. His wife was holding their baby in her arms. The child was flushed and whimpering, and she had vomited in her bed. She was also, it soon developed, diarrheic. Frightened into a fleeting convalescence, Edison helped his wife calm and comfort the child, and presently she fell asleep. The Edisons then headed back to bed. At the door of their room, Mrs. Edison stopped. Her face went green. She turned and ran for the bathroom. Edison got as far as the nearest chair. He tumbled into it, gagging and retching, with another seizure of cramps. The baby awoke again and began to cry. There was no more sleep for anyone in the Edison house that night. Even the baby only dozed. Finally, toward seven o'clock, they decided to call the doctor. Edison dragged himself downstairs and telephoned a general practitioner named Bernard F. McKernan.

"Not that he had much choice," Dr. McKernan says. "I mean, if they wanted a doctor. Upton is a fair-sized village. It has a population of around 3,000. But I'm the only physician in town. Don't ask me why. It isn't my doing. I could use some help—in fact, I'd welcome it. I'd be more than happy to share the strain. I certainly would

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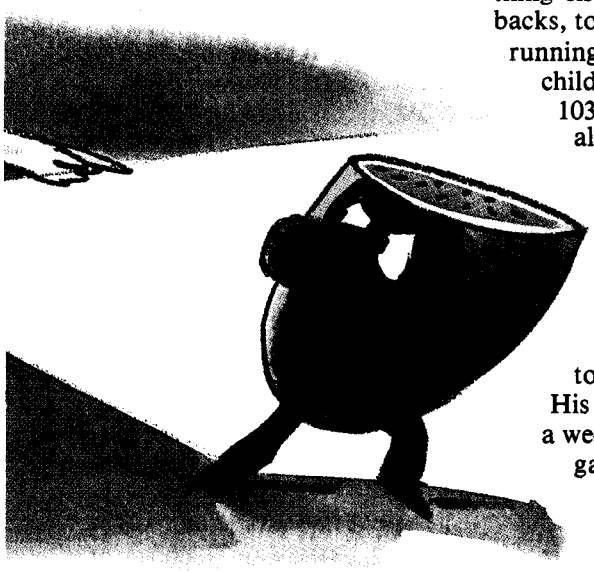
have been back there in June of 1954. However, I'm the doctor, and he called me. I was up and dressed—you have to get up early to handle a practice like mine—and was just sitting down to breakfast. It wasn't hard to get the picture. The symptoms told the story. I couldn't see much cause for alarm, but I already had one house call to make in that neighborhood, so I told him I'd drop around. I got there a little after eight. I found no reason to change my first impression. It looked like a routine gastroenteritis—what I call summer diarrhea. Moreover, by then the worst appeared to be over—no more cramps and no more vomiting. Nobody had any fever. The only remaining symptom was diarrhea. I gave them each a dose of kaolin for that and prescribed the usual bland diet and rest. Then, as a matter of course, I asked them what they had been eating in the past 24 hours or so. They couldn't think of anything unusual. They couldn't seem to think of anything at all—just what they always ate, they said. I let it go at that. I told them to give me a ring the following day if the diarrhea continued, and went on to the next call on my list. They didn't call me on Saturday, so I put them out of my mind.

"Until Sunday. Sunday is nominally my day of rest. I realize that people can't always arrange their illnesses to suit my convenience, but I don't have office hours on Sunday, and I'm very much obliged when nobody calls me at home. Needless to say, that seldom happens. And it didn't happen that Sunday. My holiday ended at about three o'clock in the afternoon with a call from a man named, I'll say, Smith. He sounded pretty frantic. Could I come over right away? Both of his children—an eight-year-old boy and a girl of four—were violently ill. So was his wife. So were two members of her family who were spending the weekend with them—her father and one of her brothers. I asked him what seemed to be the trouble. Cramps, he said, terrible stomach cramps. Nausea and vomiting. Diarrhea. That made me perk up my ears. Summer diarrhea is a common complaint, but it isn't all that common. Two family outbreaks in less than three days in a village this size was something to think about. I told him I was on my way. I saw Mrs. Smith and the children first. Smith hadn't exaggerated. They were sick—really sick. Far sicker than the Edisons had ever been. Along with everything else, they were flat on their backs, too weak to lift a hand and running quite a fever. Both children had a temperature of 103, and Mrs. Smith's was almost that high. I then had a look at her brother. The old man, it turned out, wasn't there. He didn't believe in doctors. When he heard I was coming, he left and went home—to Hopkinton, as I recall. No matter. His is another story. He died a week or two later, but not of gastroenteritis, although that might have been a contributing factor. The cause of death was a tibial-artery thrombosis. Well, to get back to the Smiths—I did what I could to make them comfortable. I also revised my original diagnosis. This was obviously no mere summer diarrhea. It was a full-fledged case of food poisoning—bacterial food poisoning, most likely.



"In the first place, it couldn't be chemical poisoning. That usually comes on within minutes of ingestion, and the time lapse is never much more than a couple of hours. These people, however, took sick before breakfast. They didn't eat any breakfast. Their last meal was dinner on Saturday night. And the dinner menu eliminated the possibility that they had been poisoned by some inherently poisonous plant or animal substance—toxic mushrooms, for example. Dinner was steak and fried potatoes, bread and butter, carrots and peas, and coleslaw, with milk for the children and watermelon for dessert. It had to be some form of bacterial poisoning. To judge from the clinical picture, the organism responsible could be either a staphylococcus or one of the salmonella group. My guess, in view of the onset time, was the latter. The staphylococcus toxin makes itself felt within two to seven hours. Salmonella takes from 12 to 36 hours. The next step was to try to determine just what food had served as the vehicle of infection. At a glance, there were three possibilities—the milk, the coleslaw and the steak. But only at a glance. The children didn't eat any coleslaw, and they alone drank milk. That left the steak. Meat is an excellent medium for the growth of salmonella. Raw or rare meat, that is. Thorough cooking will safely destroy the organism. The Smith steak was fried to a crisp. Well, maybe the trouble went back to an earlier meal. I took up Saturday lunch and Saturday breakfast and dinner on Friday night. Lunch was out of the question. The boy had lunched at a

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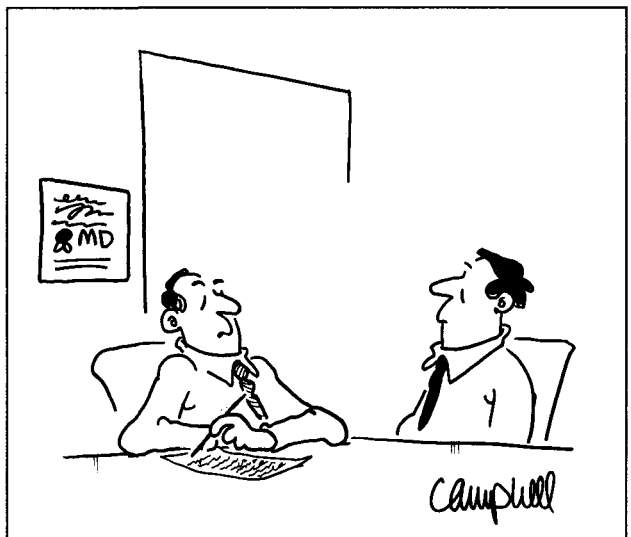
neighbor's house, and the brother had also eaten somewhere else. Breakfast was completely innocuous. It consisted of fruit juice, doughnuts and coffee. The children drank milk. Friday-night dinner was even less promising than the dinner on Saturday night—fried fish and boiled potatoes, bread and butter, and string beans, with the usual milk for the children. Dessert, as on the following night, was watermelon.

"I've seldom felt so stumped. Or, a moment later, so stupid. I was just about ready to call it quits when the obvious suddenly dawned. The children were sick. Mrs. Smith was sick. Her brother was sick. And so, apparently, was her father. But Smith himself was well. How come? There was only one reasonable explanation. He hadn't eaten something that all the others ate. I was right. I asked him and he told me. It was watermelon. He never ate watermelon. He simply didn't like it. I don't know what I expected, but I'm sure it wasn't that. I'd never heard of watermelon as a vehicle for food poisoning. Nobody ever had. Nevertheless, it had to be considered. I asked Smith a few more questions and got a few more answers. They had bought the watermelon—it was half a melon, actually—at the supermarket in Milford, about five miles southeast of here, on Friday. There was some of it left. It was out in the refrigerator, if I wanted to take a look. I told him to keep it there. I'd probably want to have it analyzed.

"I got back home a little after four. I put the car away and went in the house and dropped my bag, and the doorbell rang. It was a woman I knew—Mrs. Brown, I'll call her. She and her husband and their four young children lived just down the street. Well, she hated to bother me on Sunday, but it couldn't be helped. It was mostly on account of the children. They had been sick and vomiting since nine or ten o'clock that morning. And now they were violently diarrheic. So was she, but the children really concerned her. What did I think was the matter? I let that go for a moment. I had some questions of my own that I wanted answered first. She hadn't mentioned her husband. Did that mean he wasn't sick? No, she said. Or, rather, yes—he was fine. I began to get a rather creepy feeling. Had they by any chance eaten any watermelon recently? She gave me a very odd look. Why, yes; they'd had watermelon for dinner only last night. I wondered if it might have come from the supermarket at Milford. It did—yes. That's where they always traded. And they had all eaten some of it? No. She and the children had, but not her husband. He didn't like watermelon. Neither did she, particularly. They had really bought it mainly for the children. I picked up my bag and opened the door and followed her out of the house.




*"No, I don't think Dr. Williams will be mad because you came to me for a second opinion, but I'm mad because you didn't come to me first."*

"The first thing Monday morning, I put in a call to the Milford supermarket. I identified myself to the manager, and told him I had an outbreak of food poisoning on my hands that was tentatively traced to watermelon bought at his store within the past two or three days. Until the matter was settled, I'd be much obliged if he would withhold all watermelon still in stock for sale. All things considered, he took it very well. He didn't try to argue. He stuttered and stammered a little, but that was largely from shock—or maybe just plain disbelief. If so, I could hardly blame him. I didn't entirely believe it myself. The idea of watermelon as a source of infection in food poisoning still seemed a trifle far-fetched. There was reason to suspect it, but the evidence was purely circumstantial, and it was based on just two sets of circumstances. It could be a mere coincidence. I don't mean I really thought so, but it was possible to wonder. It was possible on Monday morning. By Monday afternoon, however, it was wholly out of the question. Two things accounted for the change. One was that I saw the Edison family again. I was called back there around noon. The kaolin hadn't seemed to help. They were all still miserably diarrheic. In view of what I now suspected, that wasn't too surprising. An attack of salmonellosis can hang on for four or five days. In fact, I've known of cases where the symptoms kept recurring for weeks, and even months. I did what I could—what I'd done for the others. I prescribed another adsorbent, and a regimen of penicillin and sulfasuxidine. I then brought up the subject of food again. With a little prompting, their memory revived—enough to recall that on Thursday night they'd had watermelon for dessert. It was all gone now—they had only bought a slice. But, yes, it had come from the supermarket at Milford. Then came another outbreak—a young couple I'll call Miller. The Millers had been sick since Sunday with cramps, vomiting and diarrhea. Mrs. Miller had a temperature of 102. On Saturday night, they had entertained another couple at dinner. Dessert was a slice of watermelon, from the Milford supermarket. There was some of it left in the refrigerator. Their guests, as it happened, hadn't eaten any. I took down the name of their friends, and when I got back to the office I gave them a ring. The wife answered the phone. Her husband was at work—and quite well. So was she.

"Well, that was the end of the argument. The watermelon was clearly in the picture. It was also clear that I had gone as far as I could alone. The rest was up to the state Department of Public Health. Food poisoning is a reportable disease in Massachusetts. I filled out a notification form and sent it off to the health officer for this

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district, in Worcester."

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The district health officer to whom Dr. McKernan addressed his report was a physician named Gilbert E. Gayler. It reached Dr. Gayler on Tuesday. The following morning, he drove down to Upton for a preliminary survey of the outbreak. He first conferred with Dr. McKernan. There were now, he learned, not four but five stricken families. The fifth was an elderly couple named (I'll say) Green. They had shared a slice of watermelon from the Milford supermarket on Friday night, they had become ill on Saturday and on Tuesday, after nearly four days of misery, they had summoned Dr. McKernan. The Greens brought the number of cases to a total—the final total, as it turned out—of 17. Dr. Gayler spent the rest of the morning on a round of clinical calls. Accompanied by Dr. McKernan, he visited the Greens, the Smiths and the Millers and left with each of the several patients an enteric-specimen kit. The patients were instructed to mail the kits as soon as possible to the diagnostic laboratory of the Massachusetts Department of Public Health, in Boston. In addition, Dr. Gayler obtained from the Millers the remains of their Saturday-night watermelon. His next stop, after a hurried lunch with Dr. McKernan, was the supermarket at Milford. He interviewed the manager, the assistant manager and three clerks assigned to the fruit-and-vegetable department. All five were in their normal state of health. None were, or recently had been, afflicted with any sort of skin, respiratory or gastrointestinal trouble. An examination of the fruit-and-vegetable department indicated that it was, if anything, better kept and cleaner than that of the average market. As requested by Dr. McKernan, the store's stock of watermelons—both whole and sliced—had been withdrawn from sale, but all the cut melons were still meticulously wrapped in cellophane, as they had been all along. Dr. Gayler took one of the slices with him to be analyzed along with the Miller sample. He then returned to his car and headed for Boston and the diagnostic laboratory.

Dr. Robert A. MacCready, the director in charge, was not at the laboratory that afternoon when Dr. Gayler turned up with his samples of melon. He was attending a conference at the statehouse. Not until his return the next day did he learn of the visit and its purpose. He heard the news from his senior bacteriologist, Mrs. Marion B. Holmes, and he heard it with incredulity.

"I had no opinion of Dr. McKernan," Dr. MacCready says. "I didn't know him. I did know Dr. Gayler, though. I knew him well enough to know that he was a sound and sensible man. That's about all that kept

me from scoffing at Dr. McKernan's hunch. There are innumerable vehicles of salmonella infection. The literature is full of outbreaks spread by almost any food you can name—meat, poultry, fish, eggs, milk, cheese, salads, pastries. Almost any food, that is, except fresh fruit. The incidence of salmonella in fresh fruit is so rare as to be almost negligible. Especially watermelon! That thick hide! The notion was almost whimsical. Mrs. Holmes thought so, too. Or rather, she did at first. But now, after thinking it over, she wasn't entirely sure. She didn't attempt to explain just how a watermelon might come to harbor a colony of salmonellae. She simply pointed out that watermelon is rich in sugar and moisture. It could thus serve the organism very nicely as a medium for growth and proliferation. Which, of course, was perfectly true. I had to agree that watermelon was within the range of possibility. In my opinion, however, it still seemed quite unlikely. The inside of a whole watermelon is presumably sterile, and the cut melons had been carefully wrapped by clerks who were all in good health. I'd believe the implication when I saw some proof—when and if the laboratory could demonstrate the presence of salmonella in those melons. The procedure involved in such a test is a standard one. Specimens of the suspected material are planted in certain culture mediums that especially favor the growth of salmonella. Then nature takes its course. The results, if any, can usually be obtained in two or three days. This was Thursday. We should have an answer by Saturday or Sunday. Meanwhile, there was nothing to do but wait.

"The only trouble was I didn't feel like just waiting. It wasn't impatience. I got over that long ago. It was simple curiosity. I was intrigued. Watermelon or no watermelon, it was a most unusual case, and I wanted to know a good deal more about it than Mrs. Holmes had learned from Dr. Gayler. That meant a trip to the scene. I made the necessary arrangements that afternoon and drove down on Friday morning. For company, among other reasons, I took along a colleague— Joseph P. Reardon. He was, and is, the epidemiologist in the department's Division of Communicable Diseases. As it turned out, Dr. Reardon more than paid his way. Our first stop was Dr. McKernan's office. Dr. Gayler joined us there. They gave us a full report. Dr. Gayler's contribution was a poll of the other doctors in the Milford area. I don't remember just how many he called, and it doesn't matter. The responses were all the same. None of the doctors had seen a case of acute gastroenteritis in the past ten days or two weeks. So the outbreak was confined to Upton. Before moving on to Milford, we had a look at some of the patients. That was mere routine. We didn't expect any revelations and we didn't find any. We did pick up an-

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# A Christmas Tale

*By CLEMENTS RIPLEY*

A few days before Christmas there was a soft snow. That and the season set us boys to making snow angels. You lie flat, arms at your sides, feet together. Slowly you open your legs and bring your arms up over your head. If you get up very carefully, there is an angel in the snow. If there is a hard freeze—and there usually is at this time of year in Vermont—your angel will stay several days. It fools the grownups. They think there were real angels—or so they told us.

But today you couldn't tell the younger girl cousin anything. She had just learned that there wasn't any Santa Claus. We had known it for a long time, of course—although I'd still sneak a Christmas-morning glance for reindeer tracks on the snow-covered lawn. The younger girl cousin was miserable. The elder girl cousin was trying to comfort her in her superior little-girl way. So, when the younger one began to cry, who should appear, home from his day at the quarry with his two great dun oxen, but Pat O'Rourke.

Pat scooped her up and she rubbed her eyes and little nose against his marble-smelling jacket. Pat had a great gentle hand with a sick beast or an unhappy child. He said, "There now; I see the angels has been here!" And when the younger cousin sniffled, "There weren't any angels; it was just the boys!" he said, "Well, they couldn't be made better if the angels themselves was in it."

"There aren't any angels—no more than there's any Santa Claus!"

Pat seemed to take in the situation instantly. "Why, for Santy Claus I wouldn't be positive. But angels, now—sure how would the boys know to make angels if there wasn't any angels?"

The little girl seemed a trifle reassured, but still doubtful. Myself, I thought there might be holes in Pat's logic, though I didn't see exactly where. Anyhow, I preferred angels to logic, and seeing Pat bed down his oxen to either. Ed drove the off ox, Robert Emmet, and I drove the nigh one, Finn MacCool. The elder girl cousin cried "Gee" and "Haw"—as if she were doing something—and between us we got the yoke safely the hundred yards to Pat's shed. We boys scrambled into the loft and forked down summer-smelling hay. The younger girl wiped her eyes on the barn cat. And suddenly there was Pat's plump wife, Katie, cuddling her and saying that at Pat's age he ought to have better sense.

Most what Katie O'Rourke said started with people oughting to have better sense at their age and wound up with green tea and cookies.

We had our outer clothes yanked off and hung to dry by the stove in Katie's tiny, scrubbed kitchen. Then the elder girl cousin was helping Katie by being exactly in front of her at the stove or sink or wherever Katie might be working at the moment. Katie was making things fly, and I judged her Irish was up.

She even turned on the younger girl. "No angels? At your age you ought to have better sense! You go sit on my man's lap—and you, Pat O'Rourke, you tell her the way she'll know! Foolish in the head you may be, but you've the gift of gab, and this is no time of year for children, or anybody else, to be doubting the glory that shines around. . . .

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There was nothing
left for her to believe in—
even Christmas,
she feared,
was a fraud.

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AMOS SEWELL

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# DANUTA SODERMAN: ON CAMERA AND OFF

*This fun-loving cohost of the "700 Club" says she wakes up each morning not knowing what the day will bring, and it can bring everything from interviewing a prime minister to demonstrating a bulldozer.*

**by John Aman**

Laughter is always just a moment away with Danuta Soderman, the ebullient cohost of the "700 Club," the Christian Broadcasting Network's daily news magazine.

Take the time Danuta brought her pet sheep Emma to the TV studio. Emma, just one of 18 animals the Sodermans have at their country home—"Eighteen heartbeats in the wild kingdom," Danuta calls them—balked as Danuta tried to lead her on the set. As Danuta tugged on the pet's leash, the set director came over to help from behind. The attention evidently overwhelmed Emma, who soaked the director's shoes.

Then there was the time Danuta went out to report on construction progress at CBN's new World Outreach Support Center. Not satisfied with donning a hard hat and interviewing the project manager, Danuta decided to dramatize construction activities for the audience.

She talked construction workers into letting her drive a bulldozer. She got on and began driving slowly forward. The ride started out all right but ended abruptly when she narrowly missed a portable toilet. A frightened construction worker jumped out of the portable unit and shouted in exasperation, "Get this woman out of here!"—on national TV.

Danuta has cohosted the "700 Club" with Ben Kinchlow and the show's host, Pat Robertson, since March 1983. Kinchlow says the "700 Club" has become more lively since Danuta's arrival.

How does Danuta come by the awkward grace and the charming vulnerability that lead inevitably to humor on the set? "I think it's because I'm not perfect and I'm not afraid to admit it," she says. Jerry Bishop, her cohost on a previous television job, has said Danuta "had a really special kind of charisma. . . . She had an energy, a glow, that people related to." Danuta adds, "A lot of people come on television and pretend that they are all of a sudden different. I can't do that because I'll fall, big time."

But Danuta, much more than just an enthusiastic breath of fresh air on the set, is a serious broadcast journalist who regularly interviews politicians, political experts and even heads of state. National headlines were made recently when she obtained the story of Laura Walker Snyder, the daughter of the accused spy John Walker. In an exclusive interview, Snyder explained to Danuta her father's greed and moral insensitivity, both to selling top-secret documents and to the effects his activity had on his family.

**"Romantic" is not all Danuta calls her husband, Kai. He's also "considerate, gentle, fun and funny."**

Danuta's daily schedule is routine, yet unpredictable. She likes it that way. Broadcast journalism, Danuta says, is "the kind of job that's never boring, where when you wake up every morning you're not sure what the day will hold."

Up at 6 each morning, she arrives at the studio by 8:30. From there she bustles into her dressing room to select her on-the-air clothing and to have her hair and her make-up done. At 9:30 she goes to Pat Robertson's dressing room to join Pat and Ben for a briefing on the news and features planned for the day. Here in Robertson's cramped dressing room the "living format for the show comes together," in her words.

After the briefing and a short prayer, Danuta, Pat and Ben go into the studio to meet the audience. They reach their seats on the homey set at ten, just as the cameras begin blinking.

The show's format, selected earlier in Pat's dressing room, may be changed during the broadcast, depending upon "the flow of the Spirit." An interview with obvious appeal may be extended, and other program pieces may be cut. Such flexibility even after the broadcast begins is an "absolute necessity," Danuta says.

For many viewers the show's most captivating segment is when Pat, Ben and Danuta join hands and pray for healing among their television audience. By faith, the three, with closed eyes and clasped hands, announce healings taking place among their viewers.

What happens when the camera is focused on Danuta and she says someone is being healed of cancer or bursitis or migraine headaches? "Faith happens," she says. She con-

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cedes she doesn't know whether what she says is divine or Danuta. But then, "Harvey in Chicago who had that tumor on his face will call in and say it's gone," she says.

At 11:30, after the show's closing theme is played, Danuta and Ben talk briefly and "have some fun" with the audience before leaving the studio.

In the afternoon, Danuta says, "anything can happen." One day she might be flying to Missouri with a film crew to interview John Testrake, the pilot of the hijacked TWA flight 847. Another afternoon she might jet to New York to interview Yitzhak Shamir, (then) prime minister of Israel, at a posh hotel. On other days Danuta will return to her cozy office after lunch and attempt to catch up on the stack of current-event magazines on her desk or to dive into one of the six books she is currently reading. Not all Danuta's reading is work related, though. Besides what's stacked on her desk, Danuta is also reading *The Brothers Karamazov* "for fun," she says, laughing.

**Danuta's "fun" with the "700 Club" audience before leaving the studio often includes an appearance with one of her pets.**

Laughter and unpredictability are Danuta's hallmarks as a television personality, but her ability to ask questions, both on and off camera, distinguishes her as a broadcast journalist. "I could interview a stone and make sense of it," she says.

Danuta has interviewed such national figures as Jeane Kirkpatrick, Edwin Meese, Bob Dole and George Bush; she has been described by the *Chicago Tribune* as a "tough, incisive interviewer." On the "700 Club" she is afforded the unique opportunity to ask questions not often asked, questions about the spiritual and moral dimension of people in public life.

Danuta says one of the most candid and delightful responses she has received came during her interview with Shamir. Does the prime minister of Israel ever pray? she asked. Glancing up from under his bushy eyebrows, Shamir answered directly yet enigmatically: "Sometimes." Shamir went on to relate wistfully that he felt prayer needed to be a greater part of his daily administration.

Danuta often directs her inquiries to Pat Robertson. In fact, Robertson's book *Answers to 200 of Life's Most Probing Questions* was based on 20 hours of questions and answers between Danuta and Pat in a recording studio.

In high school Danuta set her sights on a career in broadcast journalism. She considered going into law, oceanography or medicine but "underneath it all" harbored a strong desire to become an actress. The difficulty with acting? "I couldn't see myself going to school to study drama just to become a waitress for the rest of my life," she relates. Danuta wanted something more cerebral than the life of a waitress-actor. Broadcast journalism allowed her, she discovered, both to be on stage and to use her journalistic talent. "So it all sort of came together for me," she says.

Danuta headed to Colorado after high-school graduation to study communications at the University of Colorado. But academics weren't the only item on Danuta's agenda there. She loved to ski, and Colorado afforded her abundant opportunity to do so. (In fact, Danuta has skied almost all her life. Her father, a 1936 Olympic participant for Poland, fitted her with a pair of skis when she first began to walk.)

Danuta left a masters program in philosophy and journalism at Colorado to become the first female camera operator in Phoenix. "They didn't think women could do that sort of work in those days," she says. After two years in Phoenix, she went to San Francisco and looked for her big break. There she was hired by a news service to give radio ski reports for 30 California radio stations. Rather than merely recite temperature, snow depth and wind and weather conditions, Danuta spiced up her ski reports. "My personality invaded everything I did," she says. "A typical report would begin, 'Hi, this is your California snow bunny, and the snow up here is just terrible. But that's O.K., because you can come up here and ski with me.' "

After the ski season, Danuta, offered work as a radio news reporter in San Diego, soon became the cohost of "Sun-Up San Diego," a morning television talk show. Danuta appeared on "Sun-Up" for five years. While there she entertained audiences with the same flair and excitement that have made her popular with "700 Club" viewers. Dustin Hoffman, for instance, sat on her lap while she interviewed him, and Charlton Heston asked her to call him Chuck.

While Danuta was making her living asking other people questions, she was also asking questions about her own life. But she was shocked to discover one summer evening that her questions were "not important."

The revelation came after she had spent three hours in a hard-nosed interrogation of an evangelist, Harald Bredesen, at his home in Escondido, California. Bredesen had been asked to speak about Christianity to Danuta's philosophy discussion group, part of her search for religious truth.

Danuta had already investigated tarot cards, the *I Ching* and transcendental meditation and had even dabbled in an esoteric Eastern religion called the Nairishirin Daishonen. "I'd come into the news room every day with something different," Danuta recalls. Once, after a conversation the length of a ski-lift ride, she became convinced that eating indigenous seeds was the way to find truth.

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On Bredesen's patio, dark after three hours, Danuta was beginning another question when she heard a voice announce, "Your questions are not important." Perturbed and angered, she asked who had spoken. No one in the group had.

Despite the importance the questions had to her, Danuta suddenly realized the futility of trying to attain absolute knowledge before making a commitment to Christianity. Just then Bredesen leaned over the table and asked, "Are you ready to have Jesus Christ in your life tonight?" Without hesitation Danuta answered, "Yes."

After her conversion, Danuta became frustrated at "Sun-Up San Diego." "I was taking up time and space entertaining people with vacuous, innocuous details that didn't mean anything to anybody," she says.

Despite her dissatisfaction, she laughed when her cohost, Jerry Bishop, recounted his dream that she was on a national-television talk show for Jesus Christ. Danuta had no intention of becoming involved with religious broadcasting, which to her had a "fuddy-duddy image." Her ambition was to join ABC, NBC or CBS as a newswoman.

Three days later a woman Danuta had never met walked up to Danuta sunbathing on a beach. The woman told Danuta her husband had dreamed he and his son were walking up a long staircase to meet a religious leader. At the top, instead of a bearded rabbi in a long robe, stood Danuta.

Confused about what meaning, if any, the dreams had, Danuta went back to talk to Bredesen. He suggested she send the "700 Club" an audition tape and a cover letter explaining the dreams. Although Danuta had never heard of the program, she sent the materials.

Nine months passed without a response. Finally, in March 1983, an apologetic CBN executive called Danuta to invite her for an audition. He explained that her package had just been found unopened when an employee cleaned out a desk.

Danuta went for the audition; two weeks later she packed up her calico cat and her African violets, said good-by to her friends and to the California palms and left for Virginia Beach, Virginia (the headquarters of CBN), a place she couldn't even find on the map, she jokes.

Six months after her arrival she married Kai Soderman, a financial consultant with E.F. Hutton. Danuta describes Kai as "considerate, gentle, romantic, fun and funny. I really am married to an exquisite husband," she says. "He treats me like a queen."

Given her platform as a communicator, Danuta is not without her soapboxes, such as the status of women in the church. "It's just very annoying to me that there aren't more strong female personalities in the church," she says. Submission, Danuta believes, has sometimes come

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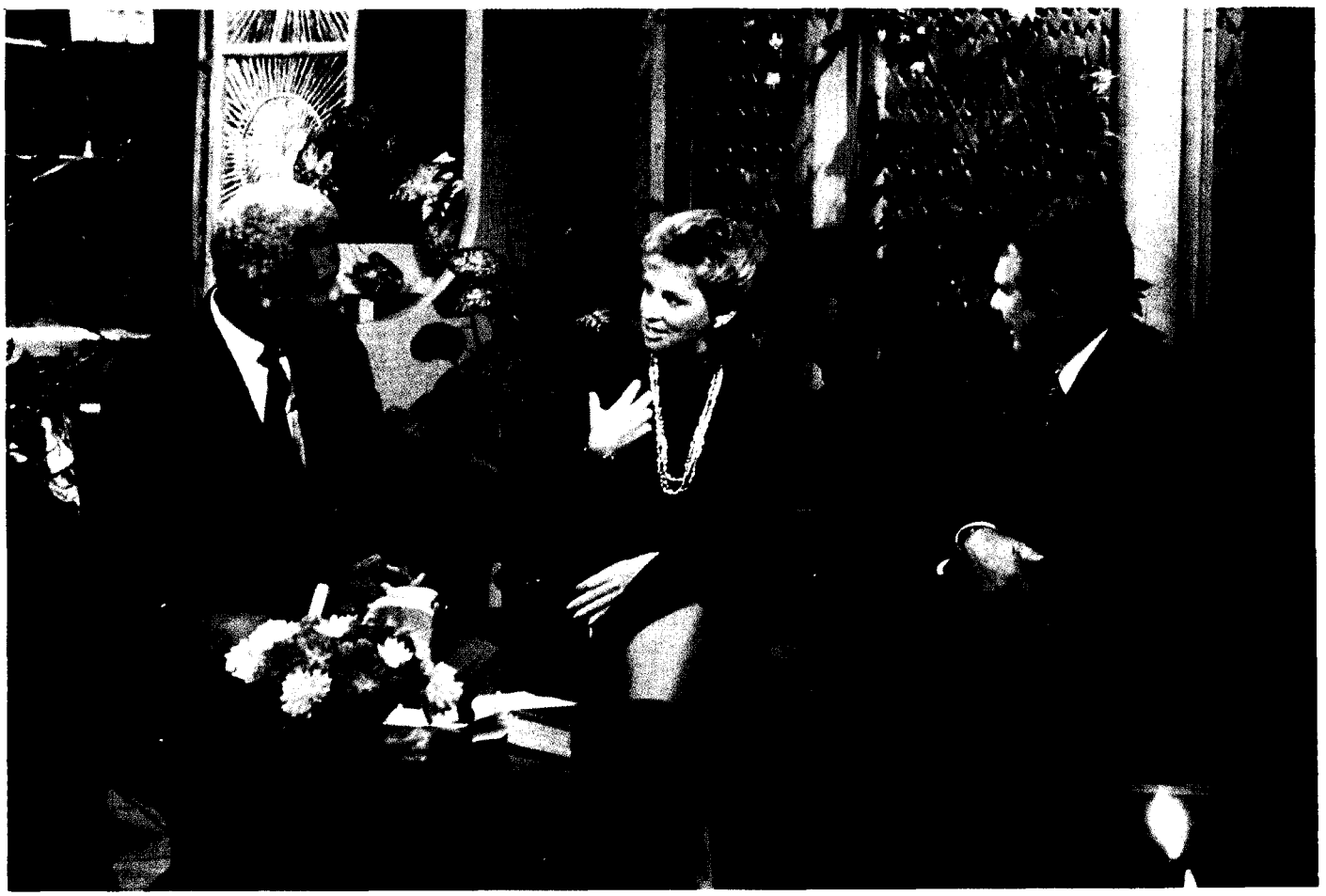

**This buoyant broadcaster has mounted many a soapbox on her daily "700 Club" appearances with her cohosts, Ben Kinchlow and CBN's founder, Pat Robertson. Her role, Danuta says, has also helped to fulfill her most important goal: "To communicate peace."**

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# CHRISTMAS ON TWO WHEELS

*A 28-foot house trailer is no place for a Christmas tree, nor is a kid's railroad track the place for daddy's head on Christmas morning.*

## by Maynard Good Stoddard

*Illustrated by Don Trawin*

How we happened to be living in the Bradenton (Florida) Trailer Park that Christmas can be traced to my wife's birth defect. Where other women have a circulatory system composed of red arteries, blue veins and a heart, my life's companion was born with a road map—red interstates, blue secondary roads and a self-serve gas pump. As a result, if she isn't packing for a trip it's only because she hasn't had time to do the laundry since unpacking from the previous expedition.

How we went to Florida: I had no more than settled on the sofa one night when the phone rang. Wife put down the Eton jacket she was crocheting for the parakeet. "Is that for you?" she asked. I turned to the dog and responded, "No, it's an octave too high for me." It was wife's mother calling. She would let us have the $1,400.

Thanking her from the bottom, I hung up and turned to the woman who had taken me (for better or for worse). "What $1,400 is that?" I asked.

After trying the jacket on the parakeet, she said, "Well, Barnyard, after just selling that poem to *Liberty* for $20, I thought it would be a good time for you to quit selling ladies' underwear door-to-door, tap mother for a $1,400 loan to put with that 20, buy a house trailer and take it to Florida where you can write full-time while you're on a roll."

And I fell for it. Looking back, I think I must have been in a state of euphoria from selling the poem for that staggering sum. (I was easily staggered in those days.) Or maybe it was a lack of oxygen to the brain from holding my breath for three hours and trying to influence her to come up with some other way of spending my 20 bucks. Whatever the reason, it was good-by job, good-by house built on a solid foundation and hello house trailer, our future abode perched precariously on two wheels.

Now, by house trailer I refer not to today's luxurious mobile home complete with bathrooms. I'm talking about a 28-foot Schultz complete with white-enameled bucket. I'm talking about a bedroom at the back end, occupied of course by the kids, Michael and Nikki, and at the front end a bedroom/living room/dining room/recreation room/writing room. Connecting them was a squeeze-throughway called a galley. Here, wife would open the can of beans and halve grapefruit for Sunday dinners. Through the week, we wouldn't eat so well: After only three months in Florida my literary career was rolling at such a pace that I had to either sell the car or ask the family to give up the habit of eating altogether. So we really didn't need the challenge of Christmas to complicate living conditions. The situation already offered everything a pioneer-spirited couple (make that person) could ask for.

The sofa bed that dominated the bedroom/living room, etc., offered challenge enough in itself. The bedding was stored beneath the seat, so bedtime procedure called for me to raise the seat and hold it while wife dived in for the sheets, the pillows and the blanket. Raising the seat higher would then unhinge the back section; then I could lower them both and create what had to pass for a bed.

There were nights when everything went according to Broyhill. There were other nights when I would turn to help wife spread the bottom sheet, only to find her legs protruding from under the seat section and thrashing madly. On these nights, if it hadn't been for name-calling we would have had no conversation at all.

There's nothing like the good-will feeling of the yule season, however, to make a woman forgive and forget the nights she was slow in getting her white meat out from under the seat. There was also the pleasant surprise that in this land where sun and sand had replaced snow shoveling and heart attacks, people still celebrated Christmas—even in trailer parks.

Now, there's an old saying . . . so old, as a matter of fact, that I've forgotten it. No problem; there are lots of old sayings. One I *do* remember goes like this: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." And what the Romans were doing was decorating the palmetto nearest the front door of their trailers.

Wife, as behooves the opposing

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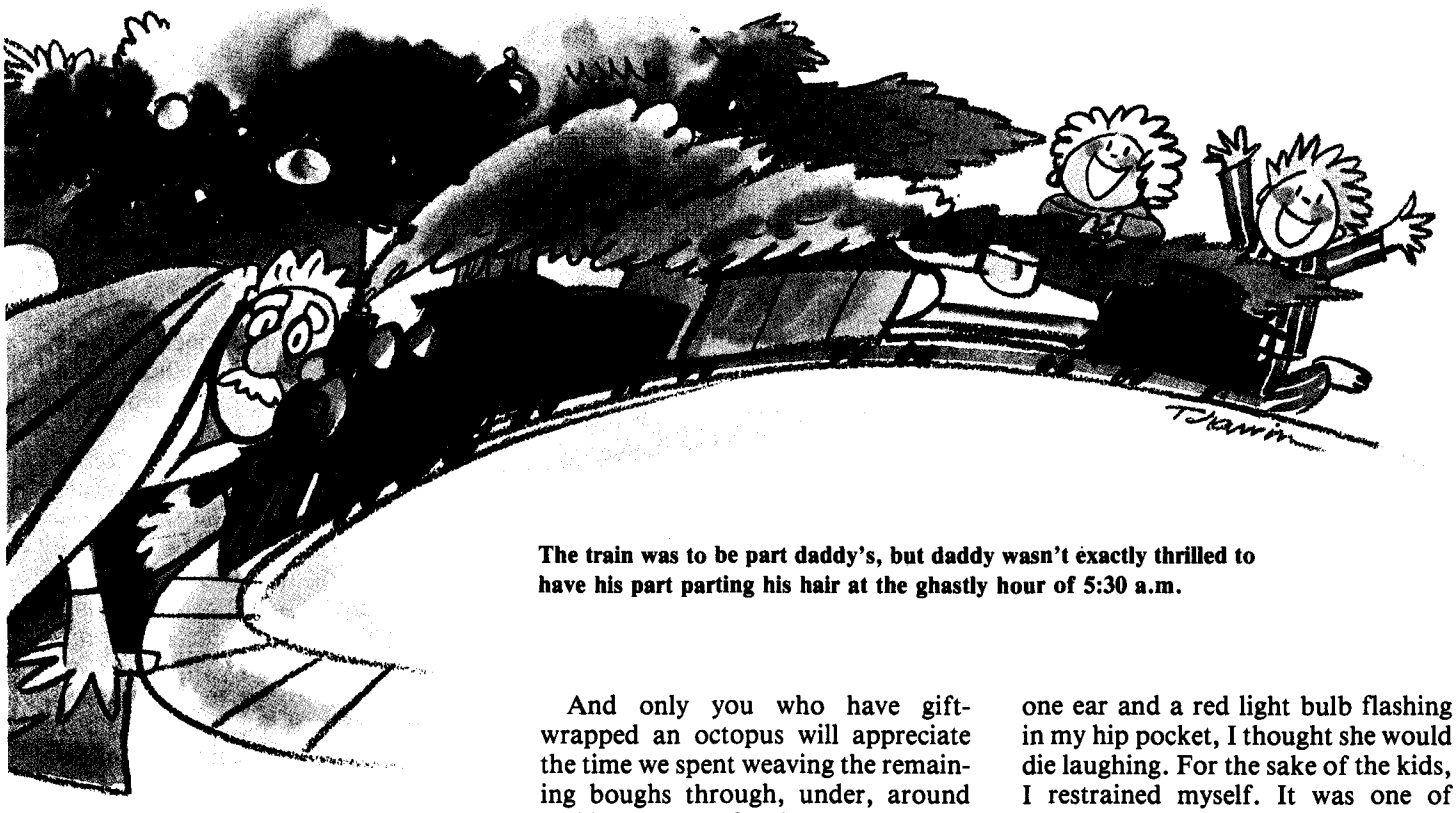

**The train was to be part daddy's, but daddy wasn't exactly thrilled to have his part parting his hair at the ghastly hour of 5:30 a.m.**

sex, automatically nixed the idea before I could finish my suggestion that we follow the custom. She was for doing what Michiganders do in Michigan—installing a good old genuine, fragrant pine tree. And by bribing the kids before I could get to them, the vote went three for, one opposed.

No matter that our Michigan trees had been sold by the tree and these in Florida were priced by the running inch. No matter that our rooms in Michigan sported 12-foot ceilings while in our present coop a 6-foot man could develop round shoulders without half trying. "Over my dead body," she selected a tree that rangers must have climbed for spotting forest fires.

"You pull and I'll push" was her brilliant solution for cramming the thing through our 2½-foot doorway. Only you who have tried to push a string through a keyhole will realize the effort she contributed. Had it not been for the sofa, the ambulance people would have had a real job extracting my head from the opposite wall of the trailer after the two widest limbs snapped off.

And only you who have gift-wrapped an octopus will appreciate the time we spent weaving the remaining boughs through, under, around and between the furniture. Even then, we weren't out of the woods. There remained the problem of a ten-foot-plus tree bent beneath a six-foot-minus ceiling. No bomb squad could have treated it with more caution.

Finally collecting my wits, some found as far away as the tree lot, I removed the screen from the ceiling air vent and threaded some four feet of the topmost branches through it.

"Let's not put up the angel this year," I proposed, trying to separate my fingers, by now stuck together in one big clump with pine pitch.

After the ballot, I borrowed a step-ladder and risked life, limb and ridicule of the entire park by climbing up with my two club hands and placing the angel on the highest twig.

And was Mrs. Santa now completely satisfied? You show me how to satisfy a wife completely and I'll show you how to milk a giraffe while wearing boxing gloves. Oh, she was completely satisfied watching me trying to wedge through the pinery to reach the sofa without undergoing a pine-needle massage from nape to tailbone. And Christmas Eve, when I emerged with icicles decorating my hair, a strand of tinsel draped over one ear and a red light bulb flashing in my hip pocket, I thought she would die laughing. For the sake of the kids, I restrained myself. It was one of those nights, however, that I happened to lower the sofa seat before she had cleared.

Christmas morning in a house with separate living room and master bedroom is confusion enough, right? You should try it in rooms the size of piano packing crates. One thing they have in common—the confusion begins at the ghastly hour of five-thirty, give or take. Mostly take.

I hadn't slept well as it was. First it was a pine bough that insisted on creeping up my pajama leg. Then strange rapping sounds began emanating from behind the closed galley door. Rather than fight my way again through that forest of needles, I laid the noise to sugarplums dancing in the heads of Michael and Nikki. (That's one head apiece, in case you should ask.)

Now, if you are among the groaners brought out of a good, sound snooze by the patter of little feet on the stairs Christmas morning, you should try being jerked out of a light doze by a kid's train engine slamming into the side of your head just above the right ear.

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# HANUKKAH REMEMBERED

*Every December the whole world celebrates as Jewish families illuminate the bleak winter solstice with songs, games, dancing, presents and lights.*

**by Alice Rubinstein Gochman**

Every December in my childhood, it seemed as though the whole world were celebrating Christmas, hauling evergreen trees and tinseled ornaments into their houses, whipping up plum puddings and stuffing geese, singing carols and lighting candles. I too was in the midst of celebrating a joyous holiday—albeit a different festival of lights—known as Hanukkah.

For more than 2,100 years Hanukkah (Hebrew for "dedication"), observed on the 25th and the seven succeeding days of the Hebrew month of Kislev, has commemorated the brilliant military victory in 164 B.C. of Judas Maccabaeus and a small band of a few thousand Jews over Antiochus IV Epiphanes ("the visible god") of Syria and his many thousands of foot soldiers, cavalry and warrior elephants.

The holiday also commemorates the rededication of the defiled Temple of Jerusalem, for in the years before this battle the Jews had been forcibly Hellenized and made to adopt Greek culture, to speak Greek and to worship Greek idols. Thus their triumph was indeed a vindication of the principle of religious freedom.

After the Jews had routed their oppressors and regained the right to worship in the Temple, they found that the Eternal Light, meant to burn perpetually in front of the Holy Ark housing the Torah (the first five books of the Bible) had been extinguished. When the Temple was cleansed of idolatry, only enough uncontaminated oil for the first day of rededication was found—but the cruse of oil miraculously burned for eight days! On the eighth day, the story goes, more oil had been readied, purified by the priests.

**Hanukkah is not a somber holiday but one of joy and celebration punctuated by family activities.**

And so in Jewish houses across the world the lighting of the menorah, a holy candelabrum, proclaims this miracle. The first night, just after sundown, one candle is kindled, and each succeeding night an additional one, until on the eighth night, the menorah is completely aflame. New candles are inserted into the menorah from right to left each night. One first lights the ninth taper, the *shammash*, or custodian, and then uses it to light each candle from left to right; thus the newest candle is lighted first each evening.

I would be in a pleasant state of anticipation for weeks before Hanukkah. My mother would polish the silver candelabrum and set it in the window in remembrance of the right of Jews to worship the One God in their Temple. In other times, especially when Jews were quartered in ghettos, lamps were positioned outside doors or lanterns at windows: In Venice, burning tapers would illuminate the canals.

Each year we had a box of 44 thin, colorful candles my father would obtain from the synagogue, and it would be my duty to select the colors of the candles for each evening. The first night I might pick white for the *shammash* and blue for the first candle; the second night, perhaps white, red and blue. But the box also held candles in an awful (to my mind) shade of gold, and on the eighth night only these candles would be left. So the last night, because of injudicious choosing, I would have to use gold candles for all nine holders.

The glow from the lights—symbolizing truth and survival—of the Hanukkah candles would burn in my heart as they were kindled. In the warm embrace of my family, I would join in the traditional prayers as the *shammash* was lighted:

Blessed art Thou, oh Lord, our God
King of the Universe
who has sanctified us by Thy commandments and commanded us to kindle the Hanukkah lights.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God
King of the Universe
who wrought miracles for our
fathers in days of old at this
time of year.

The family members take turns lighting the candles and then recite the following after each one's kindled:

We kindle these lights on account of the miracles, wonders and deliverances which You performed for our fathers in those days at this time, by

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means of Your holy priests. These lights are sacred throughout all the eight days of Hanukkah; we are not permitted to make any use of them, but only to look at them. In order to give thanks to Your great name for Your miracles, wonders and deliverances.

The holiday comes in deep winter, and the need to rejoice is felt keenly. Hanukkah, unlike more somber Jewish holidays, does not interrupt life: One is allowed to go to work and to attend school. Prayers are kept short, for the tenets of the holiday are woven of custom, not law. Hanukkah's observance is stipulated in documents that cover various questions of ritual and rules. The code advises: "Eat, and be merry, linger over viands and punctuate meals with jest and song and relate miracles."

And indeed, that message infuses the holiday. The home festival encourages such simple pleasures as games, gifts for children on each of the eight nights, singing, feasting and dancing. One of the most popular games is Dreidel, a game of chance similar to "put and take:" that is, "gamblers" contribute to a pool or take from it sweets or recently received money. Players start with an equal number of objects and contribute one each to create the pot. The dreidel, a four-sided die that revolves like a spinning top, is marked on each side with a different Hebrew letter (*nun, gimel, he* and *shin*). Like an acrostic, the letters stand for *Nes gadol hayah sham* ("A great miracle happened there."). Whether one gives or receives depends on what letter is up when the top stops. When *gimel* is the letter spun, one gets all; *he*, half; *nun*, nothing; and *shin*, give half your pile. A chant often accompanies this game:

Dreidel, dreidel, dreidel,
I made you out of clay.
When you're dry and ready,
Dreidel I will play!

Children receive Hanukkah *gelt*, money given as gifts during the holiday. According to many students of the subject, the tradition of *gelt*, either actual or in gold-foil-wrapped chocolate coins, goes back to the Maccabean-Greek struggle. The people of Judea, not allowed to have their own money system, were thus not commercially independent. After the victory, therefore, it became a tradition to give *gelt*—the poor as well as teachers being the regular recipients—at this season. (This custom was of the Ashkenazim, the eastern-European, Yiddish-speaking Jews; the Sephardim, the western-European Jews who early settled in Spain and in Portugal, presented candy and fruit.)

**Jews around the world light the menorah during Hanukkah as a symbol of their victory over oppression.**

Another game that engages the older children is *kattoves*, a variety of riddles and puzzles that must be answered in numbers adding up to 44, the total number of candles burned during Hanukkah. Other gentle activities are such board games as checkers and chess, listening to music, visiting friends, having parties and presenting plays. Mellow old and new songs are favored, such as "Ma'oz Zur" ("Rock of Ages"), the most famous holiday melody. Sung in round, the verses are repeated many times. Another theme is that of might—particularly songs of soldiers—for Hanukkah is inspired by a military conquest rather than a spiritual victory.

Do not fast during Hanukkah.
Not on the day preceding
Nor yet on the day following.

Could anything match the aroma of potato *latkes* frying, or equal their crisp texture? My mother would be ever so careful to grate the potatoes coarsely on the grater. Eyes tearing from the onion, she would use as little oil as possible in the skillet—dishes fried in oil recall the miracle of the oil burning in the menorah, and wasn't it a miracle to see those mounds of batter turn into edible cakes! Sometimes she added apple to the batter, sometimes carrot, but always parsley for "color."

Because dairy products were not readily available in Europe during the winter, potatoes came to be substituted for cheese in pancakes over the years. Potato pancakes are often eaten as a main course, accompanied by applesauce or by sour cream. Cheese *latkes*, when made today, are sometimes sprinkled with olive oil, again to commemorate the burning of oil in the lamps.

Hanukkah dishes are determined from legend and custom, not from law and ritual that must be obeyed, like the dishes of Passover. For one of our holiday dinners, we would start with *challah* (braided egg bread) and go on to mushroom-and-barley soup, roast duck with fruit stuffing and *latkes*. For dessert symbol cookies would be cut into such Hanukkah shapes as dreidels, *gelt*, Stars of David, menorahs, elephants, *nuns, gimels, hes* and *shins*. Another dinner might begin with chopped liver, then proceed to roast goose with potato stuffing, applesauce and tzimmes (carrots and prunes).

Food and the celebration of light came together in an old Russian ceremony. Those assembled held cubes of sugar dipped into brandy on teaspoons suspended over glasses of tea. The cubes were lighted; songs were sung as the flame flickered, and then the cubes were dropped into the tea all at once—extinguishing the light.

So every December, the whole world indeed celebrates! Each person responds to the bleakness of the winter solstice by illuminating it with his own kind of candles, presents, songs, food and games. And it can be said that, in celebrating, each participant rededicates his right to worship in his own way and to feel joy at this time of year.

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# The Angel

## by Nancy Sue Keith

*Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton*

*As Christmas approached,*
*That wonderful season,*
*A mishap occurred without*
*Rhyme or reason.*

*The Anderson family,*
*Preparing their home*
*To make a bright place for*
*Santa to roam,*

*Went up to the attic*
*To pull down their treasures,*
*Decorations with memories*
*Abounding in pleasures.*

*As dad brought the last*
*Box of ornaments down,*
*Some of the trimmings*
*Fell to the ground.*

*Under the mangled,*
*Bright-colored array,*
*Beneath all the tinsel—*
*There the angel lay.*

*Mom came first to*
*The accident scene,*
*Then Peter, Shelly, Dale*
*And Uncle Gene,*

*Aunt Linda and Jesse,*
*And Donna came too,*
*But no one, no, no one*
*Knew just what to do.*

*This angel was part of*
*Their Christmas tradition,*
*But she couldn't go up—*
*Not in that condition.*

*Her halo was bent,*
*Her hair had come down*
*And one of her wings just*
*Could not be found.*

*Her robe was a mess,*
*Her face was the same,*
*The candle she held in her*
*Hands lost its flame.*

*And because it appeared that*
*Her time was done,*
*A great family dilemma*
*Now had begun.*

*Dad, so it seems,*
*For years had tried*
*To take down the angel,*
*And to put her aside.*

*You see, he liked stars*
*With tinsel and lights,*
*But past discussions*
*On stars had brought fights,*

*Because mom liked angels,*
*Simple and true,*
*In her eyes an angel was all*
*That would do.*

*The next day the family,*
*In Christmas tradition,*
*Went shopping for presents;*
*Yes, that was their mission.*

*Once at the mall*
*They broke into pairs,*
*To go through the stores*
*And to purchase their wares.*

*And while they were shopping*
*The idea came,*
*Although they were parted*
*The thought was the same.*

*Each group decided*
*That their task would be*
*To find something nice to*
*Put 'top the tree.*

*When they arrived home*
*They all came together,*
*To share with the family*
*Each new-found treasure.*

*And then to the shock*
*And the amazement of all,*
*The truth of the moment*
*Started to fall.*

*Jesse suggested that*
*It would be fun*
*To give each tree topper*
*A trial run.*

*Every few days*
*One went to the top,*
*But there wasn't just one*
*They all liked a lot.*

*It was now Christmas Eve,*
*And the time had come*
*To make the choice that*
*Would please everyone.*

*Then mom spoke up*
*In her practical way,*
*And gave a suggestion that*
*Saved the day.*

*"Let's fix up the old angel,"*
*It hadn't been tried;*
*"Not her again, please!"*
*Dad quickly replied.*

*Aunt Linda got thread,*
*Shelly brought glue,*
*Peter found paint, he*
*Knew what to do.*

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*Dale found the wing that*
*Was lost in the pile,*
*They all started working and*
*After a while,*

*That angel looked better*
*Than ever before;*
*Dad even seemed*
*To like her much more.*

*The Anderson family,*
*All working together,*
*Had fixed her all up*
*And made her look better.*

*After the work of their hands*
*Was complete,*
*They sat her on top of the*
*Tree nice and neat.*

*The family gathered round*
*The newly trimmed tree*
*And sang Christmas carols*
*In sweet harmony.*

*Resting serene*
*On the tree up above,*
*The angel reflected*
*Their labor of Love.*

*She was more special*
*Than ever before,*
*Like nothing that anyone*
*Bought from the store.*

*The angel on top of the*
*Tree stands tall,*
*Wishing Merry Christmas*
*And reminding us all*

*That things done by families*
*Together can make*
*Memories that none in this*
*Wide world can take.*

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# CLOCKS FOR ALL TIME

*In a generation paced by milliseconds, space shuttles and instant seven-course dinners, many people look to their grandfather's clocks to keep them in sync with the past.*

**by John McCollister**

The former New York Yankees catcher and manager, Yogi Berra, is a colorful speaker on the banquet circuit. The story goes that, after one successful engagement, the Hall of Famer was given a large grandfather's clock in addition to his honorarium. Yogi, who always regarded hiring someone else to do what he could himself as a waste of money, hoisted the clock on his shoulder, then carried it through the hotel lobby and outside across a busy Manhattan street.

He had maneuvered the bulky timepiece halfway across the intersection when the traffic light turned red. Impatient drivers blew horns in frustration. As Yogi finally stepped onto the curb on the other side, one caustic cabdriver leaned out his window and railed sarcastically: "Hey, fella. Why don't you wear a wrist watch like everyone else?"

Similarly, you might ask anyone who has a grandfather's clock in his home: "Why do you need one of those just to tell the time?" The response is universal: "I don't *need* one, I just *want* one."

"People simply revere them, pure and simple," says Jim Pearl, the owner of Pearl Grandfather Clocks of Memphis, Tennessee. "The very idea of a grandfather clock brings on a feeling of coziness. A person will buy one for what it represents—a strong tie with the past."

Last year, a woman spent more than an hour closely examining grandfather's clocks displayed at a large department store in Chicago. Finally, she stopped in front of a contemporary design sporting a case made entirely of glass. "I like this one," she said, "but I'll *take* that one," pointing to another clock of wood only halfway down.

"Why don't you get the one you really like?" the puzzled salesman asked.

With a faraway look in her eyes, the woman explained, "Because my grandmother had a clock with a case made partly of wood. That's where she hid the presents on Christmas morning. I guess I want to do the same thing for *my* grandchildren."

The Howard Miller Clock Company—America's largest manufacturer of grandfather's clocks—appeals to another basic desire through its slogan: "More than clocks, a lifestyle." Those who purchase such clocks often assert a strong need to maintain the family.

"Maybe that's why most of our buyers are men," Jim Pearl says. "I suspect they are looking for something they not only can treasure during their lifetime but also pass along as an heirloom to the generations that follow."

Grandfather's clocks were called "tall clocks" until a 19th-century American songwriter, Henry Work, wrote "My Grandfather's Clock" in 1876. The lyrics open with the words:

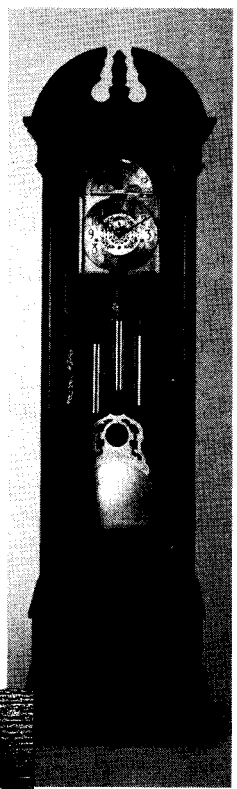
"My grandfather's clock
was too large for the shelf,
So it stood 90 years on the floor;
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride."

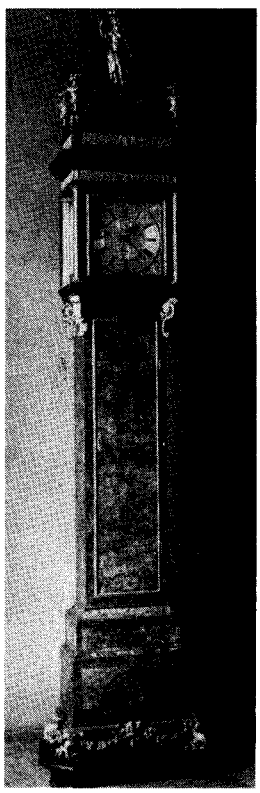
The song swept the nation, and from then on tall clocks were known as "grandfather's clocks."

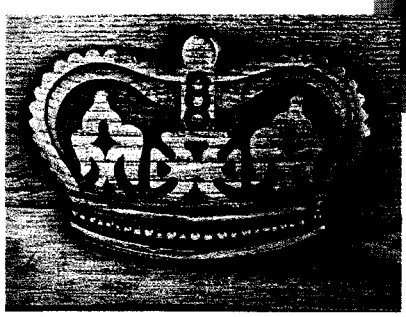
The early tall clocks, as tall as 9 feet high, fit well into Victorian homes, most of which had 12-foot ceilings. Modern versions are built to fit comfortably into standard 8-foot-high rooms.

Although most grandfather's clocks were unadorned, others were fantastically elaborate. A 1773 Philadelphia clock marked the time of day in seconds, minutes and hours (striking every quarter-hour and playing ten tunes) and indicated the day and the date of the month; the orbit of the moon around the earth; the orbit of the earth around the sun; the signs of the zodiac; the equation of time; and the planets known to exist—thus becoming the first astronomical sundial.

Although not as complex, most of today's grandfather's clocks







**Two clocks fit for kings (above) are the "Pearl Graceland" (left) made for the 50th anniversary of Elvis Presley's birth and a burled walnut "Tall Case" clock made for England's William III. (Left) A Graceland clock detail.**

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come with a moving moon-phase dial that records the 29½-day cycle of the moon. The dial, little more than a decorative feature now, was quite functional in the past. Colonial farmers planted their crops by the phases of the moon, the prevailing theory being that seeds sown at full moon produced better yields. Hence, farmers delayed their planting until the day before the moon on the clock dial appeared in full splendor.

Likewise, sailors used the phases of the moon to gauge the tides and to learn when their ships might enter certain harbors. American pioneers, as well, used the dial to schedule cross-country journeys on evenings bright enough for travel.

"At that time no one needed to know the exact time of day," says Michael Stover, the manager of Emperor Clock Company of Florida, in Orlando. Stover, a clock historian, explains: "During the daylight hours, a person worked; at night, he slept. The specific hour and minute of the day were really not that important. The phase of the moon was a different story. This was the determining factor as to what people could or could not do at particular times."

Aside from the steady ticking of the grandfather's clock, its most cherished chimes announce quarter-hours, half-hours and hours. If a clock malfunctions, owners often plead with the repairman to return it as soon as possible. "Since the chimes have stopped sounding, it's as though a member of the family is missing," they will say.

The most popular clock tune is the "Westminster Chime" identified with the famous tower of Big Ben at Westminster Palace. The chimes were originally fitted, however, to the clock of the University Church, Saint Mary's the Great, in Cambridge, England. The words to the chime express the prayer:

"Lord, through this hour,
Be Thou our guide
So, by Thy power
No foot shall slide."

Others are the "Saint Michael's Chimes," originally sounded in 1764 in the Saint Michael's Episcopal Church steeple of Charleston, South Carolina, and the "Whittington Chimes," whose notes celebrate a curious tale. Dick Whittington (1358-1423) was running away from a life of poverty in London when he stopped to rest and heard the distant bells of Bow Church. The bells seemed to be making a personal plea: "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London. Turn again." According to the legend, Dick Whittington did, and he eventually became its Lord Mayor.

The DeWitt Wallace Decorative Arts Gallery in Colonial Williamsburg displays what many regard as the most famous of all U.S. clocks, crafted for William III of England around 1700.

The White House collection now

*continued on page 104*

**A top-of-the-line Tall Clock comes with a tall price—$6,000 for the model (left) with mother-of-pearl inlay. (Above) A worker adjusts a moon-phase dial.**

## *The Voice Of My Home*

The special affection accorded grandfather's clocks is eloquently expressed in the words of an unsigned note found inside the case of a stately "tall clock" built in 1802:

"You dominate our parlor, standing as you do much taller than any of the human occupants of the house. Your dignity is immense and your moods steady. You can quiet me from elation just as you can lift me from melancholy.

"You are a friend to all of us, a regulator on the speed of our lives, and a faithful link between a generation now gone and a generation yet to come.

"You keep reminding us of our place in the scheme of all things with a special finger that points to our days and a little harvest moon that travels in our private heaven.

"You are a spokesman for time as you whisper a gentle cadence for the marching seconds, and ring your bell to mark the passing of each hour's parade. You have the special power to lift past into present, to make that which had lived be alive again.

"You are the voice of my home. May those who follow me listen, too, and through the inward searching you inspire, also learn of peace, of beauty, and of love."

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# OUTRAGEOUS GIFTS FOR EVERYONE

*From the extravagant to the strange, Santa has some stocking stuffers guaranteed to raise eyebrows.*

by Maynard Good Stoddard

So you've come to those names on your Christmas list that have you stumped. These lucky souls have "everything," and if they don't have it they can jolly well send the chauffeur or the butler or the downstairs maid out to buy it. Or you've come to the names of those who don't have everything, but are quite content with what they have. "I just don't need anything" is about all the help you'll get from them when you fish for gift ideas. Included among the names are women who would very much like a particular item if they only knew that such an item, once the brainchild of a far-out inventor, has now been successfully delivered into the world of practical if somewhat outrageous Christmas gift possibilities.

***Sleep Adjustment:*** How about the married couple who think they have everything—are they sleeping on a regular old single-surface bed? Does he have circulatory problems and must he raise his legs while sleeping? Must she sleep in a torso-elevated position? Does he have a hiatal hernia, she low back pains? Or maybe they just want a comfortable night's sleep without waking in the morning to a cramped neck or a back begging for mercy. Then a Craftmatic bed is the answer.

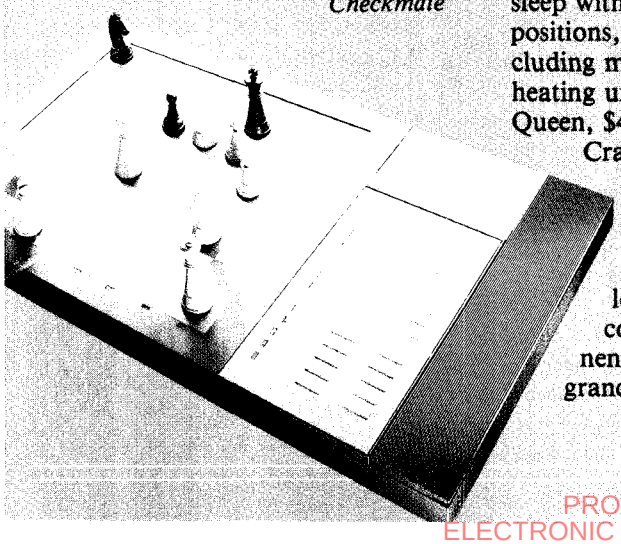
Craftmatic Adjustable Beds are similar to the familiar hospital beds that feature remote control for raising and lowering the head or the foot of the mattress. The two sides of the double, queen- and king-size beds elevate individually. If she must sit up but his legs must be raised, no need to get the chain saw and saw the bed down the center. Not only does the remote control conform each side of the bed to the sleeper's desire, but two optional features—massage action and controlled heat—combine to reduce simple tension and help ease muscular aches and strains.

*Craftmatic Adjustable Bed*

For the answer to a perfect night's sleep with 1,001 posture-perfect positions, it's Craftmatic beds (including massage system and heating unit): Double, $2,738; Queen, $4,222; King, $4,222. Craftmatic Adjustable Bed, Bensalem, Pennsylvania.

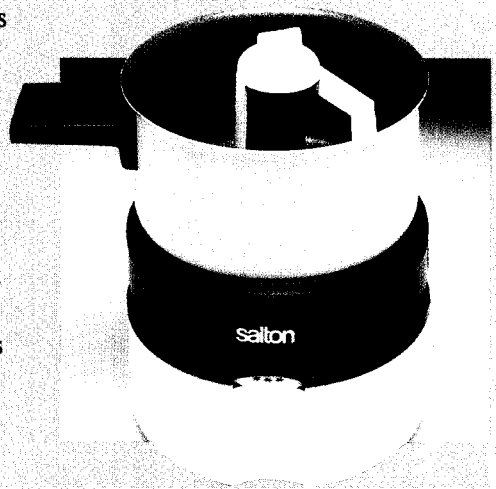
***Checkmate:*** It's your move. Give him (or her) SciSys Superstar, and let him match wits with this computerized chess opponent. Recommended by the grand master Gary Kasparov and the World Chess Federation, this microprocessor will test skills in each of 24 different levels of play. At the touch of a button, shift from casual to tournament play or take the ultimate challenge—a Grand Master Tournament (40 moves in 2½ hours). Complete with detailed instructions and handsome chess pieces. Sharper Image, San Francisco, California: $199.

*Checkmate*



***Self-Stirring Saucepan:*** She must leave off the hollandaise sauce to drive Junior to the Little League game, and dinner must be ready when Senior comes home. What a dilemma, ordinarily—but not when she has the electric, self-stirring saucepan. It contains a unique built-in blade that rotates to stir in ingredients properly without constant watching. It's a gift sure to stir up interest for the active wife,

*Self-Stirring Saucepan*

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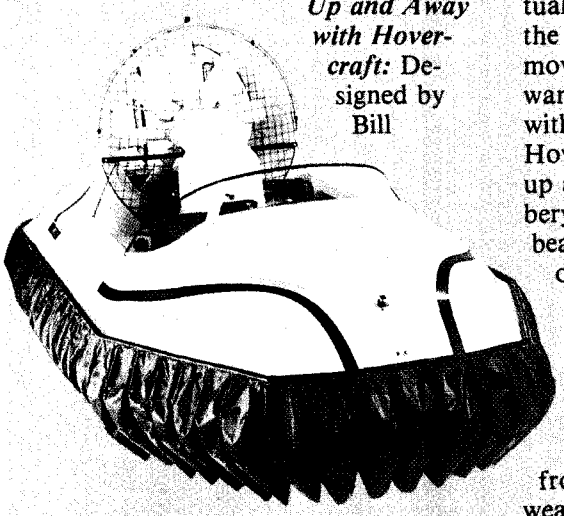
mother, chauffeur, grandbaby-sitter and what have you. Hammacher Schlemmer, New York: $59.95.

***Shortfall Ball:*** Half-distance golf balls, designed by Jack Nicklaus and made by MacGregor for use on the half-size golf course on Grand Cayman Island, are ideal for the man whose practice space is limited. They travel half the distance of regular balls with the same trajectory and flight characteristics and weigh less too. They set up in Bermuda grass, they do not bury themselves in the sand and they float. What a ball to substitute for an opponent's regular-distance ball when coming to the 18th tee all even! How your gift recipient will love you for this subterfuge (or dirty trick, as the victim may refer to it). HS: $36.50 for a package of 12.

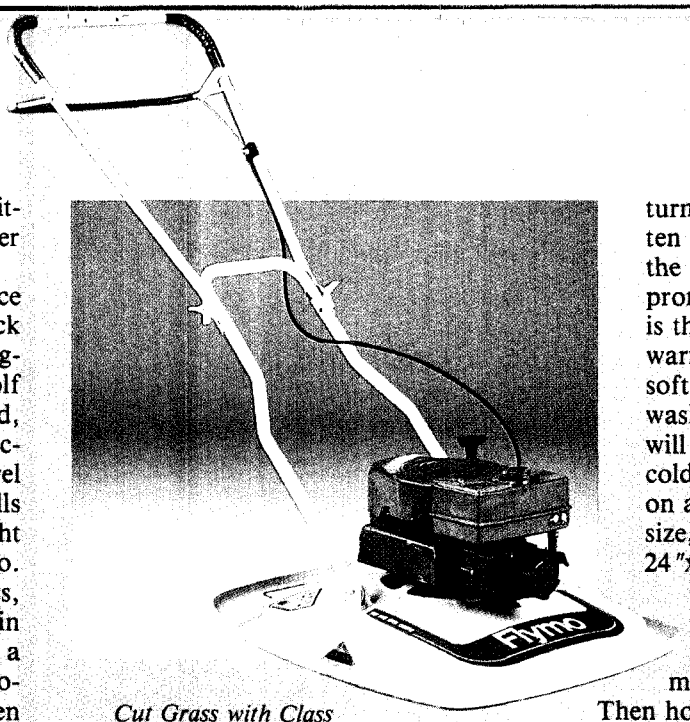
***Up and Away with Hovercraft:*** Designed by Bill



*Up and Away with Hovercraft*

Baker, a hovercraft racing champion, this two-person vehicle lets you travel at speeds up to 40 mph over roads, fields, lakes, streams, ice and snow on an eight-inch cushion of air. The craft will even float in water for fishing, swimming, sunbathing or just relaxing. A two-stroke 500 cc. Yamaha electric-start engine burns two-cycle mixture fuel. Three days of free training. Weight: 390 pounds. HS: $6,995 (freight collect).

***Cut Grass with Class:*** How about a Hovercraft Lawn Mower for the man in your life? If he lives in a competitive neighborhood, here's a




*Cut Grass with Class*

gift that will drive his envious neighbors up the wall—a lawn mower without wheels. You read me right. This gas-powered mower actually glides one-fourth inch above the ground on a cushion of air and moves effortlessly side to side, backward and forward, over any terrain without leaving wheel marks. The Hovercraft goes over paved walks, up and down slopes, under shrubbery and close to trees. And the beauty of it is, even a woman can operate it, and may beg to do so. HS: $399.50.

***"Eau de Skunk":*** Let's look at a little something for her at only $14.95. She may already have an electric stinger or a can of Mace as protection from attacks, but too often these weapons only make the attacker angry. Of course, finding his intended victim doused with Skunkguard, pure essence of skunk, isn't exactly going to please him, either—which is the whole idea. An ounce of prevention (as the saying goes). . .and an ounce of "Eau de Skunk," though a far cry from Chanel No. 5—so far in fact that the woman will later bury her clothes in the backyard—is quite enough to make the would-be attacker turn from his evil intention and turn upwind as fast as possible. Skunkguard, Honolulu, Hawaii.

***Foot-of-the-Bed Warmer:*** High on the list of grounds for divorce is jumping into bed and shoving one's feet against two ice-cube trays that turn out to be the two feet and ten toes of a mate hoping to get the aforesaid thawed. What promises to save these marriages is the electric foot-of-the-bed warmer. The gentle heat of the soft cotton pad covered with washable Sanforized® cotton will keep the feet of even the coldest blooded warm as toast on a frosty night. HS: Twin size, 24"x39", $34.50; full size, 24"x54", $39.50.

***Booze Barometer:*** Worried about someone on your list driving with too much alcohol in his blood? Then how about making it possible for him to check before the police do so?—and perhaps to prevent a messy accident.

Lumiscope's compact Alcohol Checker is a convenient, accurate way to monitor the alcohol level in his system. He has only to inhale deeply, then blow into the pipe for four seconds. The big LCD displays blood level in milligrams per liter of breath. Turn the checker over, and an easy-to-read chart translates the reading into an accurate blood-alcohol level.

Measuring only 4"x3"x1", Alcohol Checker slips easily into a pocket or into the glove compartment and operates on four AA batteries or a cigarette lighter (adapter

*Booze Barometer*

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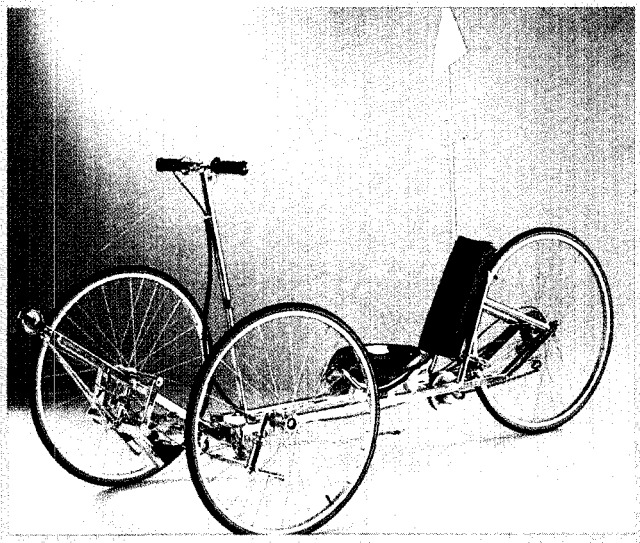
included). The would-be driver who drinks couldn't put his cigarette lighter to better use. Sharper Image: $79.

***The Sculling Cycle:*** You have someone on your list who would like to travel 30 miles per hour under his own steam and at the same time condition arms, shoulders, chest, stomach, back and leg muscles? He can do it while racing, touring or running errands with this 30-mile-an-hour sculling cycle. The pulling action on the ergometer type of handle drives the rear wheel to the eye-blurring speed, and the five-speed derailleur adjusts for maximum efficiency even when rowing uphill. For bad-weather days or areas where the speed limit is restricted to 20 miles an hour, a stationary stand ($99.50) is available so the sculling can be done at home without danger of rowing through the side of the house. HS: $995.00.



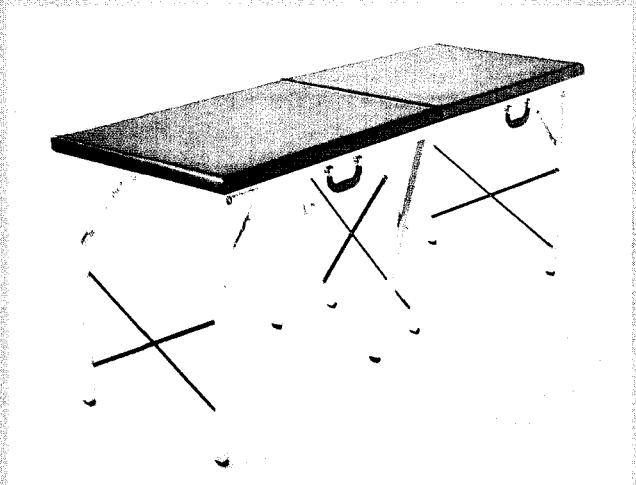
*The Sculling Cycle*

***Massage Table:*** We have no proof that a daily massage will add years to your life, but there is testimony aplenty that it adds life to your years. Bob Hope, who doesn't appear to be slowing down at age 82, credits at least some of his get-up-and-go-go-go to healthful, muscle-toning sessions on the massage table.

The best table we could find for the money comes from the Battle Creek Equipment Company. This venerable Michigan firm is a direct descendant of the Sanitarium Equipment Co., which grew out of the visionary genius of Dr. John Kellogg and the inventions that helped the "San" become an internationally famous health spa at the turn of the century.

Although the current company also sells a stationary massage table, this portable model is just the thing for her at home and for him to fold up and take to the office—or vice versa, as the case may be. Whichever, it's an easy way to supply both their "kneads."

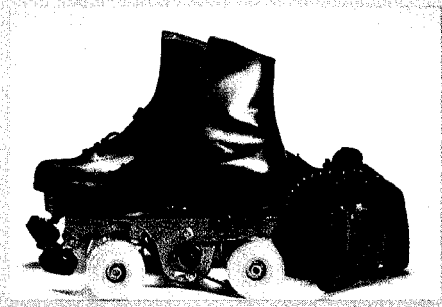
For all of its current efficiency, the Saturday Evening Post Society suggests a plausible improvement on the table. Why not, we suggest, expand the nose hole at the end of the table with a punched-out area for the eyes? This hole would offer a lot of advantages to the massagee who prefers to lie on the tummy. While getting the back rub, one could lie face down without crushing one's contact lenses or turning one's neck. Then, with a small built-in, under-the-table rack, one could read a book or even watch television below and all the while enjoy every toning manipulation on the tense and tired muscles.



*Massage Table*

Until then, the current model, which comes with a generous nose hole for face-down comfort, is the best bet. Battle Creek Equipment Co.: $299.

***Roller Skating at 20 mph:*** For the errand boy, the business whose car won't start, the person about to be mugged on a city street, these battery-powered roller skates are the answer. They will send the wearer rolling along at 20 miles per hour. And should a dog or a fireplug or both at the same time get in the way, the skates provide full braking power. The rechargeable batteries are worn on a belt around the waist, and there's a convenience that allows the setting of precise traveling speed. For those in no particular hurry, the 1/3 hp motor can be quickly disengaged for regular skating. The high-top leather boots are made by Roller Derby. HS: $479.50.



*Roller Skating at 20 mph*

***Give a Warm Send-off:*** Among the several woes of winter, getting into a cold car in the early dawn comes high on the list. But no longer—not for the one who receives your gift of a Remote-Control Car Starter.

This unusual device will allow your lucky recipient to start the car from inside the house and have it warm and waiting when she (maybe even he) climbs in. The pocket-size, remote-control transmitter sends the signal

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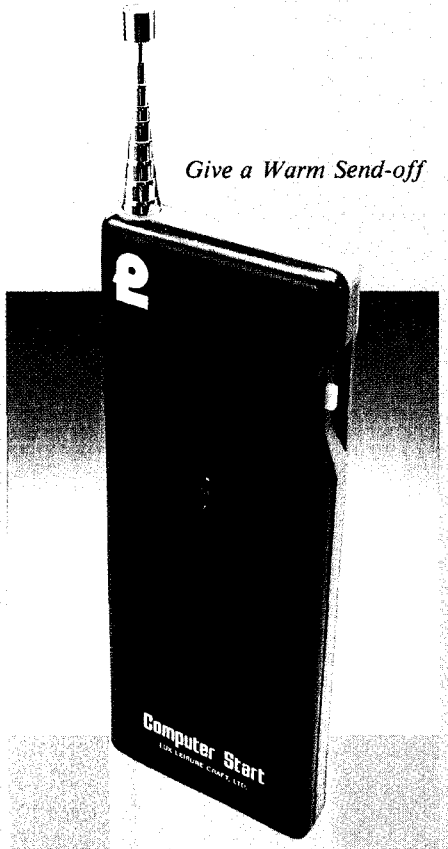



*Give a Warm Send-off*

that engages the ignition and pumps the accelerator intermittently; if the car doesn't start, the process is repeated automatically up to seven times. The engine idles from 6 to 12 minutes (depending on outside temperature) and automatically shuts off unless the car is driven away. The starter comes with all components needed for installation by a mechanic. HS: $379.

***Let's Hear It for Hearoid:*** For the downtrodden husband who doesn't get any respect, Hearoid the Robot is "made to order." How enthusiastically the poor, ignored husband and father will welcome this little technological miracle to the family! Speak a single word into the sophisticated Voice Command Module, and Hearoid comes alive. If the "master" of the house chooses, he can even transmit his own voice through this brainy, inexpensive servant.

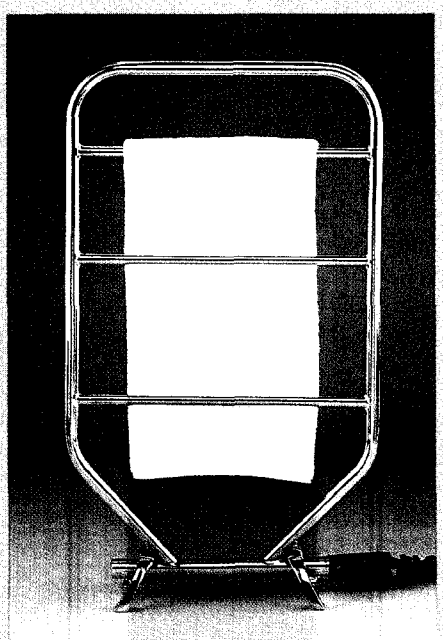
Only minutes after being unwrapped, Hearoid listens, learns and reacts to spoken commands for 12 different functions. Asked to recite a poem, to awaken someone to his favorite music, to deliver hors d'oeuvres to party guests or even to work when no one is home, Hearoid —moving on four rubber wheels and one caster and propelled by two high-torque motors—is on the job. Sharper Image: $399.

***On the Alert:*** Ever been sitting around the house in your underwear when the minister rang the doorbell? Then you know how much appreciated will be your gift of a Home Driveway Alert System. The only device of its kind, the pressurized, heavy-gauge rubber cable that extends across the driveway triggers a vacuum switch signaling approaching guests, service calls and unexpected or unwanted visitors. The ten-foot cable works on uneven as well as smooth surfaces. HS: $189.50. Extra receiver, $129.50.

***High, Dry and Heated:*** Whether it's after a cold shower or after a hot bath, nothing strikes the fancy like a warm towel. And with an English Heated Towel Stand that circulates oil heated to 180° F., your gift recipient will have that warm towel waiting.

Plugged into a household outlet, the self-contained, chrome-plated steel rails keep not only towels warm and dry but the stand safe for airing damp shirts and lingerie, drying dishtowels and even taking the chill out of a large bathroom. HS: Chrome-plated floor model, $169.50; brass-plated floor model, $179.50 (same prices for wall models, which have to be installed).

*High, Dry and Heated*



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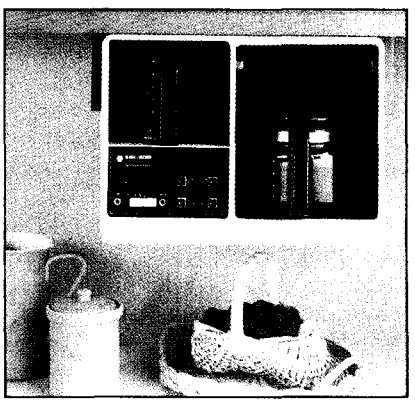

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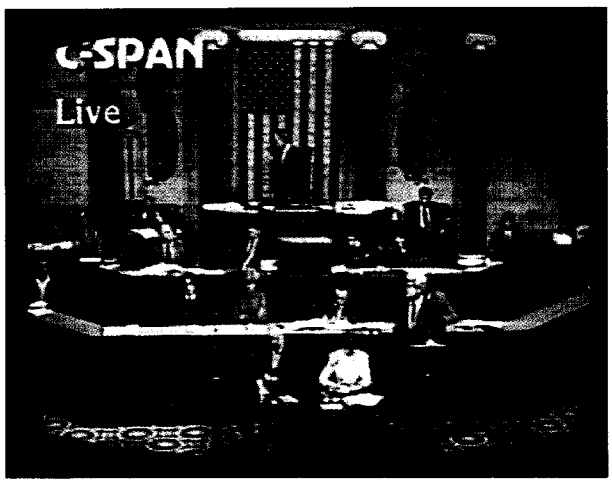
# BRIAN LAMB: THE MAN BEHIND C-SPAN

*His revolutionary network is the first true innovation in television since cable, and President Reagan is one of its biggest fans.*

**by Sharon Geltner**

Government, politics, the media: If you want information on these subjects there's plenty of it. Yet, anytime you read a newspaper or watch television, these topics are filtered through editors and reporters who have their own beliefs and agendas. That makes it rare indeed for you to feel "you are there" at a government hearing or press conference.

But you can have that experience through a young cable network that lets the cameras roll and leaves the interpretation to you. This Cable-Satellite Public Affairs Network, better known as "C-SPAN," is an open secret, increasingly and warmly welcomed by Americans who want to be well-informed and to make up their own minds.




**Among its public-affairs programs, C-SPAN airs gavel-to-gavel coverage of House of Representatives proceedings.**

"People find not being told what to think irresistible," says Brian Lamb, the 44-year-old founder, chairman and the chief host of the Washington, D.C.,-based network.

In the six years since Lamb began broadcasting government proceedings live, unedited and without commentary, he has created the first true innovation in television since the cable revolution.

Lamb runs the public-affairs arm of the cable industry. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, C-SPAN airs gavel-to-gavel coverage of House of Representatives proceedings, congressional and executive-agency hearings, conferences, commencements, lectures, National Press Club speeches, seminars—almost any forum in which politicians and reporters discuss public issues.

### A Big Fan

President Reagan counts himself as one of C-SPAN's biggest fans. He apparently watches it often and responds to it when he gets the urge. In October 1984, C-SPAN aired the views of a Notre Dame professor on Social Security, views the President saw and criticized the next day in an Atlanta speech.

Betty Cuniberti, a staff writer for the Washington bureau of the *Los Angeles Times*, received an immediate presidential response to her June 1984 appearance on C-SPAN: Talking with Lamb about social events in Washington, Cuniberti had said White House aides rope off reporters at White House dinners because they do not want them to question President Reagan, who might reply inaccurately to their questions. When the show reran on a Sunday night, the President saw it and telephoned Cuniberti. (President Reagan is one of the few Washingtonians with access to C-SPAN; Washington, D.C., will not receive cable TV until June 1986. The White House and selected Washingtonians receive C-SPAN through The Capitol Connection, a microwave television system. Meanwhile, the White House is considering C-SPAN reception at Camp David and at the ranch at Santa Barbara, the White House staff has confirmed.)

Another time, the President called during C-SPAN's monthly half-hour telecast in which federal officials, sometimes including the President, answer questions from high-school students. In 1983, the sessions were followed by a 90-minute call-in, and Reagan phoned Lamb twice to elaborate on views he had expressed earlier.

### Is the Senate Next?

C-SPAN wants to next aim its cameras at the Senate, which has resisted mightily for years. Gradually, individual senators have come to believe C-SPAN is crucial for a well-informed citizenry—and they suppose the coast-to-coast exposure wouldn't hurt. The Senate, which held hearings in September on whether to be televised, will likely decide by the end of the year.

The impetus? Consider what happened to Rep. Jack Kemp (R-NY). One day, while traveling in Puerto Rico, Kemp was approached by a constituent from Kemp's upstate New York district. This person had seen and admired his colleague, Rep. Bob Walker (R-PA), on C-SPAN. The constituent, with awe, asked Kemp if he "knew Walker."

"Television will come to the Senate when Sen. John Heinz and Sen. Arlen Specter realize Bob Walker is a better-known politician than they are," predicts the *Washington Post*'s Denver bureau chief, T. R. Reid. If C-SPAN is admitted to the Senate, a second channel will be opened that can air both the House and the Senate

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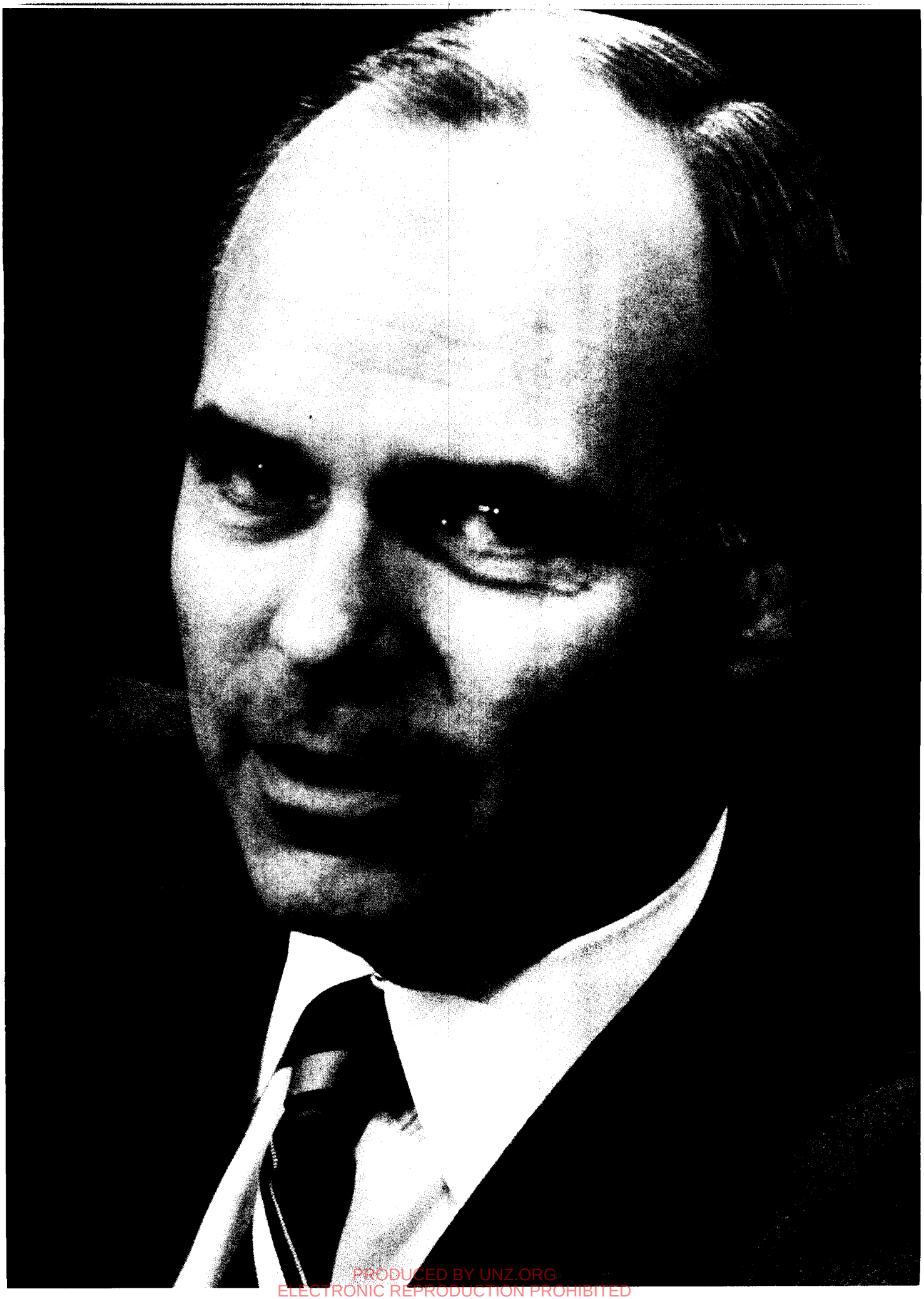

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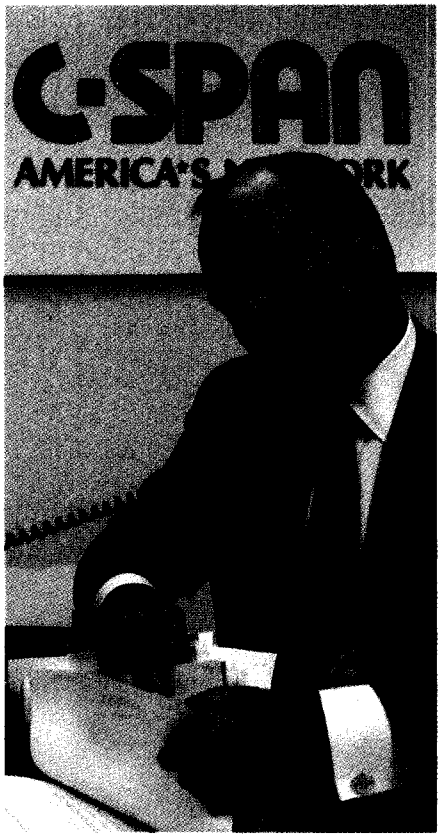



**C-SPAN's motivating force, Brian Lamb, gets feedback from viewers by phone.**

simultaneously, says C-SPAN president Paul FitzPatrick.

Senators are also being persuaded by the programing at C-SPAN, which includes "A Day in the Life of. . ." in which C-SPAN cameras follow a prominent politician—Rep. Robert Michel (R-IL), for instance—through a working day on Capitol Hill. And C-SPAN tapes the country's leading newspaper offices, such as the *Miami Herald* and the *Chicago Tribune.*

### What's New

"We encourage people to call the press because people have no way to get redress for their problems," Lamb says. "There is a huge intimidation factor. They have never been inside a daily newspaper or know how it works." (Lamb, in fact, was one of the first to conduct live call-in shows on television. He introduced them to C-SPAN in October 1980.)

Perhaps the most startling difference between conventional programing and C-SPAN is—the audience talks back. Loud and clear. Three times a day, Lamb or another C-SPAN host welcomes calls from anyone with the inclination to grill journalists, politicians, authors and government officials.

Lamb's methods of drawing people out are different from the usual television reporter's. Forgoing a brisk, aggressive line of questioning, Lamb simply says, "Sounds like you've got something on your mind; go ahead." He prefers conversational interviews in a simple, relaxed setting, rather than aggressive, ambush journalism. But Lamb's guests may still squirm uncomfortably as "C-SPANuts" question them.

A C-SPAN fan declared on the air: "You don't push the dirt under the rug. You don't suppress any questions. I see people wrinkle their eyebrows and cringe when they are asked certain questions, but you don't suppress any. C-SPAN gives the straight scoop."

Lamb is not a typical TV producer: Besides the unconventional programing there are no jazzy music, dazzling sets or star systems. In an industry famous for strong personalities and big egos, Lamb keeps his under wraps and his on-the-air personality neutral.

"I am not a Ted Turner, who first built the network on personality," Lamb says. Lamb is not flashy. His motivation comes from the old-fashioned notion that, given the chance, citizens will carefully think through the issues of the day and make up their own minds. And to do that, they need access to how the press and the politicians operate.

Lamb knows if he promoted himself, if ever tempted, he would destroy his dream. "In order for C-SPAN to work," Lamb explains, "it has to be cooperative. This can't be an ego trip or be seen as empire building."

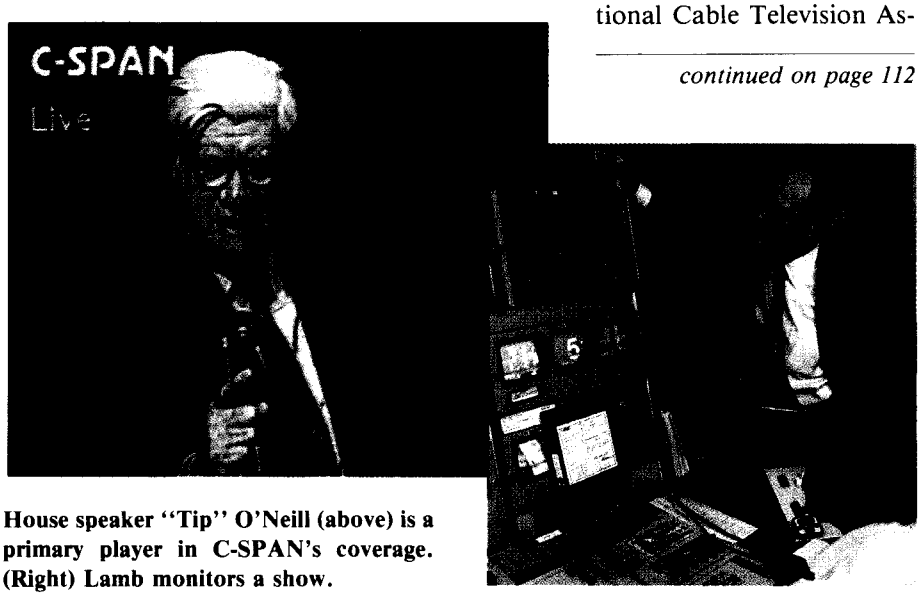
"If Brian were tempted to seek the limelight for himself, that would get in the way of his larger objective—to make a success of C-SPAN," says Henry Goldberg, a Washington, D.C., attorney specializing in communications law.

And Lamb's fans, who love C-SPAN as they do, tend to keep him in line. Viewers on one recent show were heaping praise on Lamb when a call from Tulsa put a stop to that. "Good morning, Brian," said the gritty voice with a Southern twang. "I was going to say nice things about you, but after listening to the last two or three calls and watching your head expand, I think I'm going to cool it."

Lamb is also unusual because his is the only cable company consistently in the black. C-SPAN board members like to brag that their yearly budget of $5.9 million is the equivalent of network spending for two evenings of prime-time programing. Last year C-SPAN produced 865 hours of live, call-in programing, which attracted more than 12,000 calls from more than 2,000 cities. Last year, when the networks cut back their convention coverage to the prime-time hours, C-SPAN covered the Democratic and Republican conventions around the clock and provided the Public Broadcasting System with its convention footage.

Lamb's larger objective for C-SPAN is nothing less than involving more Americans in the political process. And he is realizing that objective, says Tom Wheeler, the former president of the National Cable Television As-

*continued on page 112*




**House speaker "Tip" O'Neill (above) is a primary player in C-SPAN's coverage. (Right) Lamb monitors a show.**

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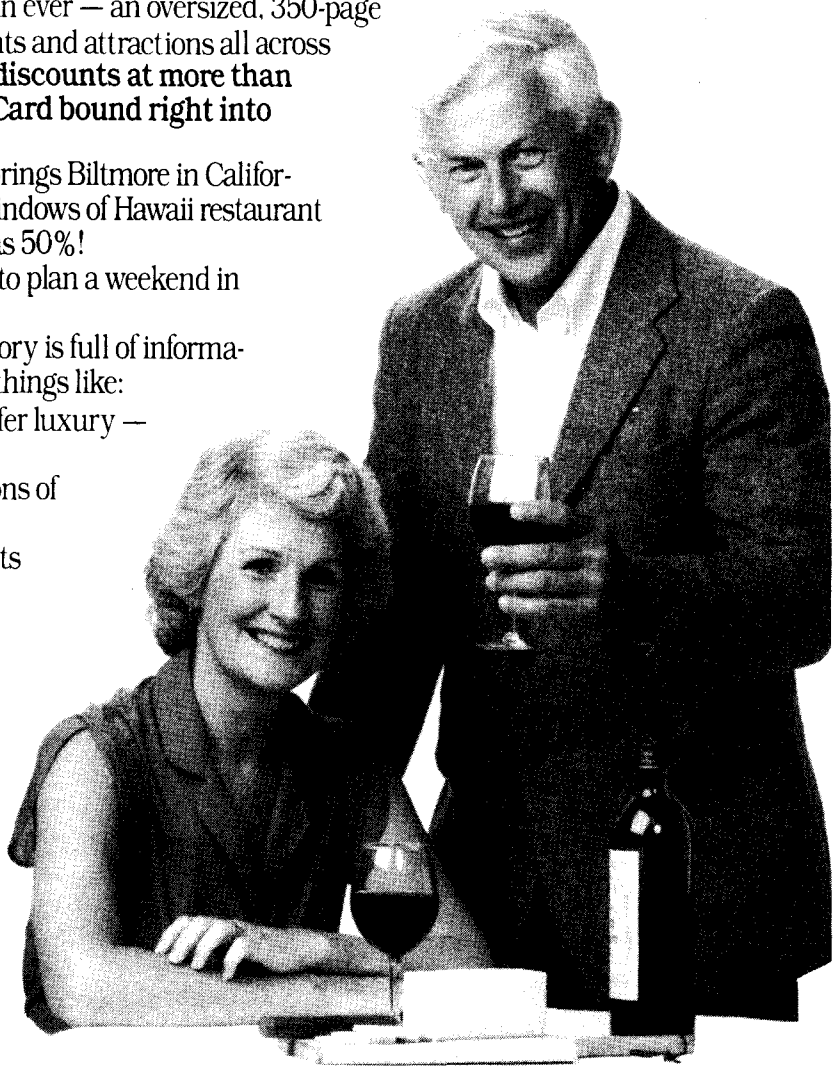

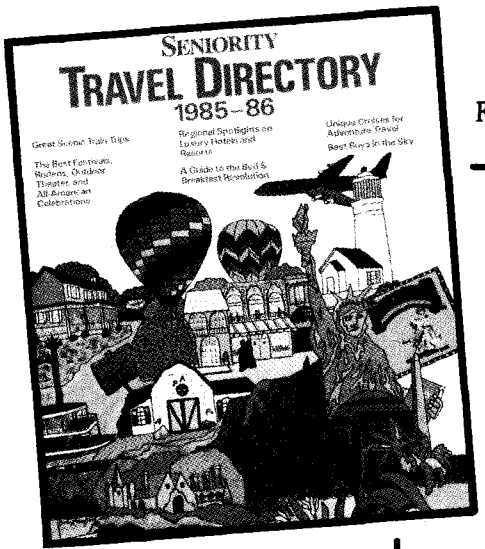


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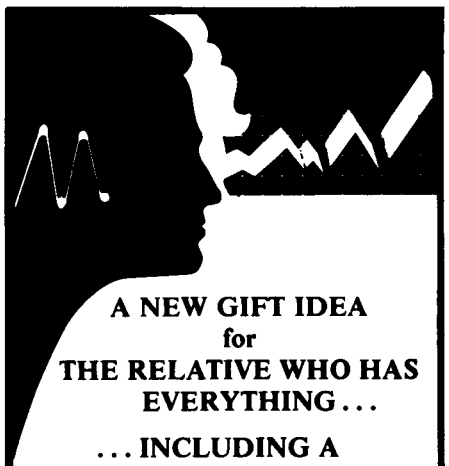

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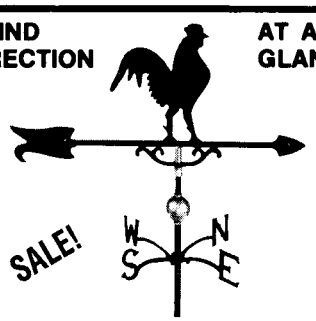


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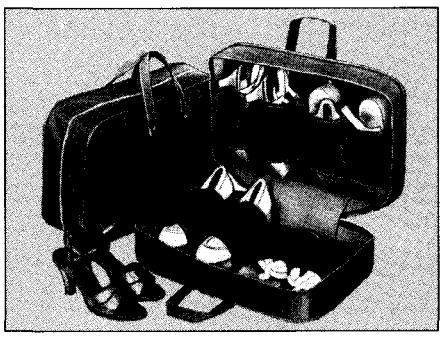

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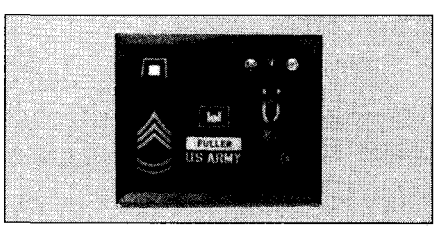


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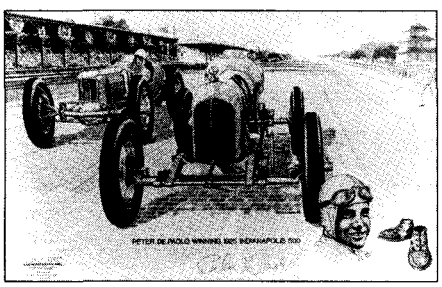

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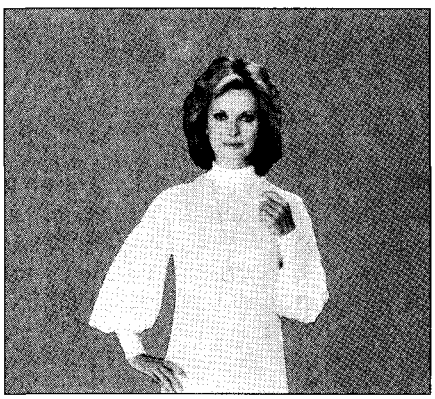

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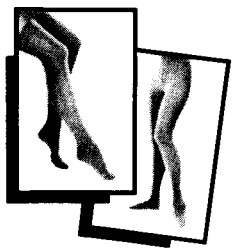

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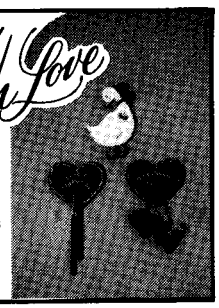

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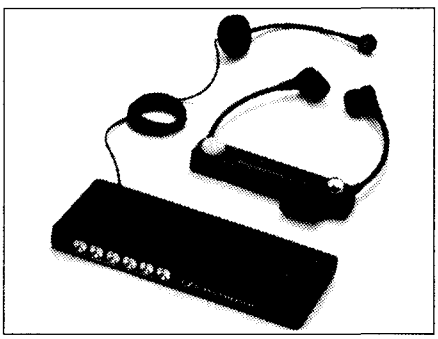

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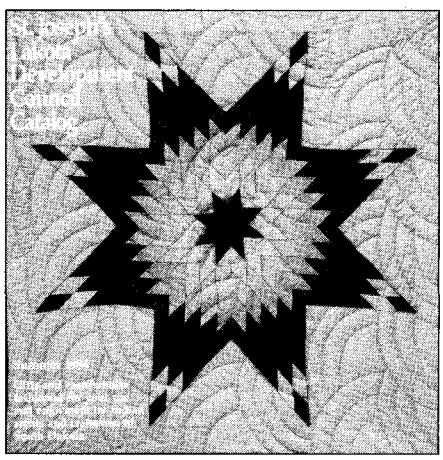

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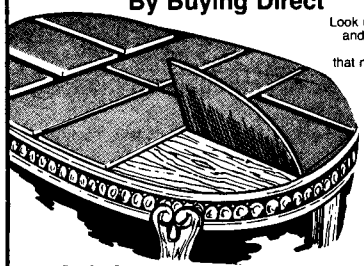

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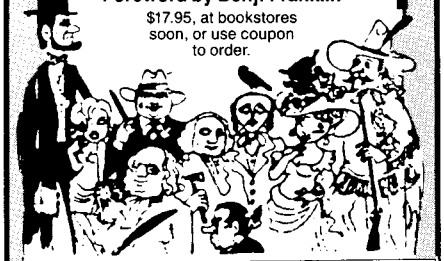

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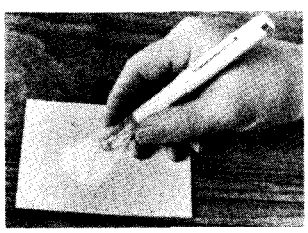

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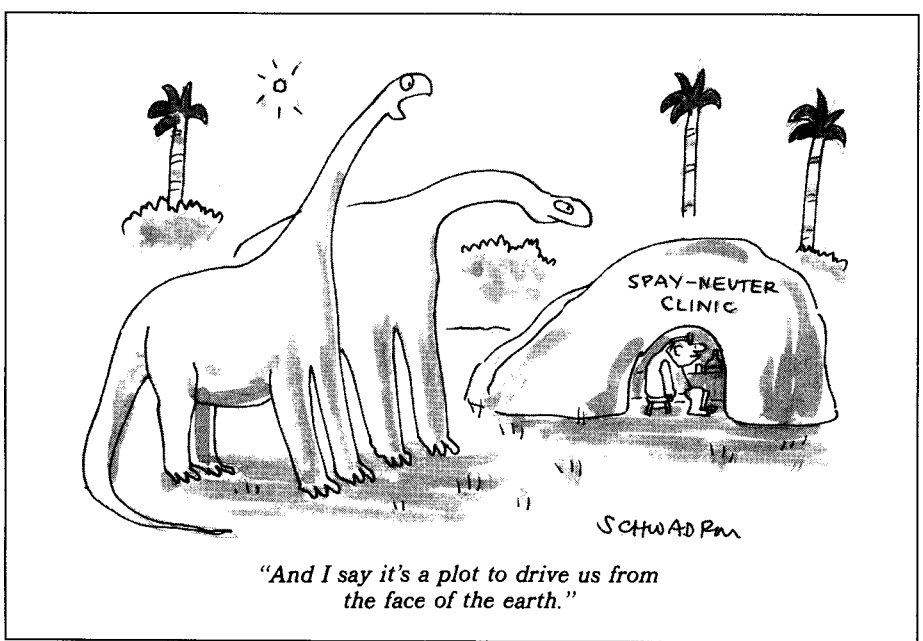


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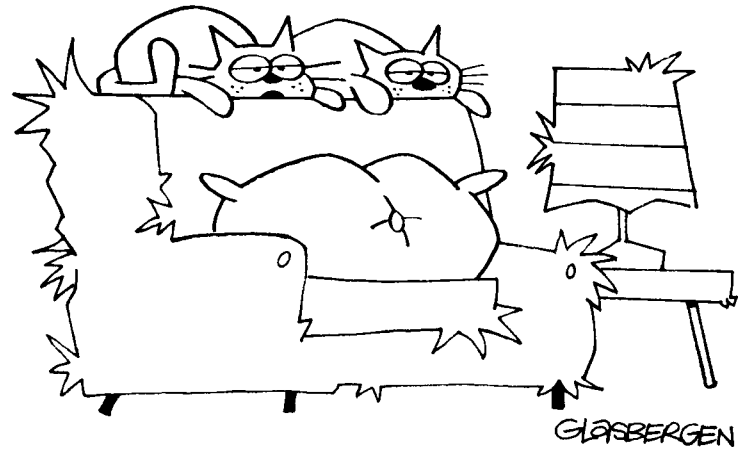


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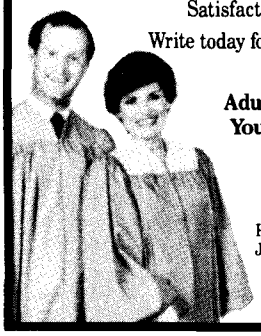

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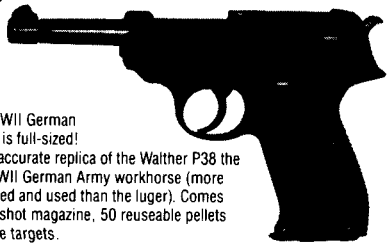

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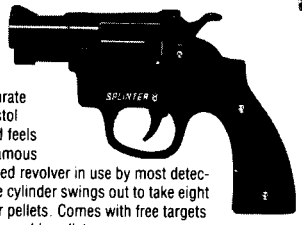

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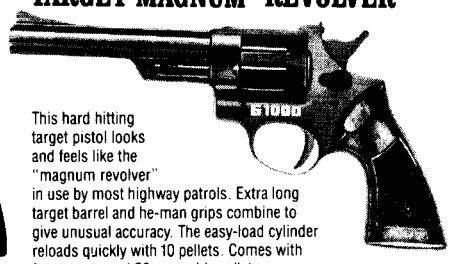

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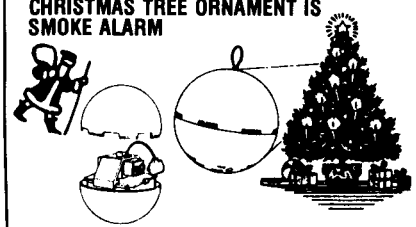

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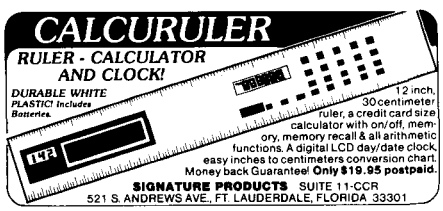

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# Barbados
## Civilized Paradise

*On this tropical isle walk a quarter-million souls whose thoughts frequently run to winning the world cricket championship.*

## by L. S. Edward

The island of Barbados is a populous, orderly, thriving place on the very eastern edge of the Caribbean. Its Atlantic heights, rising above foaming surf, face Dakar, Africa, 3,000 miles away. Most visitors—and residents—prefer Barbados' west coast, where miles and miles of ankle-deep, public beaches front the tranquil Caribbean.

Nineteen years after independence, Barbados has lost little of its Commonwealth sheen. Parts of the island's hinterland look like rolling British countryside, if one overlooks the heavy cultivation of sugar cane; in fact, one stretch along the east coast is still called "Scotland," after the assorted convicts and ne'er-do-wells the British settled there centuries ago. Neither does glancing through the local editorial pages uncover anti-American muttering or revolutionary fulmination. Orderly, constitutional government is one more Britishism that seems "here to stay."

One-quarter million residents make Barbados one of the most densely populated areas on earth, but it doesn't feel that way. Bridgetown, the capital, has about 100,000 of the island's population, and no other settlement on the island comes close. Downtown Bridgetown's narrow, winding streets teem with shoppers, sightseers and market-day vendors on a Saturday morning. Inside the major downtown stores, the action is less frenetic; duty-free shopping is available for such luxuries as fine china, crystal, jewelry and Scot-

*(Above) Nicholas Abbey, circa 1650, the oldest residence on the island. (Right) Not Cornwall or Maine, but the surf-battered coast of the Bathsheba district.*

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*Those who deplore all 20th-century music haven't lunched at a Bajan resort to the sounds of a steel band.*

tish woolens. Next to downtown are some British-looking governmental buildings and the main square, dominated by a statue of Lord Nelson, all lying along a boat-filled, finger-like projection of Carlisle Bay that becomes the Constitution River—a misnomer, for Barbados, a coral island, is almost bereft of surface water.

North of Bridgetown a seaside road runs past the "platinum coast" of Barbados, Saint James Parish (parish: a Britishism corresponding to an American county or township). Sandy Cove, Buccaneer, Tamarind Cove, Smugglers Cove, Sandy Lane: The signs announce resort and restaurant locations but give no more clue to their *raisons d'etre*—the east-

*(Left) Andromeda Gardens, a tropical rock garden on land owned by the same family since 1740. (Right) Downtown Bridgetown is the island's hub.*

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coast sweep of beach, palm tree and glassy sea that rivals any in the world. Staying at these exclusive, colonial-style manses or at one of the private estates interspersed in the area is mainly a matter of walking distance to the beach: Barbadian beaches are public, and on a brilliant weekend afternoon the sunbather may find himself accosted by a polite but persistent purveyor of locally produced trinkets.

Such platinum-coast resorts as the Sandy Lane hotel carry, once again, that strong air of Anglo-Saxon gentility and reserve. Though the Sandy Lane dates only from 1961, its winding drives, broad, curving staircases, arches, porticoes, hanging lanterns, verandas and fountains make a powerful reminder that this island was, after all, a British colony. The primary sports at the resort are, naturally enough, golf and tennis. Those jaded by U.S. celebrity worship can try to sneak a glance at an English lord and lady as they slip inside to their penthouse suite.

It's England in the tropics, of course. Tree frogs supplant the familiar nighttime cricket sounds of northern climes, and most of those meticulous, courteous staffers are black. The one sport you don't play at the Sandy Lane, however, is a British import found on every street corner and postage-stamp-size lawn throughout the rest of the island on Sunday after church (usually Anglican, of course) —cricket.

North of the Sandy Lane Bay are Holetown, site of the first British landing, and Speightstown, the island's second largest community. The date of Holetown's settling—1627—is an indication that Barbados' history has been relatively tranquil, unruffled by the usual takings and retakings by colonial powers.

Because of the pure water supply extracted from its underlying coral rock, Barbados was known early on for its healthful qualities. George Washington made it the only non-United States destination he ever visited. (Eastern Airlines can get you there much faster today.) Throughout its history, though, sugar cane rather than tourism has been the cash generator for the island's economy. And the farms have always been large, tilled before emancipation by slaves and since then by their descendants, tenant farmers. Neat, tiny cottages dot the countryside, and the cricket games rage in a subdued way on the roads and yards outside.

One reminder of the plantation heyday is Farley Hill, now a burned-out ruin, which occupies a commanding—and well-ventilated—view of the interior; Nicholas Abbey, from about 1650, is an even earlier example of plantation history. Nearby are a restaurant rated "good," native lads hawking bits of sugar cane as a pick-me-up and roads hewn by slaves' hand labor through solid coral and shielded by an absolutely dense canopy of mahogany trees. Other spectacular foliage is on display at the Animal Flower Cave, North Point, and the Andromeda Gardens, near the east coast.

The islanders, "Barbadian" in formal English, term themselves "Bajan" (bay-jin). Do they speak a dialect?

No, said Gibson, a Bajan cabdriver, when questioned. "We speak all English," he concluded firmly. Nonetheless, island tourist guides contain such examples as "brugadung" (auto collision) and "braderacks" (waiter drops tray).

With proper reserve, Barbados makes little hoopla over your leave-taking—no bands, leis or other such contrived enthusiasm. Just a methodical march through customs and all that. . . . What can we say? Barbados is true to its roots.

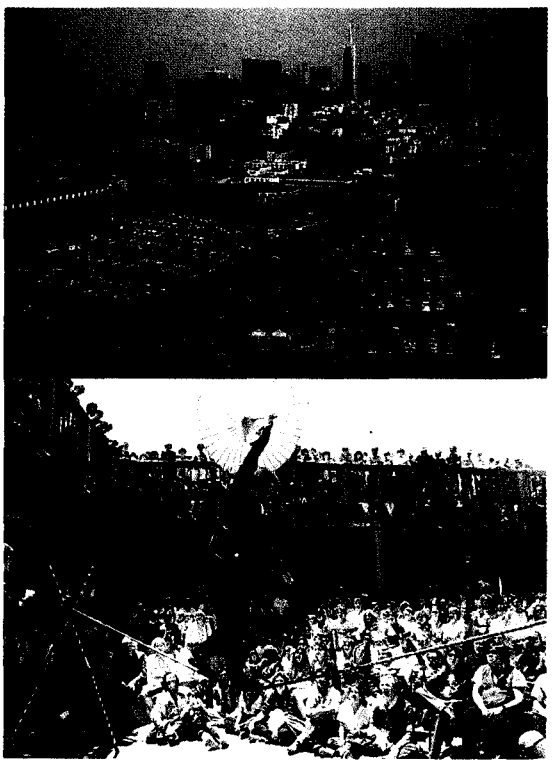
# San Francisco: Weather or Not

The guidebook said to bring a coat, an umbrella and sweaters: "Winter temperatures in San Francisco hover around 50 to 57 degrees." This being my first visit to the "city by the bay," I dutifully complied. The book also said the last memorable snowfall in San Francisco had been in February 1887—3.7 inches. This being February, I would be ready if history should repeat itself.

In the morning at my hotel I donned the recommended San Francisco garb —wool slacks, sweater and sports coat—and set out for Fisherman's Wharf, about five blocks away. But I'd walked only a block when I realized all was not according to Fodor. After another block I was convinced: It was as hot as Indianapolis in July.

Down by the bay, the city's usual "Yuppie" style of dress had given way to T-shirts, shorts and halter tops. Some San Diego-like weather had settled in, driving away the fog and inciting throngs to visit the waterfront. Just getting to the wharf was a challenge. Street entertainers were out in force: singers, jugglers, hawkers, acrobats, human statues and an oversupply of wiry little break dancers made walking on the sidewalks nearly impossible.

I pushed my way across



**The best of San Francisco's sidewalk entertainment eventually finds its way to Pier 39 along Fisherman's Wharf, where a Street Performers' Festival held each spring (below) draws enthusiastic crowds.**

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Jefferson and the Embarcadero to Pier 45, where street entertainment gave way to seafood stalls and sidewalk entrepreneurs were busy dishing out crab cocktails. The air smelled heavily of fish—which it should in the heart of Fisherman's Wharf.

Where to go next? A writer friend had suggested the ferry to Sausalito, the arty village across the bay. It's a 20-minute trip, and once you're there you may spend hours just browsing. However, there seemed more than enough to see and do at hand. The Commodore helicopters were lifting off every few minutes from the far end of Pier 43. Their cheapest tour was a five-minute flight around the bay for $15. At the near end of the pier the *Balclutha*, an 1886-vintage, square-rigged Cape Horn sailing ship, now a maritime museum, was moored. For World War II buffs, there was the submarine U.S.S. *Pampanito*, which you're free to explore for $6.

I had stopped for a moment at the Red and White Fleet office to check the schedule for the next "Escape to Alcatraz" when a young Mexican approached me and asked the time. "You been to Alcatraz?" he asked. "I just go this morning. Eet's very, very interesting. The captain of the boat, he says, 'I remember you. You shine my shoes once in Mexico.' He pay my teeket. Go to Alcatraz for sure," he said as he walked away.

Instead, I decided on the less crowded Blue and Gold Fleet harbor cruise. I found a sunny seat in the open air on the top deck. The captain, a pretty young woman, backed the boat through the marina, into the choppy, green bay, and set course for the Golden Gate Bridge, which had just been crossed by its billionth car. We passed the Maritime Museum and its WWII Liberty ship, Fort Mason, Marina Park and the Presidio, the parklike military zone established in 1776. Then we made a U-turn under the Golden Gate Bridge, came back for a close look at Alcatraz and plied past the towering financial district, under the Oakland Bay Bridge and back to the wharf.

I disembarked sunburned but refreshed and walked over to Pier 39. This football-stadium-length pier, a preppy new addition to Fisherman's Wharf, appears to be stealing the show. According to the guidebook, some 12 million visitors tramp over its planking (cannibalized from old waterfront piers) each year. And all of them seemed to be there at one time. A brass quintet was serenading them with ragtime tunes. Parents were waving to their children aboard a slowly revolving, double-deck, Italian carrousel.

I stopped short of visiting all the pier's 120 specialty shops, but there seemed to be stores for every nonnecessity imaginable, from imitation "Dynasty" and "Falcon Crest" jewelry to scrimshaw work done on 3-million-year-old walrus tusks. Trying out all 13 restaurants could take several weeks.

In Neptune's Palace, the pier's flagship seafood restaurant that commands an unrivaled view of the bay, Stephen Furst of "St. Elsewhere" was demonstrating his recipe for crab-stuffed mushrooms. It was just one event of the pier's annual Crab Festival. That evening, any with the price of a $35 ticket could rub shoulders with Furst and other celebrities and down all the succulent Dungenes Crab they could eat at Pier 39's crab benefit dinner.

Before leaving the pier, I stopped by the San Francisco Experience for a 30-minute multimedia review of the city's history. It included an earthshaking depiction of the 1906 earthquake and fire.

The next morning, Saturday, the *San Francisco Chronicle* reported that Friday's temperature had reached 80 degrees, breaking the record of 76 set in 1888. By chance, I had arrived on the hottest February 22 in 97 years.

I had just one regret—I'd missed the famous San Francisco fog. But this time the guidebook came to my rescue.

"If you hit a streak of sunshine, don't worry," it said. "All it takes is two or three days of warm temperatures to throw the fog switch."

Early Sunday morning it was cooler. So I returned to the wharf. Hardly a soul was to be seen. I looked for Alcatraz, the *Balclutha*, the piers, the Golden Gate Bridge. They had all disappeared behind a thick, milky white cloud. The fog had even muted the sounds of the city—all except the most pleasant ones, the distant foghorns and the church bells.

*—by Ted Kreiter*


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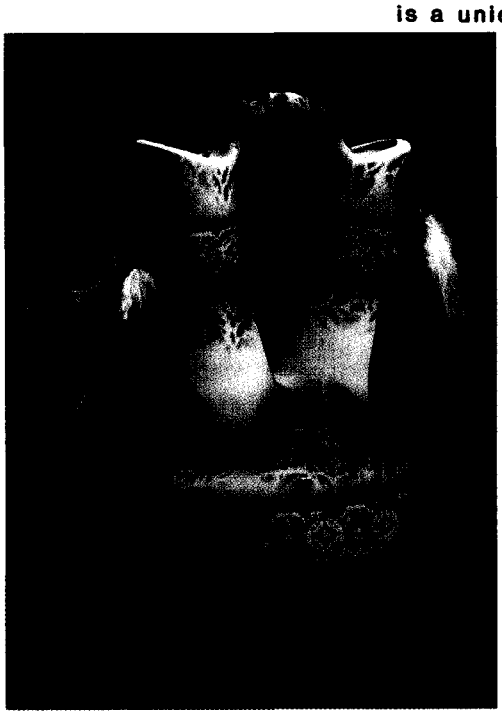

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## *Christmas*

*continued from page 53*

Child, have you no thought for Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, that bless the bed that you lay on?"

"Luke!" said Pat abruptly, as though he had just thought of something. "Now there was one could really tell a story."

"You tell the story!" The younger cousin snuggled into Pat's arm.

Katie banged a stove lid. "Do like she says, Pat. . . .And don't go telling her that Saint Luke was kin to the O'Rourkes either."

"I never claimed it!" Pat was indignant. "Though Luke is a good Irish name, and the O'Rourkes did be great lads for getting about in far places. . . . Now, whisht, Katie! Leave me get at it my own way. . . . So, this was a far place and time, a distant corner of high, windy hills. A harsh, stony country it was, hot in summer, wet in winter. But the folk that lived there loved it—and that is the queer way of folk who have lived in any country for a long time. Now at this time the country was ruled by foreigners—Romans they were. The folk didn't like it, but they had to put up with it—maybe not very graciously. Ask any Irishman."

Katie said uneasily, "I don't know if you ought to be making such Irish comparisons, Pat."

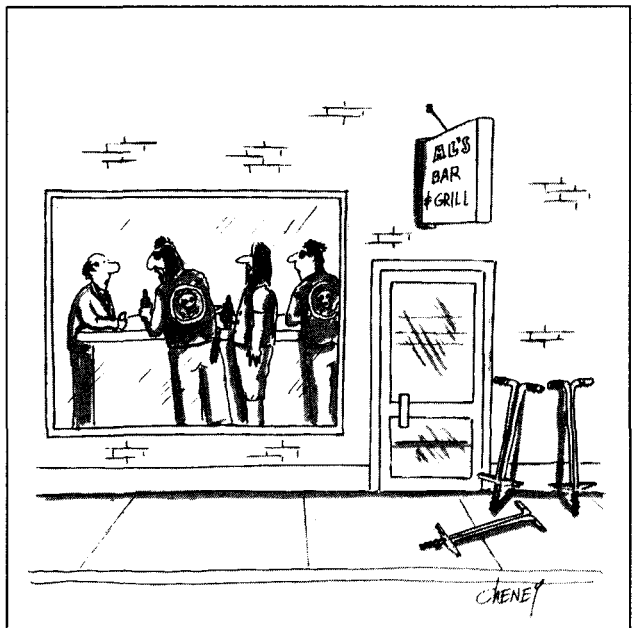
"Why, then, you have to compare what you haven't seen to what you have, my darlin'. That's why the Lord gave you the brains to do it. . . . So now, in them days word went out from Augustus Caesar that all the world should be taxed. . . . No, this wasn't the great Julius I once told you of; this one came later. And tax collectors are a lazy lot anywhere. They make you come to them to pay your tax, no matter the trouble to you."

The water in the kettle began to purr. Pat went on with the tale:

• • •

Now there was a carpenter, Joseph, who lived in the tiny village of Nazareth. Tables and chairs he made—strong, useful things that a man could leave to his generations after him. Delicate-seeming things to delight the eye and the touch of your fingers. Where Joseph made a join, you couldn't tell where it stopped or started. He knew the woods and the stubbornness or pliability of them. He knew the sweat and patience to get a job sweet and exact—and he wouldn't have it any other way. Did anybody ever see a first-class carpenter that was a mean man?

And because folk knew him for giving fine work at an honest price, they came to him among the clean-smelling shavings of his little shop, and he was busy, sunup to sundown, and sometimes into the night.




*"Well. . .we're not exactly a motorcycle gang."*

Nobody knows what Joseph said when he was told that not only would he be taxed but he must journey all the way to Bethlehem at his own expense to pay it. Every man who was taxed must go to the place of his forefathers to pay. This made it easier for the tax gatherers—and if it was hard on the taxpayer, who cared?

Who cared that he had a large order for bride furnishings, promised for the wedding day? Fruit woods it was—pear, apple, cherry. Stubborn woods; their bending and joining takes the hand and eye of a master. And now, all the happy glory of fine work to be lost, a bride disappointed, a promise unkept! Whatever he said, no taxpayer would blame him.

Gentle, dark-eyed Mary, his young wife, soothed him, "Ah, man of the house, it's hard. And I know what you're feeling about Caesar and the Romans. But the money has Caesar's picture on it, and maybe it's right it should go back to Caesar. Let him have it—what we have is hope and trust that it won't be so always. We'll have a great leader some day will lead us to freedom—our prophets have said so. Meantime we'll go to Bethlehem."

"*We?* The hard journey—and you going to have a child!"

"But how did they know——" the younger girl cousin asked.

"Because the Angel Gabriel himself had told her so!" Katie banged a stove lid and wiped smoke out of her eyes. "Mary didn't doubt angels."

Pat threw her a grateful glance. His voice slid on:

• • •

"Ah, dear Joseph," Mary said, "the journey's not so hard. We'd walk easy and make a little holiday camping under the stars. They're lovely and bright this time of year. And oh, Joseph, I've never seen a city, like Bethlehem. Houses to both sides of the street, they tell me, and the folk to be passing in between."

"But the hard, long way to Bethlehem, Mary! And if your baby came on the way—or there, crowded up in the city——"

"Joseph, you are of the house and lineage of David. Where could he be born better than in the city of David? It would make me very happy."

The journey wasn't bad at all. Mary was a strong girl. Her feet soon hardened to the stony ways. Her heart leaped up at every little sight and sound, and even the dust of the long road was a glory that shone around her.

And now, at Bethlehem, there was no room for them at the inn. And Mary had her first taste of real discourtesy. The innkeeper was making more money out of this tax business in a week than he'd made in two years. When Joseph finally pounded on the table, the innkeeper conde-

*continued on following page*

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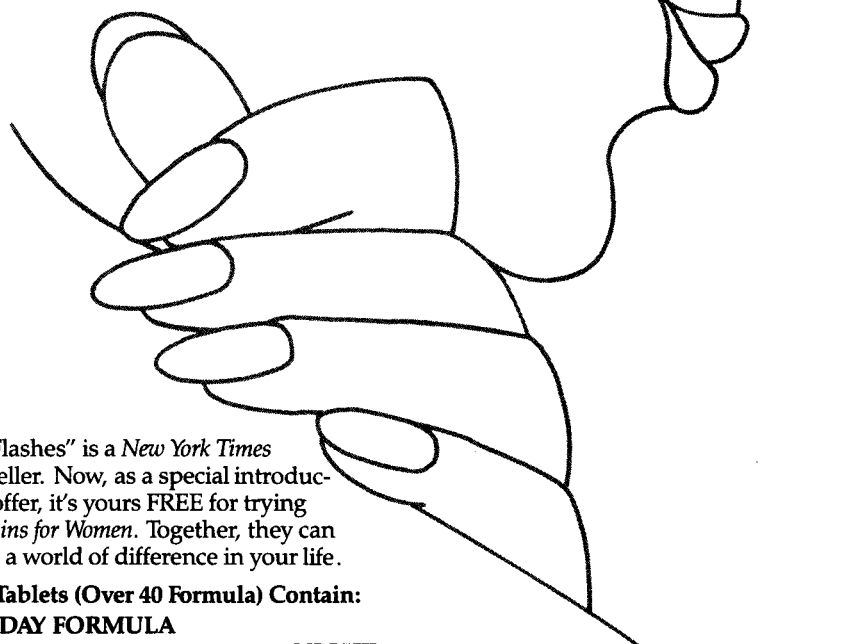

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scended to look at him over his shoulder. "Nope, no room. I told ya—no room! I got 'em in beds in the halls, an' on tables, an' under tables. . . . Now listen—if you can't understand plain language, you better stay on the farm. From Nazareth, huh? Just go back and tell your hay-tossers——"

Well, there are innkeepers like that—not very many of them, to be sure, but some. They don't keep inn very long. . . . Mary laid her small, muscled hand on Joseph's arm. "Please not, Joseph—not tonight!"

A serving maid plucked Mary's sleeve. "Mistress, it's true! But I'll find a place——Oh, it's not grand at all, but you need a place——"

"Ah, you're kind!" Mary drew Joseph with her. She drew a deep breath in the clean starlight outside. . . . "No, Joseph, please!" She felt his big, hard carpenter hands relax. Oh, what he could have done to that innkeeper—but not this night . . . ."The stars, Joseph—were they ever as bright? And look—that one! We've seen it all the way up, on the road, and——Oh, Joseph! It dims the rest; it's just above——"

'It's just above a stable door! Is this where——"

The serving maid was dumb with abashment. "I'm sorry, mistress. I—I thought ——It's quite clean; it's a roof over you. But I'm only a country girl come to town. I forgot the smell of the beasts."

Mary smiled and kissed her cheek. "I'm a country girl myself. Beasts smell wonderfully clean after an inn."

"I'll fork down fresh straw for you, mistress! And the barn boys won't trouble you after I've spoke to them. I've to get back to my serving now, but later, if you need anything, just yell 'Martha!' Will I shut the barn door now, mistress?"

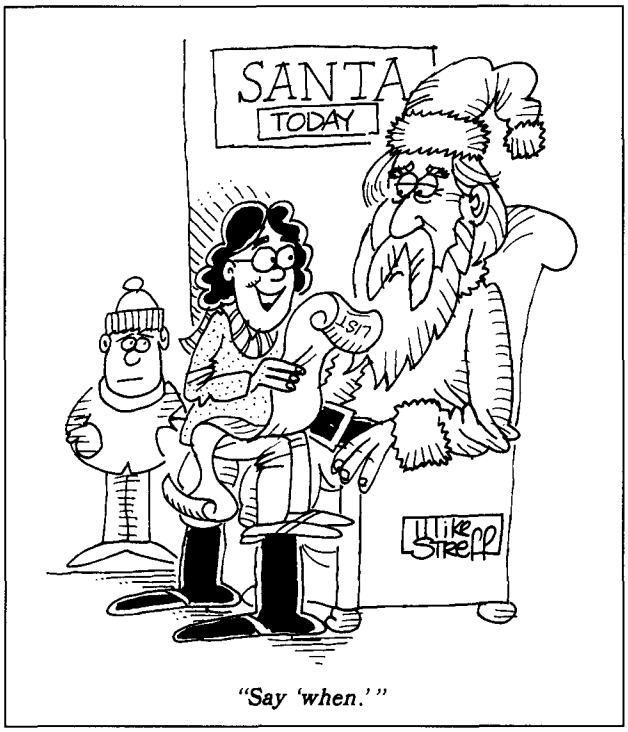
"Dear Martha, please leave it open. I want to see the star." The serving maid left in a hurried swirl of skirts. Mary gripped Joseph's hand—the horn calluses below the deft fingers, the ridge of the scar where he had near to sawed his left thumb off, the chisel mark. Oh, she knew and loved every toil mark. She traced them with light, loving fingers.

And suddenly she tightened her grip. "Joseph, I'm frightened! But, I'm happy! It's—oh, it's going to happen—tonight!"

"Ah, now, dear, lovely Mary! It's a fancy! Your son to be born in a stable—where would we cradle him? Inside a manager, maybe? Now, Mary——"

There was a thrashing sound, a choking cough. Mary said, "That's a beast in pain. You'd best go see, Joseph."

"And leave you? It's the innkeepers stable; let him go."



"Say 'when.'"

"Joseph, somehow—no beast should be in pain this night. Go. I'll look at the star; it's almost to the lintel."

Joseph came back, wiping his hands and laughing harshly. "Some fool Roman officer left his horse so it got cast in the tie rope. And they rule over us!"

Mary gripped his hand. "Joseph—Joseph! The star's over the lintel. It's now!"

• • •

"Now there were in the same country shepherds——" said Pat.

The elder cousin interrupted, "I know: 'Keeping watch over their flock by night. And—and, lo, the Angel of the Lord came and—and——' "

"You know," said Pat. "Every child should know, from the time they can talk. But little mavourneen here doesn't believe in the angels. You should have told her, Saint Luke's way. Ah, there was a story-teller you couldn't doubt. And it's all printed in black and white."

Ed and I knew the story, of course. But even the elder girl cousin wanted it Pat's way. And the little girl said sleepily, "Please!"

• • •

Now shepherds, by their pictures, should be very gentle—and at times no doubt they are. But a lot of time they are fighting off wolves, fighting drought, fighting large birds of prey off the little lambs, urging silly, stubborn sheep to greener pastures. They are a rough and lonely folk. They are either worked to death or they have endless time with themselves on their hands. The fact that they could invent a game of seeing who could bat a round pebble into a hole with a crook shows what a shepherd's life might be. And who can blame them if, when they do get to town for a bit of frolic, sober citizens lock their doors?

Weather-wise are the shepherds—like fishermen or any who make their living in the blowy open. But not the oldest could explain the star that hung over Bethlehem that night. A dry season? Wet season? Would the sheep go "hoofy" and rot from the feet up? "Ah," said a young shepherd, laying his head in the crook of his arm and going to sleep, "it's something them city folk in Bethlehem do be doing to fool us. They'll get us in and raise prices or taxes or something."

An old shepherd shook his head. "I doubt the city folk could make a star like that. It means something——" He broke off. From a long way beyond the rocks came a song of a lone wolf, picked up and joined by other wolves from every direction. The shepherds harkened. Then they said, "Ah, it's nothing! But where's that dog?"

Well, the dog was sitting by the Angel Daniel, a few feet above them.

*continued on page 94*

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# VIDEOTAPING CHRISTMAS

*With thought and planning, Christmas memories can become recorded family treasures.*

**by Roger Bartley**

Christmas offers one of the best times of the year to be creative with home video. Whether you are a seasoned pro or just contemplating a jump into the world of videotape, Christmas has all the ingredients necessary for you to produce a videotape that's much more than a home movie.

Technology has come to the rescue for those of us who would like to delve into the world of home video. In the last few years, we have gone from table-top models with attached cameras to portables capable of recording for six or eight hours to recorder-camera combinations such as Zenith's Video Movie. William Nail, the public-relations director for Zenith, notes that these breakthroughs allow the consumer freedom, spontaneity, flexibility and simplicity of operation.

We are no longer tied to our VCRs by a camera cable or an electrical cord. We are not bound by operational manuals needed to run cameras. Home video cameras have become point-and-shoot devices. Now we are free to create.

• The first question to ask: "Why do I want a videotape of our Christmas?" Do you simply want a running account of events on Christmas? Are you starting to build a family history on videotape of which this will be an important installment? Or are you preparing a video Christmas card to send to Aunt Martha in Minneapolis because she couldn't spend Christmas with you this year? The answers to these questions will determine the format of the Christmas tape. The first one listed might be regarded as a home movie, the second as a video history and the third as a video letter.

• Choosing a format will lead to a second question: "What is important in our Christmas celebration that I want to save or to share with my family and others?" As you begin to answer this question, you do the most important thing in videotaping Christmas, says Robert Schihl, an associate professor of communication at CBN University, Virginia Beach, Virginia.

"Plan your shoot," he says. "Begin to identify those things that you wish you had pictures of, but don't —then tape them. Are there certain rituals that the family has at Christmas that would gain special meaning if saved on videotape? In our family it would be the children bringing the Christ child to the manger on Christmas to complete the Nativity scene."

• Listing these "events" that you want to capture will bring you to the most important technical consideration of the project—lighting. John Walter, president of Leitch Video of America and a former engineer at Channel 9 in Toronto, says, "You need nice light to have nice pictures. Even if you are shooting inside in daylight, room light gives your pictures extra warmth."

Many cameras today have indoor-outdoor settings and a light meter to indicate low light levels. Although you can still get pictures in low light, they will be sharper and clearer with proper lighting. Art Pushkin of Canon USA says: "Even though your lighted tree may be pretty, you can damage the tubes in the camera if it is shot without other lighting. If you must have a picture of the tree alone, take your pictures carefully and in a short period of time."

Camera-mounted light may not be the solution to the problem, however. Extremely harsh, it generates a great deal of heat when pointed at someone for any time. Walt Altice, the producer and the director of "Another Life," suggests using available room lighting plus changing the bulbs in lamps to 300-watt photography bulbs. He warns videotapers to be careful of the lampshades, because these bulbs burn hotter than a normal light bulb.

Your first impression may be that your lighted-for-video living room may not appear "Christmasy," but people will adjust to a

**A successful videotape of Christmas begins with asking "why" the festivities should be recorded. The answer to that question will determine the direction the taping takes.**

*continued on following page*

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# 'man·ij

**Manage**

- *Handle or direct with a degree of skill; e.g., apply high technology to global markets.*
- *Achieve; e.g., increased productivity through strategic investments supporting the work of 19,000 engineers and scientists, 120,000 employees worldwide.*
- *Succeed in accomplishing, as in record sales, record earnings, record return on equity.*

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well-lighted room. Here again, planning becomes important. You don't want to go out and buy special bulbs for every lamp in the house, but you will want to make a survey of your house with the camera to see: 1) those areas where you will be shooting; 2) the type of shot it will be; 3) how much additional light you will need; and 4) how long you will need it. It will be less expensive to take bulbs from the living room, where you opened presents, to the dining room, where you will eat, than to buy more bulbs to use for a short time. As you make your survey, look for electrical outlets in which to plug your tape player or additional lights. Think where people are going to be sitting, and what kind of camera angle you might need to get the picture you want.

• Now is the time to begin to think about the type of audio or sound you want with your video. The microphone attached to most cameras is great for collecting crowd noises of Christmas, not for picking up individual scenes in the Christmas montage.

You might consider buying a lavaliere or a hand-held microphone for the person handing out presents to use. This brings sound to the action. You are able with this technique to hear all the little remarks children make when receiving gifts. With the camera mike they may be drowned out by the squeals of others. The single microphone is also beneficial if you have a family reading of the Christmas story or a prayer by the head of the family before Christmas dinner. As Altice points out, "Solemn moments show an awareness of love in a family that everybody shares, but few people ever put on tape."

Another added touch is to have Christmas music playing in the background. This adds aural color to the scenes. With many stereo machines it can also be added later or mixed with the voices to create a continuity in the final tape.

• There are a few other things you should remember before you begin shooting. Have plenty of tape on hand. It is better to have one tape left over than to run out just before Christmas dinner. Second, shoot at the highest speed available. This uses more tape, but it gives a better quality to the final product. If a member of the family wants a copy, remember that you lose quality every time a copy is made, so the better the original, the better the copy. Finally, Altice notes that you should not record on an extremely cold tape—when the recorder tape finally warms up it will stretch and cause the picture to distort. If you take everything to grandma's house, carry the tape with you inside the car, and not in the trunk.

Don't chance taping dinner over the Christmas Eve service—when you finish with a tape, break off the tab so that it can't be recorded over. Make sure to label what you put on each tape. Labeling helps if you later decide to make a production out of it.

• • •

The big day finally arrives, all your preparations are complete and you begin the production. You should identify the occasion every time you begin shooting. You as the camera person can simply say, "Christmas 1985," so the camera microphone can pick it up. Or you may want to have all the grandchildren line up and announce in unison: "It's Christmas Eve at grandma's, December 1985."

Because everyone is creative at Christmas, make up show cards and either shoot them individually or have the children hold them and read them. Be sure to use colored paper rather than white for the backgrounds.

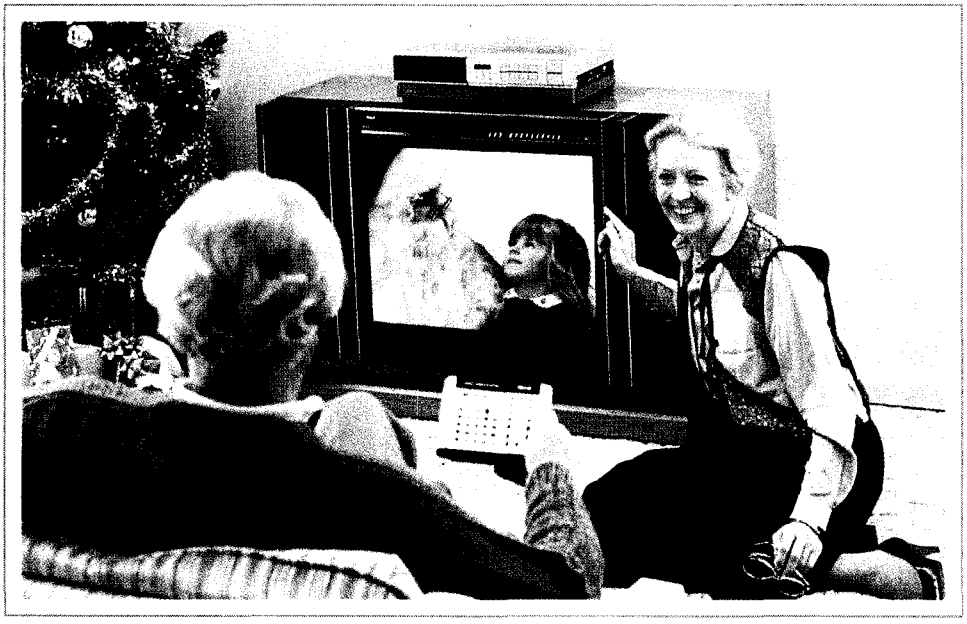
Next, choose your camera people. Altice suggests allowing the children a turn with the camera. He says, "Children see things differently than adults. Teach them how to aim the camera and focus and then stand back. This makes the family a part of what's going on."

Although Altice recommends keeping zooming to a minimum, Schihl encourages it. "One of the greatest things at Christmas is to see the faces of children," he says. "To be able to zoom in and capture the joy and surprise is marvelous."

Dan Thompson, vice president of Leitch Video and a home-video enthusiast, says, "Try placing the camera on a tripod off in one corner of the room and just shoot people enjoying Christmas." Get grandparents off to one side and ask them about Christmas traditions. They soon forget the camera is there and begin to share priceless insights into the family's past.

Unlike film, which becomes cumbersome and extremely expensive when used to record long amounts of time, video is relatively inexpensive, and it's immediate. On Christmas afternoon you can share with people the joy and excitement of Christmas morning. You may do no more all Christmas day than point the camera and shoot, but you will cherish for a lifetime the pictures you record. Every year the tape ages it will become more valuable.

One expert summed up the experience pretty well: "As you begin to plan to videotape this Christmas, realize that you are creating a little bit of history."



**Videotapes of family traditions can help each Christmas build on the one before. The tradition could be as simple as that of a child hanging the same ornament each year.**

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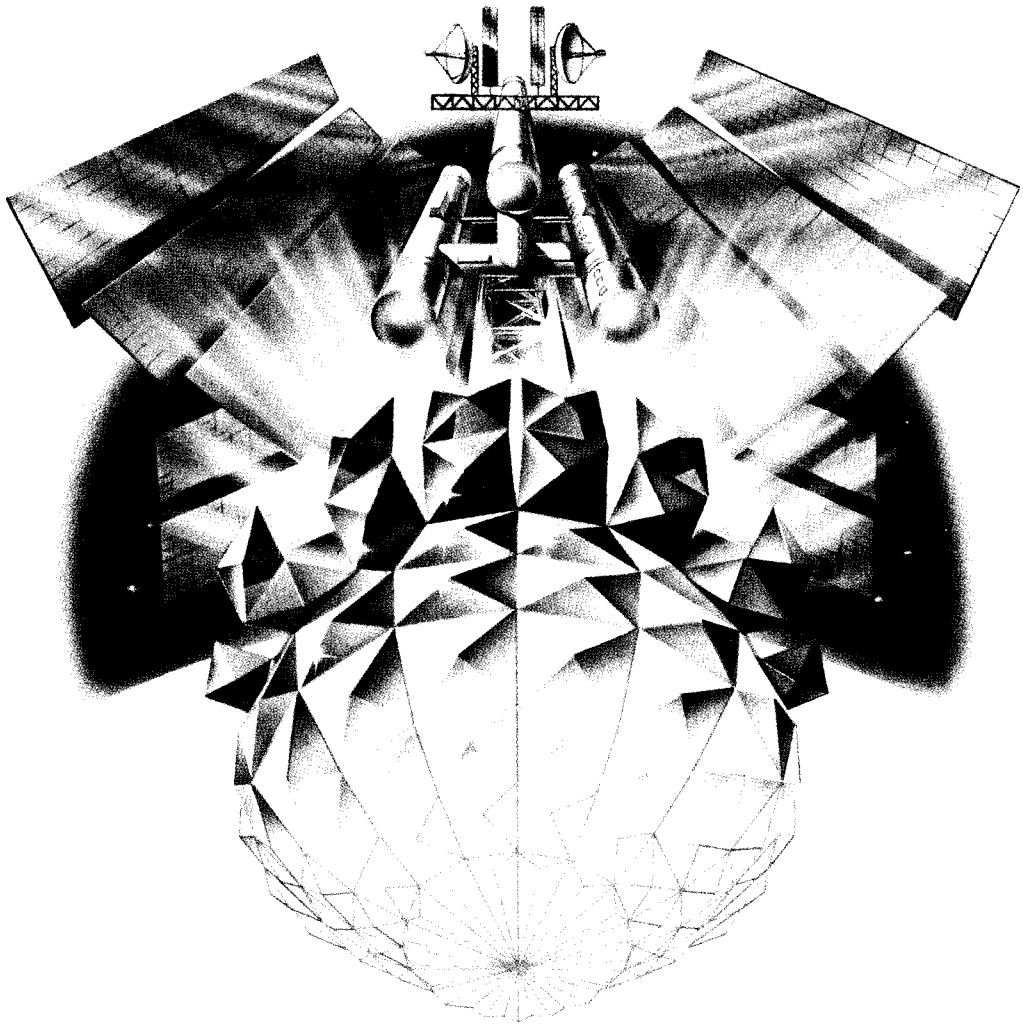
# 'bal·əns

**Balance**

- *A well-ordered integration of elements; e.g., combining the sales from diverse businesses into nine years of uninterrupted earnings growth.*
- *Stability produced by distribution of weight; e.g., planned diversification between commercial and government business.*
- *A harmony, one encouraging divisional entrepreneurship with strong financial support– like $2.2 billion in capital expenditures over the last five years.*



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## *Christmas*

*continued from page 88*

The dog loved the shepherds, but he adored the Angel Daniel as only a dog can. He didn't love the sheep—the sheep were his job. He had wolf scars to prove it. He wiped his tongue over the Angel Daniel's hand to tell him everything was under control, and dropped his head across the Angel Daniel's ankle. He heard the shepherds and half closed his eyes. . . . Then his nose and ears were suddenly awake. Daniel got to his feet——

The Angel of the Lord, which was Gabriel, was wing weary. He had flown east, west, north and south with his message. But some would be sleeping, and some would be quarreling, and some would be dancing to the drums and flutes, and there were wars, and few would harken. A very great angel was Gabriel, but he was tired, a bit discouraged, and he spoke sharper than usual, "Daniel! Haven't you seen the star?"

Now, Daniel wasn't a great angel at all. He was the Angel of the Beasts, and like as not he'd come up from tending an ailing one, his arms bare, his halo slaunchwise and a bit of stable smell to the hem of his robe. He knew his business, but he was always respectful to a great angel like Gabriel. He said, "I've seen it, sir. Oh, I'd wish to be there to welcome Him. But the wolves do be very bad hereabouts tonight——"

"Wolves! You're the Angel of the Beasts! Take a firm hand!"

Daniel was wishful to say, "Go toot your trumpet at them then and see how much mind they'll pay you!" But he didn't. He said, "Sir, the Lord God created all things—and some of them I don't know why He did it. Wolves is one. I can't control wolves—any more than yourself can control some of the evil on this earth. But I can keep them off the sheep, and that's my job."

The Angel Gabriel gave him a look, but he knew Daniel could be very stubborn where the welfare of his beasts was concerned. He spread glorious, tired wings. "I'll have a welcome for the One that's coming, if it's only shepherds."

Daniel watched him go. He was worried and sorrowful. The dog put his head against Daniel's knee. Daniel scratched him between the ears and said, "I wish there was conversation betwixt us, dog, the way it was before the Ark and the Tower of Babel the men did be building. Still, there's thoughts. Now you know how I'm aching to stretch my wings to Bethlehem this night to see this thing which will come to pass. But—oh, powers o' darkness! He's too sudden—that's Gabriel! He's scared the shepherds."

There was a great and sudden light; in it they could see the shepherds—sleep, a game of knucklebones, the watch—everything forgotten while they huddled in terror.

• • •

"I know," said the elder cousin. "They were sore afraid!"

"That's very good," Katie said hastily. She made a great bustle of refilling the teacups. She gave Pat a look—the kind of look I've since seen a wife give a husband when she thought he'd better not finish his story. "They know the rest of it."

"They do," said Pat. "And they should. And this part is Saint Luke's. I wouldn't dot an *i* or cross a *t*. There's no lovelier words to the language—and they can't be heard too often."

Pat's voice, soft and slurring, slow with a deep reverence, slid into the lovely verses. I saw the harsh hills, softened and purpled by the royal night. I saw the vast heavens and all the stars dimmed by the glory of the one that hung above a stable in Bethlehem. I felt the fear of the shepherds—I relaxed with the strange joy that filled them:

"And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' "

The singing words ended. Pat appeared to have a frog in his throat. Katie wiped smoke out of her eyes with the corner of her apron and said something about the stove. I was glad she did, because there was smoke in my eyes too. . . .The littlest girl nestled happily into Pat's shoulder. "And they found the little baby Jesus, lying in the manger!"

"Why not? Didn't the Angel of the Lord tell them?"

"But what about the Angel Daniel and the dog?" I wanted to know.

"Ah! That's a different part of the story, and it might come a bit lame after Luke."

"Pat, please!". . ."Go on, Pat!" . . ."Story—story!"

Katie said doubtfully, "I dunno, Pat. I think there's no word of the Angel Daniel and the dog in the Bible."

"Sure and there's no word of a pipe of tobacca, either." Pat proceeded to fill his blackened cutty. "I wouldn't do this till after Luke—now don't sniff at me, Katie. It's my belief that the Lord Himself would wish us to be happy and comfortable near the birthday of His son. . . .You might

*continued on following page*

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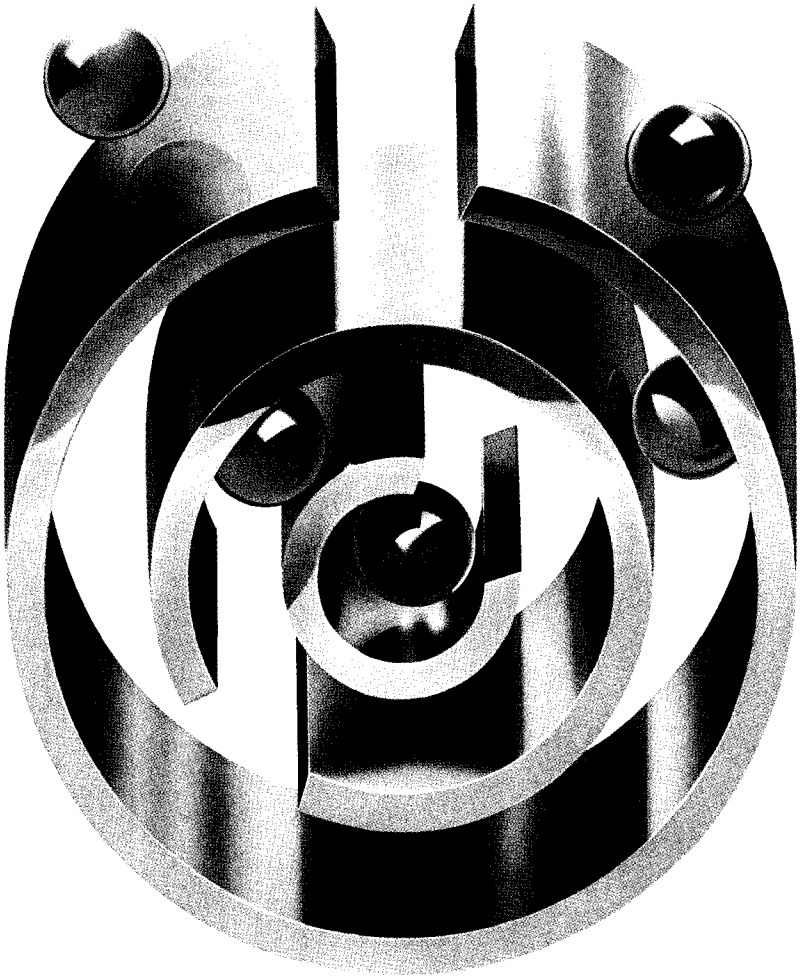
# ˌän·trə·prə·ˈnər

**Entrepreneur**

• *A leader; e.g., with the innovative technology to produce nine straight years of earnings growth.*
• *One who organizes, manages and assumes the risks of a business or activity, in this case, one with 120,000 employees worldwide.*
• *One who serves as a middleman; e.g., between the demands of the market for excellence and the demands of the next decade for innovation.*



The demands of the market present a high-technology company with a maze of opportunities. Rockwell International responds by giving each of its operations what entrepreneurs have always needed. Freedom to move and act quickly. Rockwell operations apply advanced technology to create innovative quality products.

The result of this entrepreneurial philosophy: a leading role in five diverse areas of commercial and government business–contributing to overall corporate sales approaching $11 billion.

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slop a bit more tea into the cups too."

Katie and the elder cousin obliged. Katie was heard to remark, "Oh, sorra be my soul! I was born to marry a man can talk himself inta—or outa—anything!"

We guzzled green tea happily. Our grandmother considered green tea rank poison. I don't think we particularly liked it, but it was a treat.

"Now when the angel and the sound of the multitude were gone away," said Pat, "it would be logical that the shepherds were dumbstruck for a bit. Good tidings of great joy can be harder to believe at the first than bad tidings—and this would be even truer of shepherds, who live with the wind and the rain in the fields. You'd think that the word of the Angel of the Lord would be enough for them, but that isn't always true—even of folk who know at breakfast what they'll be eating for supper."

• • •

So the shepherds argued, one to another. The oldest shepherd believed the Angel of the Lord. He was for going to Bethlehem to see the great wonder and to worship the little Savior, which was Christ, the Lord. But there would be younger ones. And—"Ah, it's a trick; city folk are up to anything to get folk to town!" And—"My feet are wore down on me; it's my turn to sleep." Some even said, "What would we want of a Savior? Caesar isn't so bad, and it's the rich pays the taxes."

The oldest shepherd said, "I will not knock you down and trample you for saying that this night—for this is a night of peace. But just do not say it again where I can hear you. I heard the angel!"

It takes the young to disbelieve. Some said, "Ah, he's old and foolish-like—hears things in his head!"

"Yes, but didn't you see the angel—hear the multitude of wings?"

"Ah, I might have thought so, but there's a trick to it, I tell you!"

Well, it was yes and no, and no and yes. The young-love argument. A very good thing too.

The old shepherd quietly made up his pack. "When you have lived a long time, you have been fooled many times. But when the Angel of the Lord takes the trouble to come to simple shepherds with a message of peace on earth, good will to men, I'd sooner be wrong believing than be wrong not believing. Every man to his own choice—but that's mine."

They talked, arguing in whispers. "But what about the sheep?"

"The Lord who wants us to welcome His son this night will guard our sheep. I am going. Come or not, as you please."

There was something about the old shepherd that carried authority. The shepherds said, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

But they were troubled because if this should prove to be the real Savior, they had no gift to give him.

The old shepherd said, "Let you not be troubled. I had a little boy once. And a lovely wife. The Lord took them away. But there was nothing could give my son pleasure like a baby lamb. Now this is a very little Savior we'll be seeing, and I have a baby lamb for him in the crook of my arm."

So the shepherds set out for Bethlehem. They whistled up the dog. The dog didn't come.

The dog sat next to Daniel on the mountain. He roused up and he quivered. From his quivering tail to the back of his head, he quivered. The shepherds were going to Bethlehem—somewhere—to see a wonderful thing. They were whistling—they were going to take him!. . .Oh, it wasn't often the dog got to go on an

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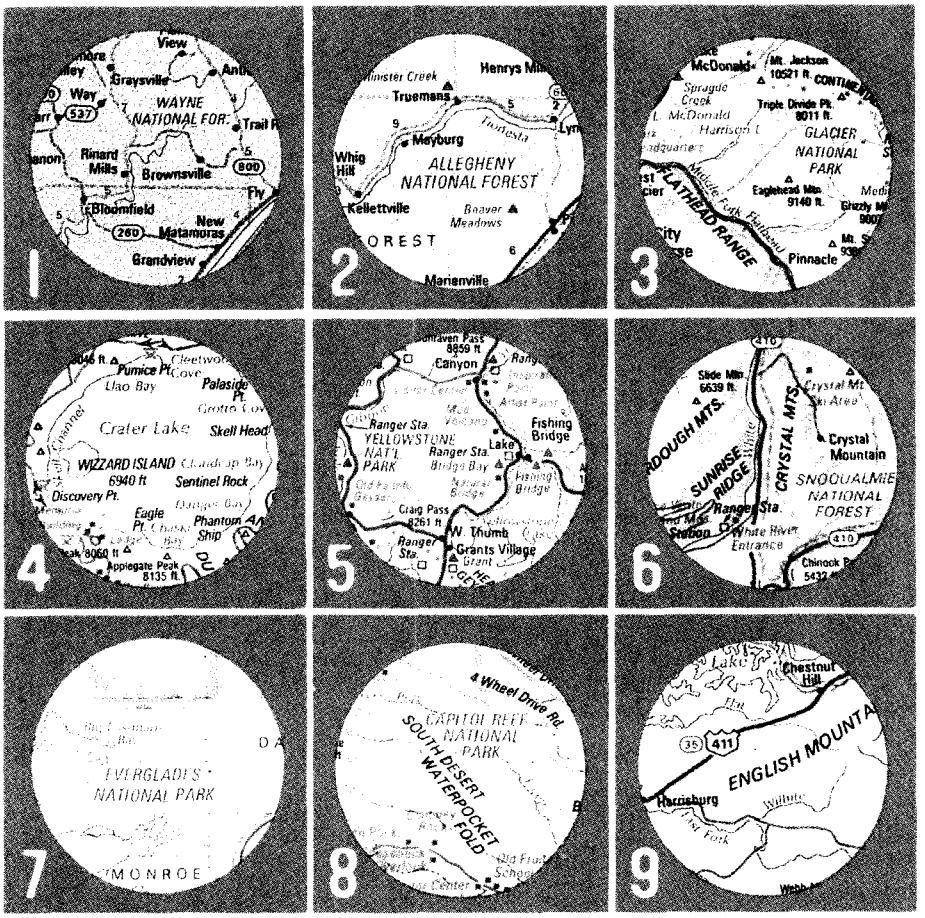


## *Where do you think you are?*

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

*(Answers on page 110)*

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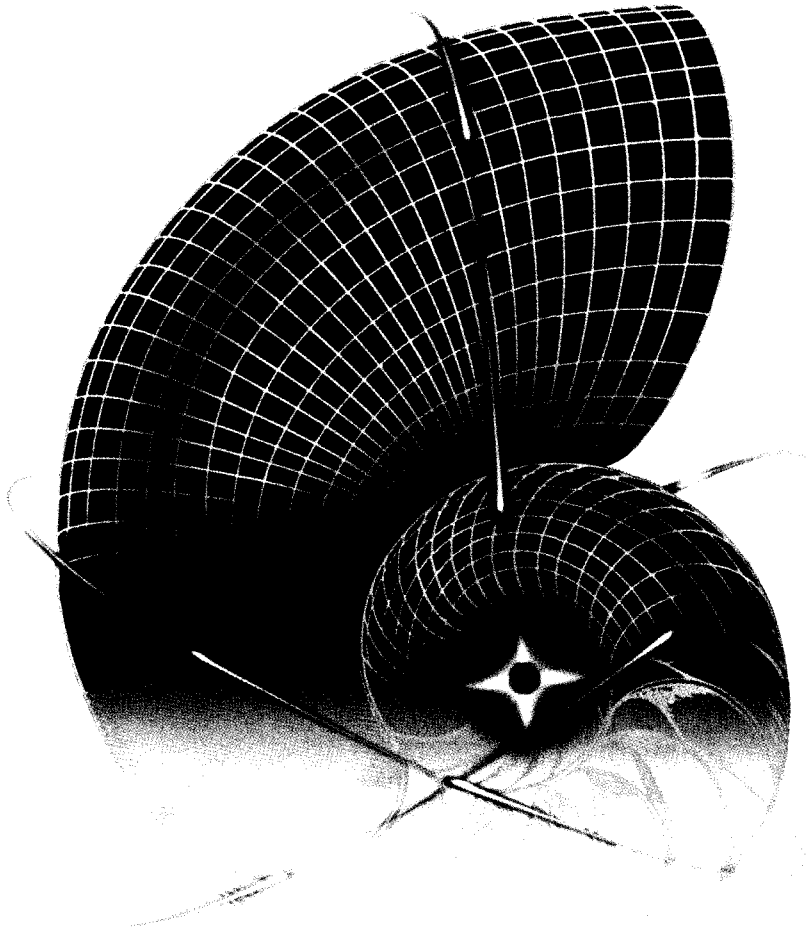
# 'ek·sə·ləns

**Excellence**

- *Distinguished by superiority; e.g., 120,000 committed, dedicated employees–highly skilled in complementary technologies.*
- *A standard, like the quality of products being developed in our five core business areas.*
- *Something to strive for, as in projected '85 sales of $11 billion.*



$$F = FR_1 / \frac{d}{da} [\log (T - T_{pv} - T_{os})]$$

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## *Christmas*

*continued from page 96*

excursion to town. New smells, new dogs—and the long, beautiful journey, where he'd run ten miles, ranging the fields and the hedges, to their one. And no sheep—no work! A lovely time of seeing or smelling old friends in town—or maybe making new ones. Not a wild shepherd in the lot could have so much frolicking in town as the dog. And he'd like to see this new little Savior, asleep in the hay.

The dog half got up. The latter half of him wriggled. A wolf sang; he stiffened. The front part of him bristled. Eyes half shut, nose and ears alert—no, it was nothing. He dropped his head on Daniel's ankle.

"Oh, go on!" said the Angel David. "Get your fun. I'll watch."

Now, whether it was just love of the Angel Daniel or the simple fact that any good dog knows that there are things his man, or his angel, can't smell or hear as well as the dog can—the dog stayed.

A few moments later the dog sniffed the Angel Daniel's wings. They'd been readied for flight—they'd been mad for flight. Now they were very calm and folded, and resigned and disappointed.

Daniel scratched the dog, way up beyond the ears, where a dog can't scratch himself. He said, "Dog, I dunno. We should have been there, the two of us. But there was the sheep—and surely the shepherds should go. I took it on my own responsibility not to go. But you, I told you—No, begob! I ordered you to stay! Whatever Himself decides, you acted under my orders, as angel of the beasts. . . ." The dog slowly put his red-flannel tongue across Daniel's ankle.

"I do wish," said Daniel, "that there was more speech between us. I think I know what you mean, but I'm not sure you know what I mean. This is a very great, blessed night. And the two of us should be there. . . .Now, dog, I am not a great angel at all. There's angels that paint the sunset, and angels that move the stars in their courses—oh, I couldn't name them all, and if I could, you wouldn't believe. But I do think I should stay with the sheep—Ah, begob!"

From far off there was a wolf howl. The dog bristled and let the wolves know who was there. Then he pushed his head against Daniel's knee. Daniel sighed. "Dog, maybe the two of us are wrong, but I'm glad to have you with me." That made the dog glad too.

• • •

The innkeeper had told the shepherds, "Nope—nope! Now get this straight—if there was anything like that around, I'd know!"

The shepherds remembered, but they hadn't quite believed it: "Ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

At the stable door a serving maid barred the way. "Herself and the wee one is resting, shepherds. There's three, claims to be kings, wise men—whatever. If I couldn't let them in, how would I let you?"

The younger shepherds snorted derision. Kings meant Romans to them. But the old shepherd said, "If they are wise men and kings, then they are great kings. If they are not wise men, they won't be kings long."

A tall, grave figure came up out of the shadows. "You have wisdom, sir." He bowed courteously, and the two who came behind him bowed. "We three have journeyed a long way, from different lands, to see that which has come to pass under the star. We can wait a little longer, I think."

It was Mary's voice that came from the stable. "He's awake now. Dear Martha, let them come in." It was a tired voice, but happy.

They tiptoed in, the three kings first, the shepherds after. They saw a lovely, dark-haired girl, lying back on a truss of hay. There seemed to be a glory that shone around her. Maybe it was the glow of the star through the chinks in the barn roof—maybe it was just the glow of her own happiness that a child was born to her. There was a sound as of a multitude of the wings of the heavenly host—or maybe it was just the barn doves. . . .Ah, but there's no more miracles? There's a miracle with every body and soul that comes into this world!

The serving maid picked the small, blue-clad bundle out of a manger. She laid it against Mary's breast. Softly she helped Mary to unwrap it until the tiny hands waved and curled, and the tiny feet that were like to little hands showed.

The three kings were kneeling. "Lady Mary," said the tall one gravely, "we have followed the star these years. May I speak for the three of us? Now we are come to our kingdom."

They laid gifts of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh before her.

"But—but I don't understand!"

"Neither do we, Lady Mary. But this is the place to which the star has led us. We have seen Him who is to come." The kings withdrew.

Mary watched them go. She looked down at the little hands and feet. No kings, no miracle, no star could surprise her after the small perfection of these.

She greeted the shepherds, a little breathless after the adoration of the strange kings. "Oh, it's kind of you! I didn't think folk could be so kind—and you all the way from your flock! Ah, don't tell me; I know the dust and the hardness of the ways on my own feet."

Some of the shepherds had wives

*continued on following page*

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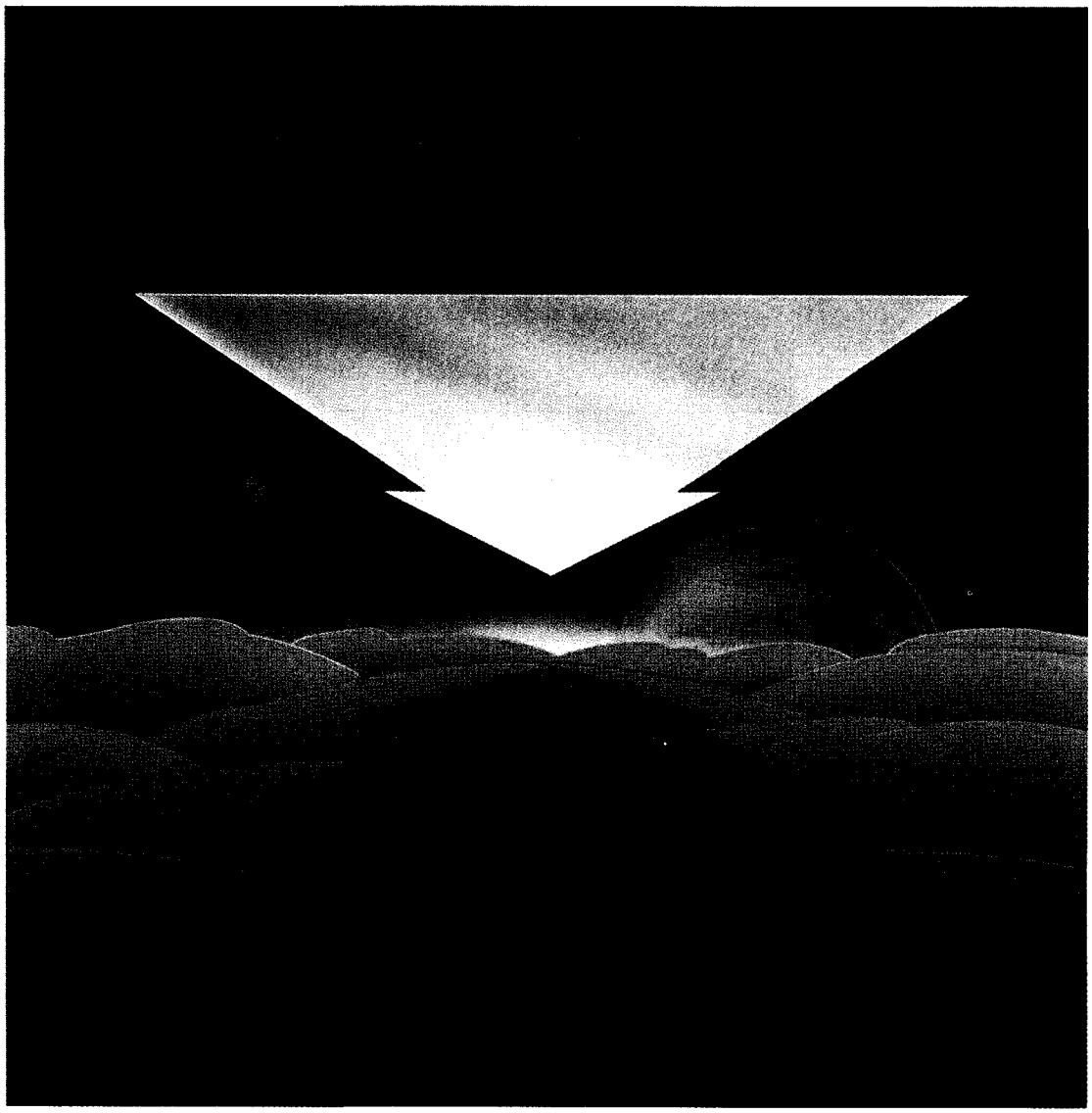
# də·'rek·shən

**Direction**

- *The line or course along which something is moving; e.g., a company approaching $11 billion in sales, a leader in growth markets, zeroed in on the future.*
- *A governing or motivating process; aware management guiding highly resourceful and diverse areas of commercial and government business.*
- *A channel or course of action, like record performance nine straight years.*



Rockwell International is moving fast and smart into the decade ahead. We're leading the way in the development of products for high-technology growth markets.

One example of that leadership is the work of our Allen-Bradley subsidiary, which is providing the automation and the electronic systems and controls for the revitalization of American industry.

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and children of their own. But there is always a fresh wonder at the tiny perfection of the newest one to come.

The oldest shepherd said, " 'Twas the Angel of the Lord came to us, mistress. He told us This One was to be the Savior."

"I don't understand!" Mary faltered the words. "We're very simple countryfolk—out of Nazareth!"

"We shepherds are very simple countryfolk, too, mistress. But the angel came to us, even while we were watching our flock. We all saw and heard—it must be true, so. We—it isn't much, but he's a very wee little Savior—we thought maybe it would pleasure Him." He took the baby lamb from the crook of his arm and laid it next to the little hand. The tiny fingers tugged the soft fleece. The solemn, wondering eyes widened.

"He—he loves it!" whispered Mary. "Oh, I don't know how to thank you."

"Could we—touch Him? For a blessing, like? Sure we'd be very careful. . . .Ah, the wee Saviour!"

One by one, with the curious deft gentleness of men who live by the cycle of birth and death in the open, the shepherds filed past and touched the little feet. They gazed with wonder at their calloused hands as they came out under the star. There was no wild frolicking in the streets of Bethlehem this night, but they went their way rejoicing.

And now the stable filled with the soft stirring of the beasts. The strong, patient oxen clicked horns and seemed to be speaking, one to another. A tethered ass flicked long wise ears and smoothed her foal's woolly coat. A fine, strong foal—it might some day carry a glorious rider into Jerusalem. Or—ah, who knows what a beast thinks? Maybe it was just the pride of any mother.

The barn cat yawned a pink yawn and shook free of her small, blind kittens. She stretched, rippling from head to tail. She marched back and forth, brushing a tail tip across the little fat feet. The toes curled, the baby gurgled happily.

The Roman horse stamped and whickered softly. Did he see a great king going forth to war, leading his armies from victory to victory?

Did the barn doves take the glory of the star for day, that they swooped, tumbled, swung, and the soft whir of their wings filled the quiet night?

Mary didn't know. So much had happened. The strange kings! The shepherds—the patient, clean-smelling beasts! Oh, she was tired—tired! But she was filled with a happiness and a glory past anything.

"Ah, lovely Mary!" That was Joseph, his strong, hard carpenter's hand gentle on her, giving her strength. "He has your eyes."

"He has very drowsy eyes, dear Joseph. Sh-sh-m'm-m'm—Himself is going to sleep. I'll put my blue mantle around Him. Lay Him back in the manger, and the little lamb with Him. M'm-m'm."

"Ah, Mary, you sleep now too." Joseph cradled her in his arms and fitted the clean straw to her back. She nestled into it happily. But before she slept, Mary kept and pondered all these things in her heart.

• • •

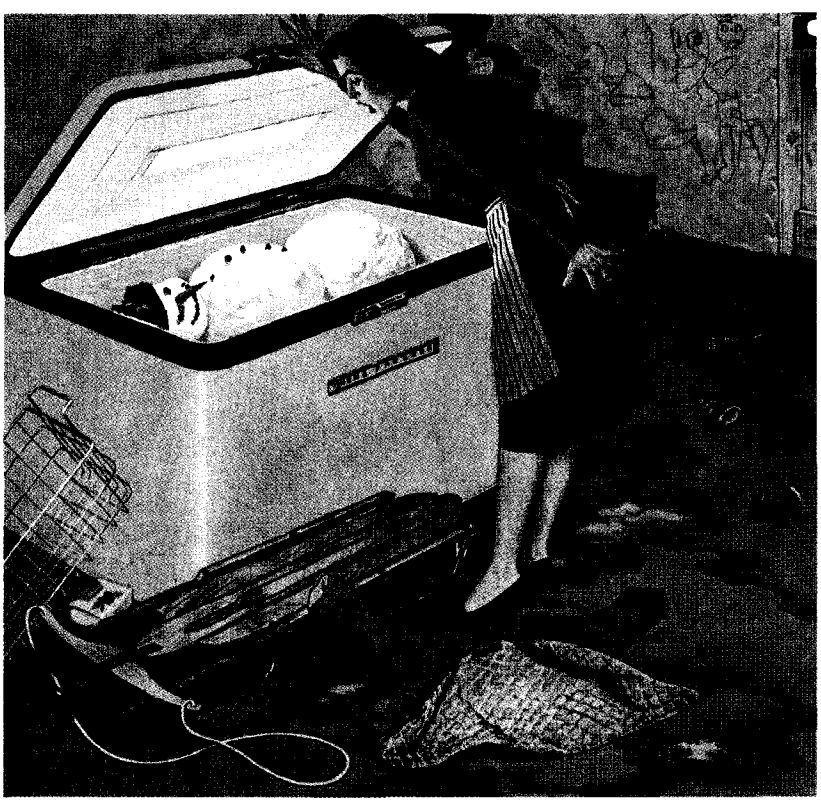
The dog raised his head from Daniel's ankle. He pricked up his ears. From far off came the singing of the shepherds coming back through the purple night.

Daniel sighed. "I should ha' been there," he said uneasily. "I don't know what the Great One will be thinking. But then, I'm not a great angel at all. Most like, He wouldn't be missing me."

On the word came a far-off stir as of a great wind rising, but there was no wind in the still night, just the awesome sound of it.

Daniel snapped to his feet. Hastily he set his halo straight and buttoned the pockets of his robe. And: "Oh, begob! That One never misses anything!"

Out of the rush of sound came a voice, quiet but with authority to it.



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"Daniel!"

"Sir!" The angel stood rigid. The dog was rigid by him, but he managed to press against Daniel's hip, as to say, "Come what may, we're together in this."

Daniel was worried, but the dog was a heartening thing. "Sir," he began, " 'tis long since we've had the honor of Your visit." Casual-like, he spoke, but always respectful.

"Well, now, that's a fact. But what with one thing and another——"

Daniel took a breath. His way opened before him. "Ah, sure, with all the great important things on Your Honor's mind! Now I take that as a compliment to myself, Sir. If Your Honor didn't know I was on my job, Ye'd be here soon enough! Which brings me to a bit of an apology."

The Lord made a sound remarkably like a chuckle. Daniel felt the dog relax. Dogs know. He relaxed too.

"Daniel," said the Lord, "we've been together a long time. You do things your own way—though I'll not deny that some of your ways are inscrutable—even to Me."

"Why, there's nothing unscrutable in it at all, Your Honor. The unscrutable part is why Yourself ever made them wolves to be killing the sheep . . . .I used a bit of my own judgment tonight—and if I didn't use my judgment once in a while Yourself wouldn't have a beast to Your name, barring only wolves and crocodiles and the like. And further and more——"

"Oh, all right, Daniel—all right! . . .And now," added the Lord hastily, "if there's any little thing I can do to make things easier——"

Daniel felt the sudden eager quiver along the dog's spine. "Why, now, if Your Honor could see Your way—before this devilish Tower of Babel, it was, beast and man could have a bit of conversation, like. One to another—the way they'd be exchanging ideas."

There was a pause. Then the voice of the Lord came, regretful, "No, I can't see My way to putting things back entirely. A serpent talked to a woman—you know what happened then. No, it won't do. But— well, this is a very great blessed night. Suppose we say that every year, on this night, the beasts can talk."

"Ah, that would be a very great help, Your Honor."

Suddenly the dog spoke. It came


# "Christmas is for children."

"Christmas is a time when together we share warm feelings of love and joy with our families and friends. And it's such a special time for children.

"But many places in this world, there are children for whom Christmas is just another day. Full of pain and hunger and helplessness. This is what breaks my heart. And the fact that these children might have never known the excitement and love of Christmas may be hard for you to believe. But it's true.

"Through Christian Children's Fund, you can help change that. I have. I've been a sponsor since 1975. Now I have two little boys to care for, ten-year-old Damiano in Uganda and David who is eleven and lives in Bolivia. I know just how much my love and support are doing to help both of these beautiful children.

"If you'll reach out to at least one child, you, too, can know the joy and satisfaction of being needed. For only $18 a month, you can help provide a child with clothing, medical care, nourishing meals, the chance to go to school, or whatever the child needs most.

"You don't have to send any money right away but please mail in the coupon. Christian Children's Fund will send you a child's photograph and family background. We'll let you know how the child will be helped and how you can write and receive letters in return. The language barrier is no problem, because the field office in the child's country will translate all correspondence.

"Please send in the coupon today. Won't you share your Christmas with a needy child and watch the miracle of love unfold?"

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from deep inside him. "Glory to God in the Highest! And on earth, peace, good will toward men."

• • •

Pat's voice ended on a note of triumphant rejoicing. There was silence in the little kitchen. Then the youngest girl, her eyes full of wonder: "Pat! Do you go out and hear your oxen?"

Pat looked a little shocked. "Me? I wouldn't then! Sure a beast likes his privacy as well as another. It wouldn't do to eavesdrop—and them, like as not, at their prayers."

Katie was helping us on with reefers, buttoning leggings, pulling toques down over our ears. Then we were out in the starlit dark. The street lamps had frost halos. From beyond came a jingle of sleigh bells. As we tramped, with the squeak of hard snow under our feet, we saw the soft glow of early Christmas candles being lit in the windows.

The elder girl's high, true voice started, " 'O little town of Bethlehem . . . . ' " We took it up, singing like the shepherds, rejoicing through the exciting dark.

## *Watermelon*

*continued from page 51*

other sample for the laboratory—the melon that Dr. McKernan had instructed the Smiths to save. Dr. Gayler had been favorably impressed by the look of the supermarket. So were Dr. Reardon and I. We inspected it practically foot by foot. There was no evidence of rats or mice. Animal droppings—particularly those of rodents—are a frequent salmonella reservoir. The store was as clean as good management could make it. Then we settled down in the fruit-and-vegetable department. We talked with the clerks and arranged for sample stools. The watermelons were still under embargo—some of them whole and some sliced and covered with cellophane. We were shown the knife that was used to slice them, and I took sample swabs of the blade for laboratory analysis. Dr. Reardon suggested a swab of the shelf where the knife was kept. I thought that was pretty futile—there was nothing there but dust. The possibility of salmonella's even existing there—let alone multiplying—was exceedingly remote. But I humored him. There was no harm in one more sample. We had little enough to show for the day.

"We left Dr. Gayler at Milford, and Dr. Reardon and I drove back to Boston. After dropping him off, I stopped by the office. The only news from Mrs. Holmes was the arrival of the first lot of stool samples. I handed over our harvest of swabs and melon and went home. I wasn't exactly depressed. I just didn't feel quite comfortable. It was obvious that Dr. McKernan had done an excellent job. So good, in fact, that I hardly knew what to think. I still had certain misgivings about the watermelon theory. It still went against my grain. And yet, if the melon wasn't responsible, what was? The answer to that was: Nothing. There wasn't anything else. It had to be the melon.

*(continued next issue)*

## *You be the Judge*

**by John A. Ritter**

After extensive scientific tests on mice, the Environmental Protection Agency ordered a stop to sales of the pesticide Aldrin. "Use of this chemical presents serious danger of cancer to the public," the director of the agency explained.

Corn and citrus farmers filed suit in federal court against the ruling. "Orange and corn crops will be ruined by bugs if we can't buy Aldrin," their lawyer said. "Besides, the agency's ruling is scientifically wrong," they told the judge. "Just because laboratory mice get cancer from Aldrin does not mean people will."

If you were the judge, would you let the EPA's ruling stand?

*Aldrin shall not be sold, the judge ruled. " Respected research institutions such as the National Cancer Institute use mice because they accurately predict cancer in man," the judge said. "The laboratory tests on Aldrin were valid to support the Environmental Protection Agency's ruling."*

(Based on a 1975 D.C. Federal Appeals Court decision)

## *On Two Wheels*

*continued from page 59*

"You're on the track, dad!" Michael shouted, as the engine proceeded to belch and to engulf my head in a cloud of black smoke. "It's part yours—mom said you always wanted one—but I'm the engineer." And so saying, he backed the caboose into my caboose and then took another shot at my head.

In all fairness, the train idea might have been partly my fault. When wife had made the suggestion of giving Michael the train he'd been bugging us for, I had returned the answer, "I always wanted a train myself, but never got one."

Thus the dear woman had surreptitiously bought a train and spent half the night nailing the track to a sheet of plywood. Catching me in one of my rare dozes, she had then maneuvered one edge of the board onto a tree limb, and the opposite edge she had slid onto the sofa as far as my dormant carcass would allow.

"You had plenty of room without laying your head on the track,"

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she consoled me. "I hope the engine isn't damaged."

Normal husband that I am, I fully intended to get even the following Christmas. By that time, thanks to her internal road map, we were living in a nine-room house back in Michigan. Short of giving her a bowling alley and arranging it so that on Christmas morning she would wake up to find her head resting in the lane, I didn't have a solution.

And with all that space for more track, another engine and a series of switches, the dear wife and mother surprised Michael and me with an Edsel automobile model for me to assemble. For my personal gift, she had chosen a desk pen perched on a black-onyx base. Overall measurement—4"x8".

Although wrapping a used bowling alley as a gift might present a problem, I've been looking for one ever since.

## *Danuta Soderman*

*continued from page 57*

to mean that Christian women must deny their personhood. "It's O.K. to have opinions," she says, "it's O.K. to be assertive, it's O.K. to be strong. It's O.K."

Christians "hung-up on legalistic holiness" are another concern of Danuta's. "I see a lot of people walking around with hunched backs and lowered eyes, afraid to speak, afraid to laugh, afraid to enjoy the life God has given them," she says.

How does she help people plagued with these problems? By example, she says, through speaking engagements, by what she says and does on television and by leading an active life. That active life will include climbing Mount Kilimanjaro with her husband in February. They plan to reach the peak "on my 36th birthday," she says confidently.

Climbing a mountain—or white-water rafting in Vermont, another activity the Sodermans have planned—hardly conforms to traditional Christian role models.

But "it's O.K.," Danuta says. Traditional she is not. A lively role model she is.

## *Julio Iglesias*

*continued from page 47*

sheveled by the hours he spends in the surf beneath his rented veranda.

"I exercise like crazy," he says. "But I can't run like before, I can't swim ten hours a day or play tennis for five hours. I need much more elevators. Sure, I worry about it, I am a worrying man, but now I reach more with my brains."

He has no plans past the current album's completion, still several months away. One project at a time, *por favor*. He has a better feel for what he *won't* tackle than for what he will. He says that though several authors have written unauthorized accounts of his life, he'll never set the record straight with an autobiography—he prefers fans to fantasize rather than to know his mundane daily routine. He also denies any temptation to add films or a television series to his list of credits.

"They offer me movies every day, but I'm the worst actor in the world. I tried, and I hate to see myself. Too bad, because the propositions are wonderful, but I say 'no.' I am a singer, just a singer," he says.

Maintaining his success as just a singer is all the challenge he wants for now. He depends on his instincts to guide him in selecting projects, choosing new directions and avoiding saturation. Whether the world is ready for another dose of Julio is a decision made on gut feelings, a very Latino, if chancy, approach to problem-solving.

"The greater your instincts, the longer you can smell," he says. "I have a very strong concept of saturation. It's a sense like an animal, and it's important not only in show business but in the personal life, too. You have to know when to play the game and when to get up and leave the table."

He loves the game and plays to win. Fame means walking into the best restaurants in the world and getting a table by the window; receiving fan letters written on lined paper and mailed from towns he's never played; and packing an arena in Ohio with folks who charter yellow school buses to come and lip-sync his Spanish lyrics. Only rarely does he crave seclusion, and three days on the

*continued on page 110*


ELVIS STAMPS

For the very first time, **ELVIS**, the incomparable musician, is being honored on a postage stamp series. Fully valid for postage in its issuing country, this series of 8 stamps is now being offered for sale by **MARLEN STAMPS & COINS** while the very limited supply lasts. The stamps were issued on August 16th, on what was to be **Elvis' 50th Birthday**, and are available as a set or in various varieties. Orders may be placed for the 8 mint stamps in a set, the stamps on their 4 souvenir sheets and the stamps on 4 First Day Covers, on 8 special photo cards, or with the souvenir sheets on First Day Covers. The First Day Covers feature the stamps affixed to an envelope with an appropriate artistic design, and cancelled in the city and country of issue on the date of issue, now and forever attesting to the genuine nature of the stamps. These are the first of what is to be a continuing series of stamps honoring popular contemporary musicians. Advance information from various postal ministries indicate that **Michael Jackson** will soon also be postally honored. Complete details and enrollment forms for the entire series will accompany all orders. Order yours today, and enjoy them for years to come!!

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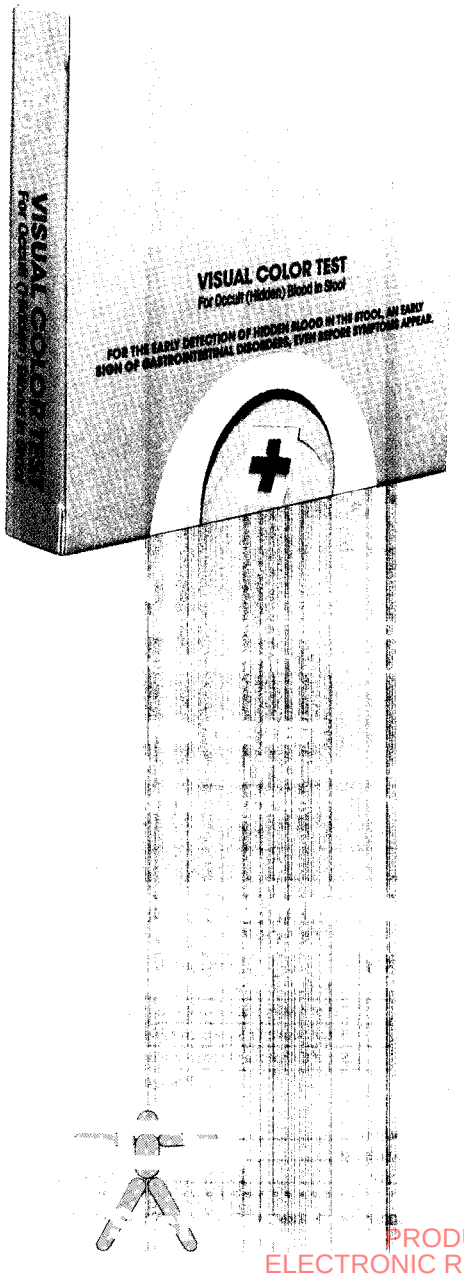
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## The Post Reader Service Center

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**America the Game**—An action-packed game that celebrates our American experience and our spiritual heritage—with exciting historical questions that will remind us we are proud to be Americans. See our advertisement in this issue. For more information, circle .....1

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***December 1985***

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## *Microwave*

*continued from page 40*

away in a corner somewhere you may end up overcooking quite a few meals.

No matter where in the kitchen you decide to place a microwave, be sure it's set at an easy-to-reach—and safe—height. Convenience dictates that the oven's cooking shelf be from two inches below to ten inches above elbow height. Built-in oven banks and counter-top installations usually fall within this range.

For safety reasons, the shelf of a microwave should never be higher than the user's shoulder. Reaching for a hot plate of food can be risky business—especially if you have to stand on tiptoe to get to it. Units built to be flush with the bottom of adjacent wall cabinets are a bit high for people 5'5" or under.

*Other considerations to keep in mind*—Once you decide on the placement of a microwave, you should think about what size of appliance will best suit your needs. Microwaves are now available in many different sizes, from large models with 1.6 cubic feet of interior space to the many new subcompacts with 0.4 to 0.6 cubic feet. In addition to position, the size you select will depend largely on how you plan to use the microwave.

Always consider ventilation. Air circulation is required around the sides and the back of most microwaves. Manufacturers' specification sheets will provide details, and most kitchen designers and contractors are knowledgeable about these requirements.

Remember to open the doors fully before installing a microwave oven. Some doors open down, which may be inconvenient at heights above counter-top level; most open to the left, which may also influence the final location. Finally, position your microwave so that there's sufficient work space either below or beside the oven: You don't want to have to run around to find a spot for the dish you just took out of the oven.

Now that you've carefully considered all the options, finding just the right spot for your microwave should be simple. In fact, it should be as easy as using this modern appliance to whip up creative and delicious meals.


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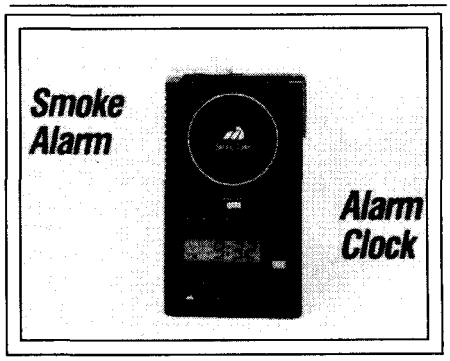


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# MEDICAL MAILBOX

## by Cory SerVaas M.D.

**"The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and all their powers as a state depend."—Disraeli**

### New Lease on Life

In the January *Post* we wrote about the life-or-death struggle of Charlotte Harkness, who was suffering from liver disease. At 29, this mother of two was the youngest person ever diagnosed with primary biliary cirrhosis (PBC), a disease that usually affects postmenopausal women and gradually destroys the bile ducts.

At the time of the article, Charlotte was in the life-threatening fourth stage. Doctors predicted a short life expectancy for her without a liver transplant.

We have good news. Charlotte has a new liver—the heartfelt gift of a bereaved donor's family in North Carolina.

Charlotte is particularly appreciative and thankful to the family of the young man for their compassion in making their son's liver available. It is giving her a new life.

She is also deeply indebted to Dr. Ruud Krom, the liver-transplant specialist at the Mayo Clinic. Less than a year old, the Mayo Clinic liver-transplant program was just getting under way when the *Post* article appeared. The program is headed by Dr. Krom, a Dutch pupil of Dr. Thomas Starzl, the American physician who performed the world's first liver transplant in 1963.

For Charlotte, the transplant came just in time. "I was deteriorating so rapidly," she says. "In fact, I went into surgery weighing only 84 pounds." When I called Charlotte today, she was up to 109 pounds.

"Prior to the operation, even my brain functions were at the point where I just didn't care," she says. "But now my mind is going a mile a minute, and I have to slow myself

*"People don't bother me with their problems at parties any more—I started asking them for urine samples."*

**Charlotte Harkness with part of the Mayo Clinic liver-transplant team that saved her life. (Left to right) Dr. Ruud Krom, a young transplant surgeon from the Netherlands; Dr. Russell Wiesner, a hepatologist; and Dr. Jorge Rakela. Already in the final stage of primary biliary cirrhosis when accepted by Mayo, Charlotte was down to 84 pounds. Today she happily hits the scales at 109, is feeling great and wants to help other transplant candidates.**

**(Center) It's "Welcome Home Mom" when Charlotte, through the generosity of a corporate jet program, was flown to Indianapolis after receiving the liver of an unidentified young man from North Carolina; Keith Harkness, Jill Harkness and a friend, Christopher Giffin (left to right), raise the banner. (Below) Getting back a mom and wife with a brand-new liver is far from an everyday occurrence. Charlotte's husband, Steve, and their children share their joy and happiness with Charlotte.**

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down."

She eagerly volunteers that she will take phone calls anytime from persons who find themselves in need of a donor organ as she did. Her phone number is (317) 271-8296.

### Kimberly Needs a Heart

A little nine-year-old girl needs a heart-lung transplant to save her life. Without a donor, Kimberly Fuller of Elk City, Oklahoma, has only a short time to live. She is blood type O.

Please call our donor-organ number, 1-317-636-8881, if you hear of a child's heart-lung transplant organ availability for Kimberly.

Should a tragedy strike your family, turn your scars into stars. Tell your doctor that you would like to donate any usable organs.

### Only the Nose Knows

**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

**My son, 30 years old, has a strange odor in his clothing and any room that he lives in for a time. Daily baths and changes of clothes have no effect. His bedroom is especially smelly. The odor reminds me more of a chicken coop than anything I can think of.**

**I have noticed this odor since his early teens, but it does seem to be getting worse. He is also becoming more and more inactive and is gaining weight. Could there be a relationship between his inactivity, his bad disposition and the cause of the odor?**

**Physicians have told me either that they did not know the cause of the odor, or that it was of little consequence.**

**Please give me any information you have or recommend sources for me to read.**

*Anonymous*
**Hulbert, Oklahoma**

We are deleting your name, lest your son be embarrassed. I hope some doctor or layman who reads your letter will have suggestions for you. Perhaps a medical center with a strong metabolic-disease department would be interested in studying your son's unusual problem.

A reader who wrote to us recently noted that her urine occasionally had a strange grapelike odor and that this odor would invariably happen after feelings of hostility or unwarranted temper tantrums.

If any readers have knowledge about either of the above problems, please write to us.

You might be interested to know that an important metabolic disease, phenylketonuria (PKU), was discovered by a man whose mentally retarded daughters had a peculiar offensive odor. Without his curiosity in following through to find the reason for the odor, scientists might never have discovered that the odor came from an acid that indicated the children were not able to metabolize phenylalanine in their food.

Now, by not eating foods containing phenylalanine, the babies do not grow up mentally retarded. Today, almost all newborns are tested for PKU. Aspartame or NutraSweet™ breaks down into phenylalanine, and PKU children are instructed not to eat foods containing this chemical. Foods that cannot be handled by persons with metabolic abnormalities can be avoided, often with dramatic improvements in health.

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Curél's clinically-proven formula delivers extra-effective moisturizing that, with regular use, ends dry skin for most women.
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As you can see, it is conceivable that your son's personality change and the odor may well be diet related. Do continue your investigation of this problem. We are sending you some literature to encourage your further research.

### Slow-Mag

**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

**I thank you so much for putting me in touch with the pharmaceutical company so I could receive the product Slow-Mag. I have taken all the tablets they sent to me.**

**I experienced some diarrhea after taking Slow-Mag. I did continue taking the other tablets till all were gone. I felt much better when I took Slow-Mag. I cannot say if the diarrhea was due to the tablets or if I had some intestinal flu—it has been prevalent here in this area lately. Thanks again for the samples. I would like to know how I can receive more.**

**We do not receive the "700 Club" program any more. Sorry for the loss of the program—I enjoyed it very much and miss your informative health series.**

*Jean Truitt*
**East Wenatchee, Washington**

Dear Ms. Truitt:

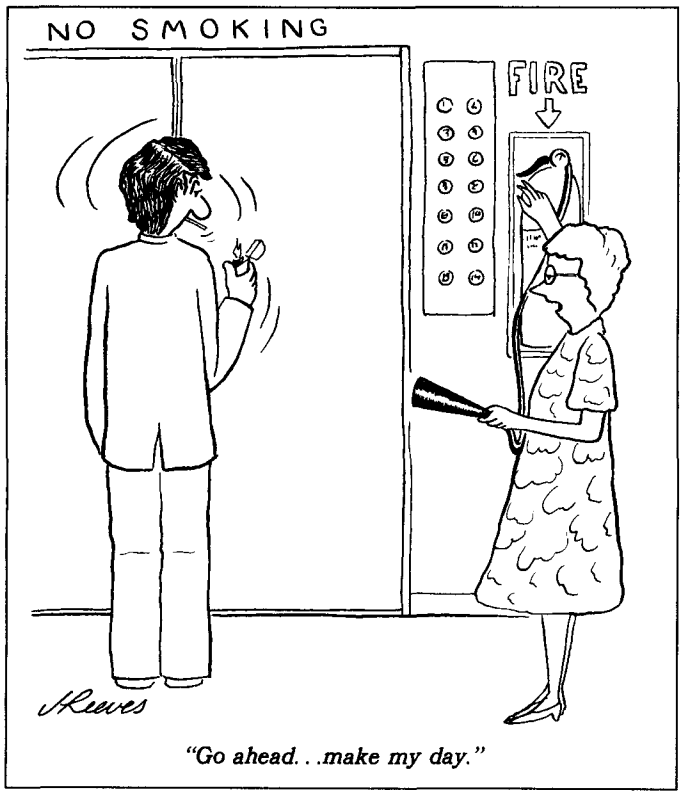
We understand that Slow-Mag will soon be available at retail outlets. If you're not yet able to get the product in your drugstore or supermarket, you can receive another bottle by writing to the SatEvePost Society.

### Irritable Bowel Syndrome Research

**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

**My wife has both diverticulosis and an irritable bowel with frequent diarrhea; she has tried several medicines without success. Your column in the *SatEvePost* could suggest a diet or list the foods and drinks that might bring on this diarrhea.**

*Thomas J. Noone*
**Sun City, California**




*"Go ahead. . .make my day."*

Dear Mr. Noone:

The director of clinical research for the Benjamin Franklin Literary and Medical Society believes he has made an exciting breakthrough regarding the cause and the treatment of irritable bowel syndrome. His studies suggest that certain foods are involved in causing chronic diarrhea, excessive gas production, abdominal cramps, mucus or bloody stools and causing rectal itching or burning.

Those suffering from these conditions are invited to participate in the evaluation of this new diet. Send requests to: "Research Diet," 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, IN 46202, to receive the outline and the questionnaire to be filled out before and after trying this diet.

### Corn Carries On

**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

**In the Jan./Feb. '84 *Post*, page 112, wheat bran is listed as water insoluble and good for the GI system. Because wheat and its products and psyllium hydrophilic mucilloid [sic] do not agree with me, is corn bran a suitable substitute? It is believed that the corn family is an item in the diet of many central and southern African tribes.**

*O.M. Vrooman*
**Lemont, Pennsylvania**

Dear Mr. Vrooman:

Yes, corn bran is now recognized as a valuable fiber for increasing bulk, lessening constipation and providing other benefits for a healthy colon.

### No Oat Bran in Pittsburgh?

**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

**I just received my October issue of *SatEvePost* and found a letter on page 107 about dowager's hump. If you can, please send the information you sent to Jodi Allen.**

**By the way, Mother's Oat Bran cereal as noted in Bob Hope's letter on page 6 of the October issue has not reached stores in Pittsburgh.**

*Glenora E. Rossell*
**Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**

Dear Ms. Rossell:

We're sending you information on calcium. Quaker Oat Bran is the identical product to Mother's Oat Bran (also by Quaker). We believe most grocery stores are beginning to carry Quaker Oat Bran. Mother's Oat Bran is found mostly in health-food stores. And Arrowhead Mills packages Arrowhead Mills Oat Bran. If you still can't find it, write to us and we'll send you a sample starter bag your Society packages for members who haven't yet found a source.

### A New Vaccine

**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

**I received a notice in the mail that I should bring my children in for HIB vaccinations. Do you think it is a good idea?**

*Gloria Fairbanks*
**Chicago, Illinois**

Dear Ms. Fairbanks:

The Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta and the American Academy of Pediatrics recommend that all children ages two to five receive the new Hemophilus influenza type-B (HIB) vaccine. Hemophilus influenza type-B bacteria causes more than half the cases of meningitis in children.

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# MAGNESIUM?

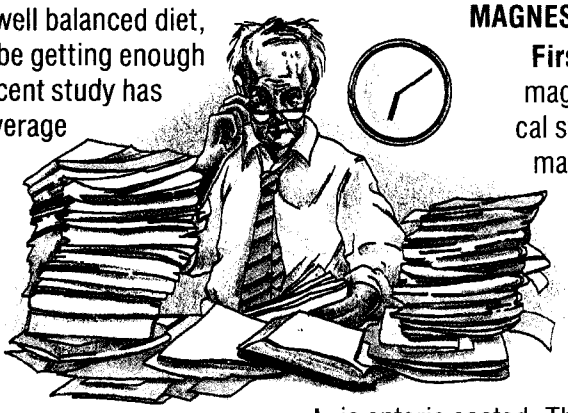
### WHY DO I NEED MAGNESIUM?

Magnesium is one of the body's primary electrolytes, along with potassium, calcium, and sodium. Magnesium is essential for healthy bones and tissue, muscle tone, and proper heart function. Magnesium deficiency can result in a variety of health problems.

### WHAT CAN HAPPEN IF I AM MAGNESIUM DEFICIENT?

Clinical studies have shown that a magnesium poor diet may result in anxiety, insomnia, muscle cramps, neuromuscular tingling ("pins and needles"), higher blood pressure, and higher low-density cholesterol levels.

### HOW COULD I BECOME MAGNESIUM DEFICIENT?



Even if you eat a well balanced diet, you may still not be getting enough magnesium. A recent study has shown that the average US citizen gets only about 50% of the magnesium he or she needs daily.

Strenuous exercise (such as running, tennis, aerobics, etc.) can quickly deplete magnesium through perspiration. Hard-driving, competitive persons ("Type A" personalities) and persons under stress lose magnesium slowly but constantly.

Hypertensive patients on certain diuretics and persons with diabetes mellitus may be losing significant amounts of magnesium.

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### WHAT MAKES SLOW-MAG® DIFFERENT FROM OTHER MAGNESIUM SUPPLEMENTS?

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**Second**—Slow-Mag is enteric coated. The enteric coating **does not** allow Slow-Mag to dissolve in the stomach—that means no stomach upset or indigestion.

The enteric coating **does** allow Slow-Mag to dissolve slowly and evenly as it passes along the small intestine providing the potential for maximum absorption of the magnesium.

Slow-Mag is so unique that it is patented **(US patent 4,150,111).**

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## *Julio Iglesias*

*continued from page 103*

beach easily satisfies his need. He dismisses the old it's-lonely-at-the-top complaint and says he'll never retire and will probably die on stage. . .preferably while he warbles a love song to an S.R.O. crowd at the Super Dome in New Orleans.

"There is nothing more stimulating in my life than an audience. I love it. That is the part of the artist that is the masochist. We cannot live without it," he says.

If America is his last challenge, the final frontier, its conquest may be the sweetest. When it comes, he plans to enjoy it. He says he's not a performer who prefers the struggle to the victory.

"There is always another competition," he says. "The more you have, the more you have to work to keep it. I want challenges, but the best part of the fight is when the gong says the 15th round is finished and you open your arms and you are the winner."

After 20 years in the ring, he's proved to be no lightweight. The odds may be against him because of his beat, his style, his language—but by now, most of the world is in his corner. The fans are betting on the man in white.

## *Clocks*

*continued from page 65*

includes a grandfather clock, built by the Boston cabinetmakers John and Thomas Seymour (ca. 1800), that has stood since 1975 in the Oval Office.

In July of this year, a special "Graceland Clock" designed by Pearl Clocks was installed to commemorate the 50th birthday of Elvis Presley. The prototype now chimes the hours at the Graceland Mansion in Memphis.

At the turn of the century, only the wealthy could afford such a status symbol as a grandfather's clock. Today, because of less-expensive construction techniques, one can purchase a full-size clock for as little as $500. Of course, one can pay up to 20 times that, depending upon the features and craftsmanship involved.

Why are we drawn to grandfather's clocks? One owner offered what might be the ultimate answer when he observed: "Just because grandfather's clocks are inanimate does not mean they don't have souls."

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# Here's how you can share God's love with a needy child

COME, **"join your hand"** with us in sponsoring a desperately needy child in an impoverished area of the world. You see, we are committed to seeing that 100% of every dollar that is designated for sponsoring children is used for that purpose. Dedicated Christians, overseas, **personally** see that the child you sponsor is provided for.

**Sponsor a Child for Only $20 a Month.**

YES, it requires about $20 per month to meet a child's BASIC NEEDS clothing, food, a Christ filled education and medical assistance, but if you can send—**any part** of that amount, such as $5.00, $7.00, $12.00 or $15.00 each month, we will use these funds to let you share in the work of this ministry. No matter what amount you are able to give, you will know that your giving is vitally important to this work. When you sponsor one of these needy children you will receive his or her picture, a personal letter and information about their country and community. You may write **directly to your child**, and if you desire, send personal gifts. Of course, you may withdraw your support at any time.

We have made a covenant with the Lord to be good stewards and we are committed to giving that children might live and know Jesus. Please feel free to ask for financial records of how your offering and contributions are being used.

**WE NEED YOU!**
**WE NEED YOUR HELP!**
**WE NEED YOUR PRAYERS**
**WE NEED YOUR LOVE!**

PLEASE stop right now for one minute, and ask the Holy Spirit if this would be His will for you to give that someone else might live. Then please take one more precious minute and ask God to "open doors" for His ministry, FOR SURELY THE GIFT OF PRAYER AND INTERCESSION IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD!

Jesus said, "Whoever receives
one such little child
in My name receives Me."
(Matthew 18:5)

**YES,** I would like to sponsor a child in need. I'm enclosing my first monthly gift of $20. Please send me a picture of "my child" and background information.

I would like to sponsor: ☐ a boy ☐ a girl ☐ whoever is in need

I'm sorry. I can't make a monthly commitment now, but here's my best gift $ _____

NAME ☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss _____

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**"HE WHO HAS PITY ON THE POOR LENDS TO THE LORD, AND THAT WHICH HE HAS GIVEN, HE WILL PAY HIM BACK AGAIN".** Proverbs 19:17

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Daytime playmate, nighttime comforter—GUARDIAN ANGEL™ pillow doll is a full 28 inches long, from the top of the head to the tip of the gown. Long enough to provide security, blanket comfort, yet sized for easy handling for small children. Permanently colored with nontoxic paint and is made of all new material. This hand-finished doll is machine washable for easy care. She's only $19.95.

Also available from Heavenly Toys: ANGEL DREAMS™ Cassettes that contain "Happy Dreams Story." The original GUARDIAN ANGEL™ Song to be played to children at bedtime—setting the mood for pleasant dreams.

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Send me: _____ doll with white blanket, pink satin trim ☐, blue satin trim ☐. Cassette Tapes _____

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## *C-SPAN*

*continued from page 72*

sociation, "because he lives, eats and breathes C-SPAN. If ever there was total dedication, this is it."

Growing up in Lafayette, Indiana, Lamb was fascinated by politics and newspapers. "When I grew up I watched NBC and CBS; ABC was just starting. Whatever they told me was new. I used to think that's the way it was. But it wasn't even close—it was actually a small portion of what was really going on," Lamb recounts.

"He had no other interest but media and politics," says Henry Rosenthal, the station owner and manager of Lafayette's WASK-AM radio, where Lamb was a part-time disc jockey during high school and the president of the "Bronco Broadcasters." After he graduated from nearby Purdue University, where he was a communications major and the president of the senior class, Lamb joined the navy. During the Vietnam War he first watched government officials interact with journalists when, as a lieutenant junior grade, he was assigned to the Pentagon to field calls from reporters. "This was when Arthur Sylvester [then a Pentagon spokesman] said, 'Government has the right to lie to the press,' " Lamb recalls. "There was constant tension, which infused the whole place. There was a constant struggle between the networks and government."

After other stints at *The Media Report* and *CableVision* magazines, Lamb began C-SPAN. He started in 1979 with three employees in one room in Arlington, Virginia. "Things were so tight that when you needed an extension cord you brought one from home," vice president of network operations Brian Lockman remembers. The network's staff of 110 operates today out of four office suites in a building on Capitol Hill; it will double its space in December.

Lamb's office, with a tiny American flag on a pedestal next to a manual typewriter, is as modest and as unassuming as its occupant. Lamb's thinning gray hair and Clark Kent looks are as conservative appearing as friends say his politics are. He campaigned for Richard Nixon in 1968 and served as press secretary to Peter Dominick, the former Colorado Republican senator, from 1969 to 1971. But a viewer would never guess from watching him on C-SPAN. On camera, Lamb manages to stay so firmly in the ideological center that viewers have trouble guessing where he stands.

"Someone will write in and say, 'Brian, I know you're really a liberal,' while we'll get another letter claiming he's got to be a conservative," Pamela Fleming, director of personnel and administration, says.

Lamb, obsessed with keeping C-SPAN as meticulously fair as he tries to be himself, has worked out a formula for guest selection: Staffers tally the Republicans, Democrats, representatives, senators and journalists who have appeared on the show. If a caller complains that C-SPAN has not had a black on the show lately, or a woman, marketing director Brian Gruber says, "Brian will admit right on the air the viewer is right and will come into a programing meeting and lambaste the staff for lack of balance."

C-SPAN, carried by 2,000 cable systems that pay as much as $960,000 a year for its programing, is overseen by a 36-member board of cable-system owners. The network receives no government funding but now allows 15-second corporate "spots," similar to those on public television, which will likely bring in $350,000 to $500,000 this year, Paul FitzPatrick says. Ever operating on a shoestring, C-SPAN will begin levying a surcharge of 40 percent starting next year. The cost will still come to only 2½¢ per subscriber, far below other networks, which charge 20¢, FitzPatrick says.

Lamb, needless to say, has not furnished C-SPAN with expensive sets or high-paid correspondents, "star" anchors or even music (except when the House clerks are tallying a vote). The studio in Washington contains only a simple table, two chairs and two cameras.

Despite a bigger budget and more space, Lamb by no means believes his mission is complete.

*(continued next issue)*


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**WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?**

*(Answers from page 96)*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Ohio | 4. Oregon | 7. Florida |
| 2. Pennsylvania | 5. Wyoming | 8. Utah |
| 3. Montana | 6. Washington | 9. Tennessee |

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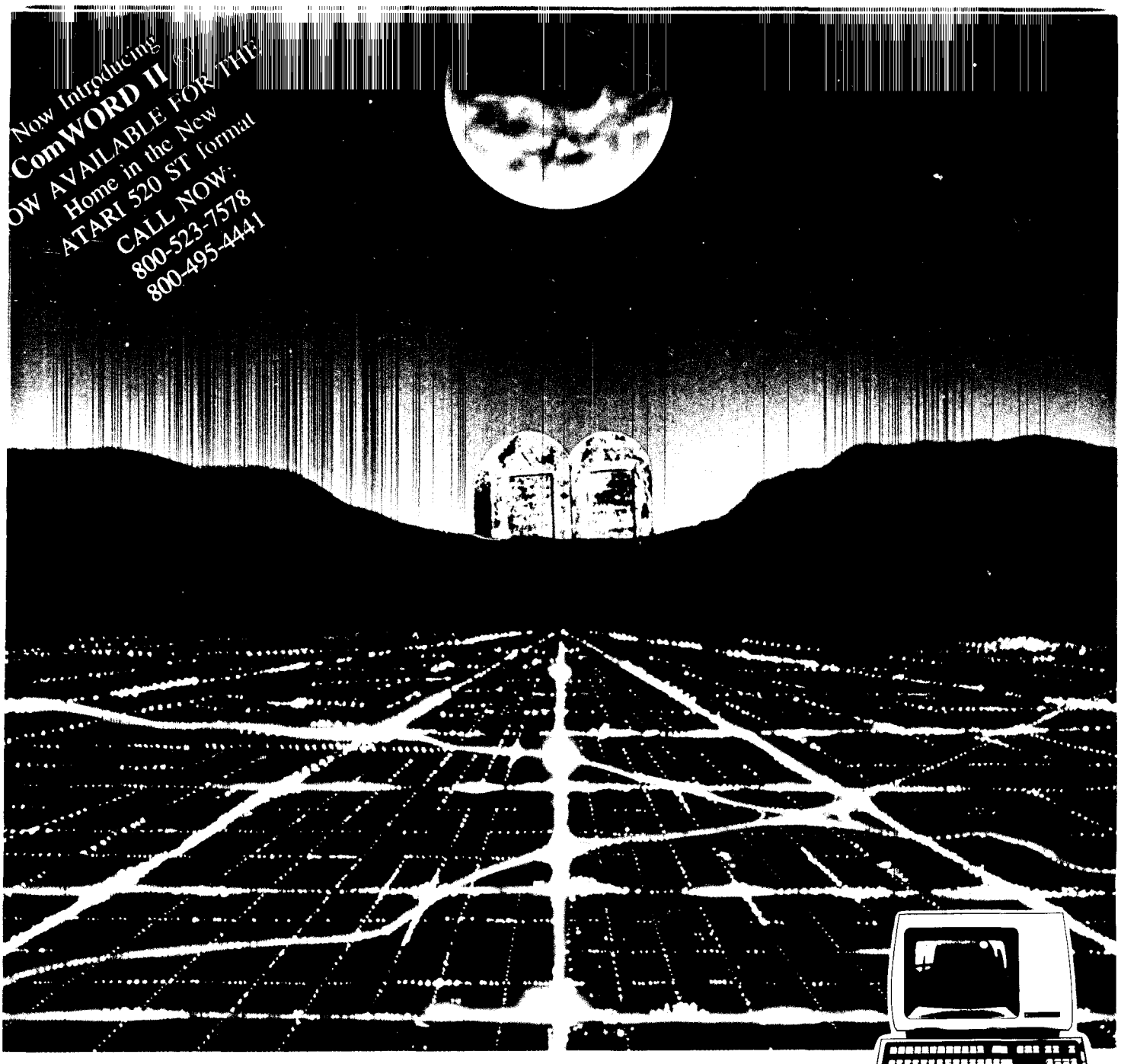


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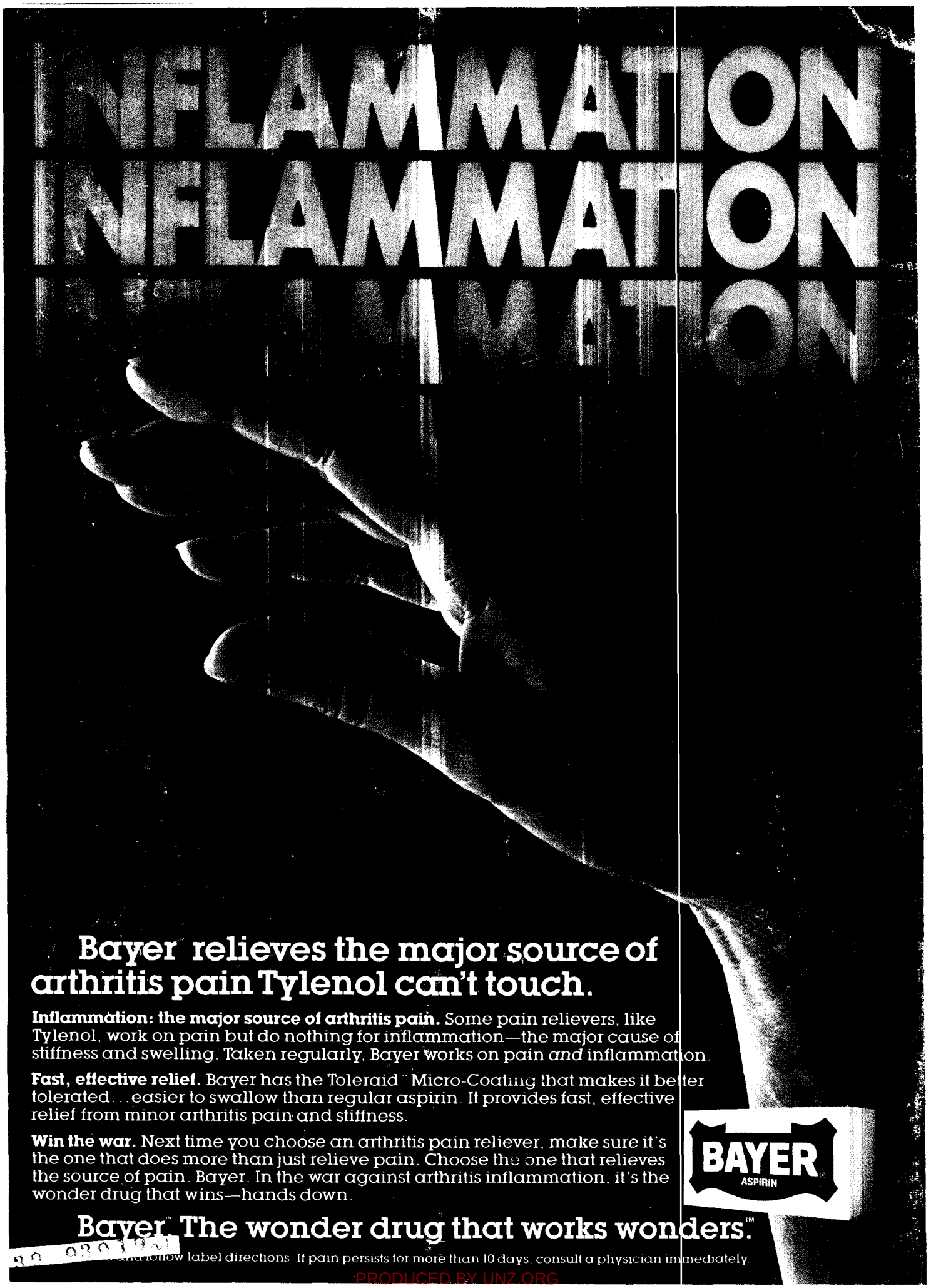


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